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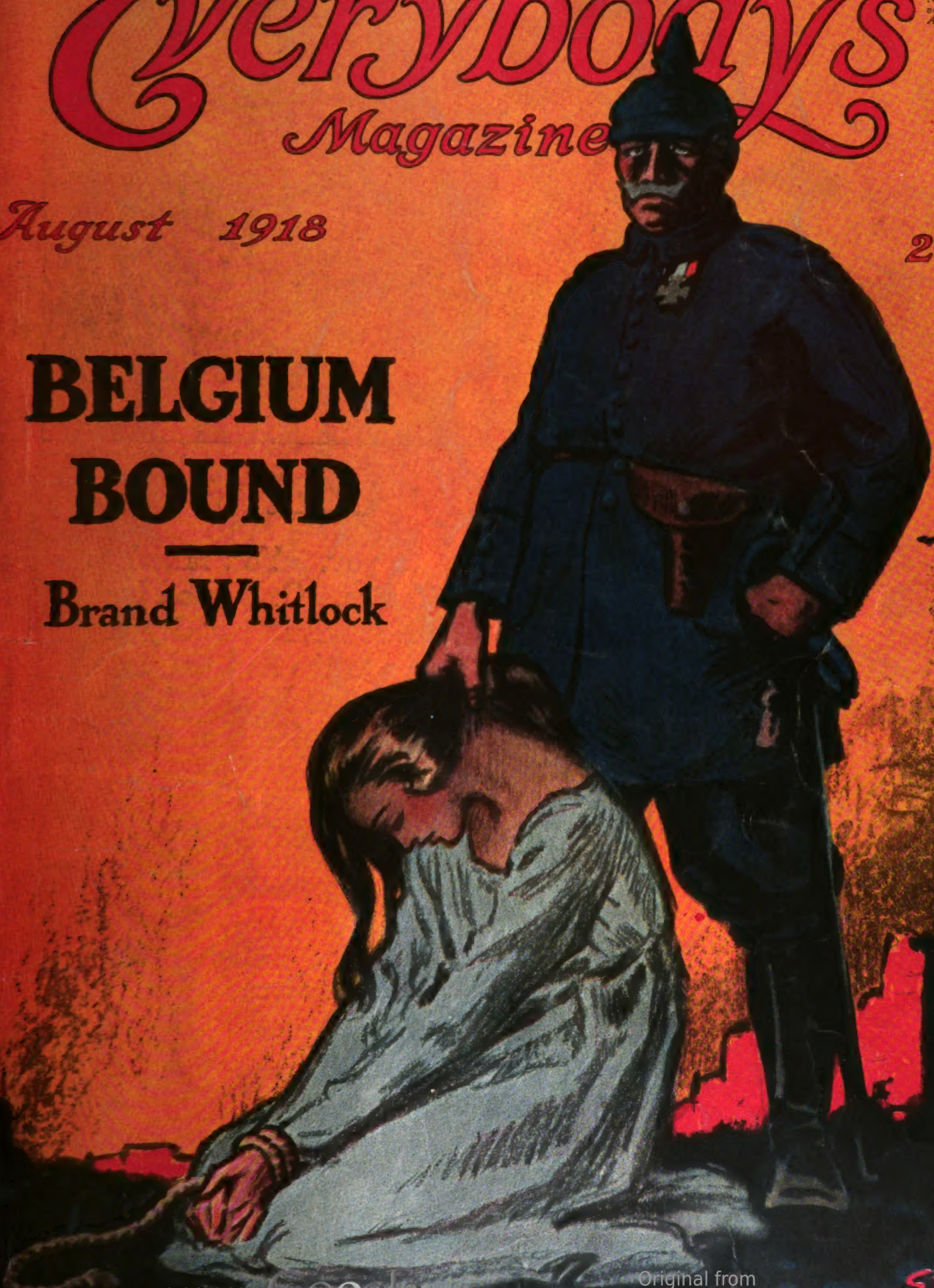
Everybody's Magazine

August 1918

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* * * *

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 2

AUGUST, 1918

Vol. XXXIX

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HERBERT COREY

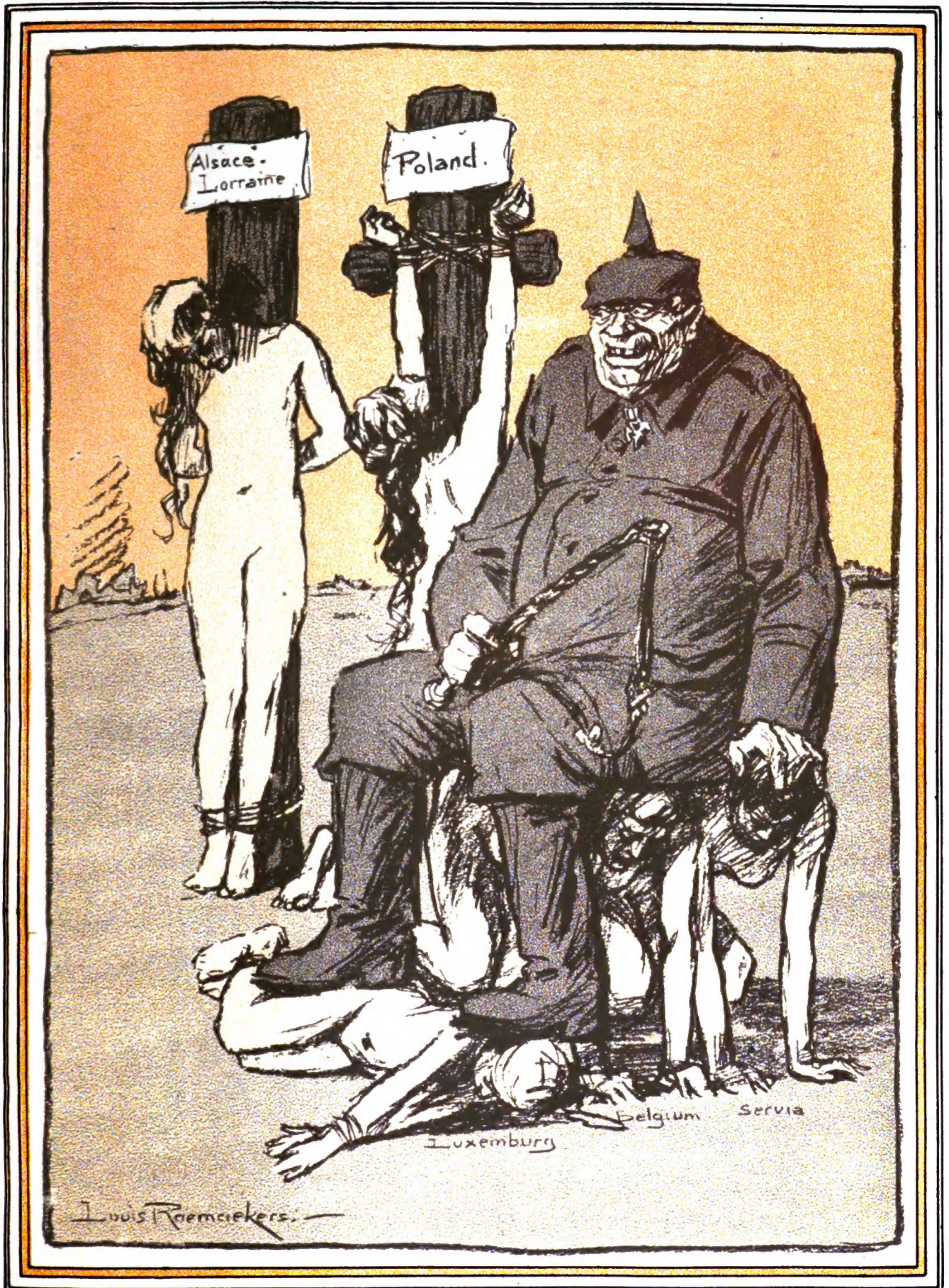


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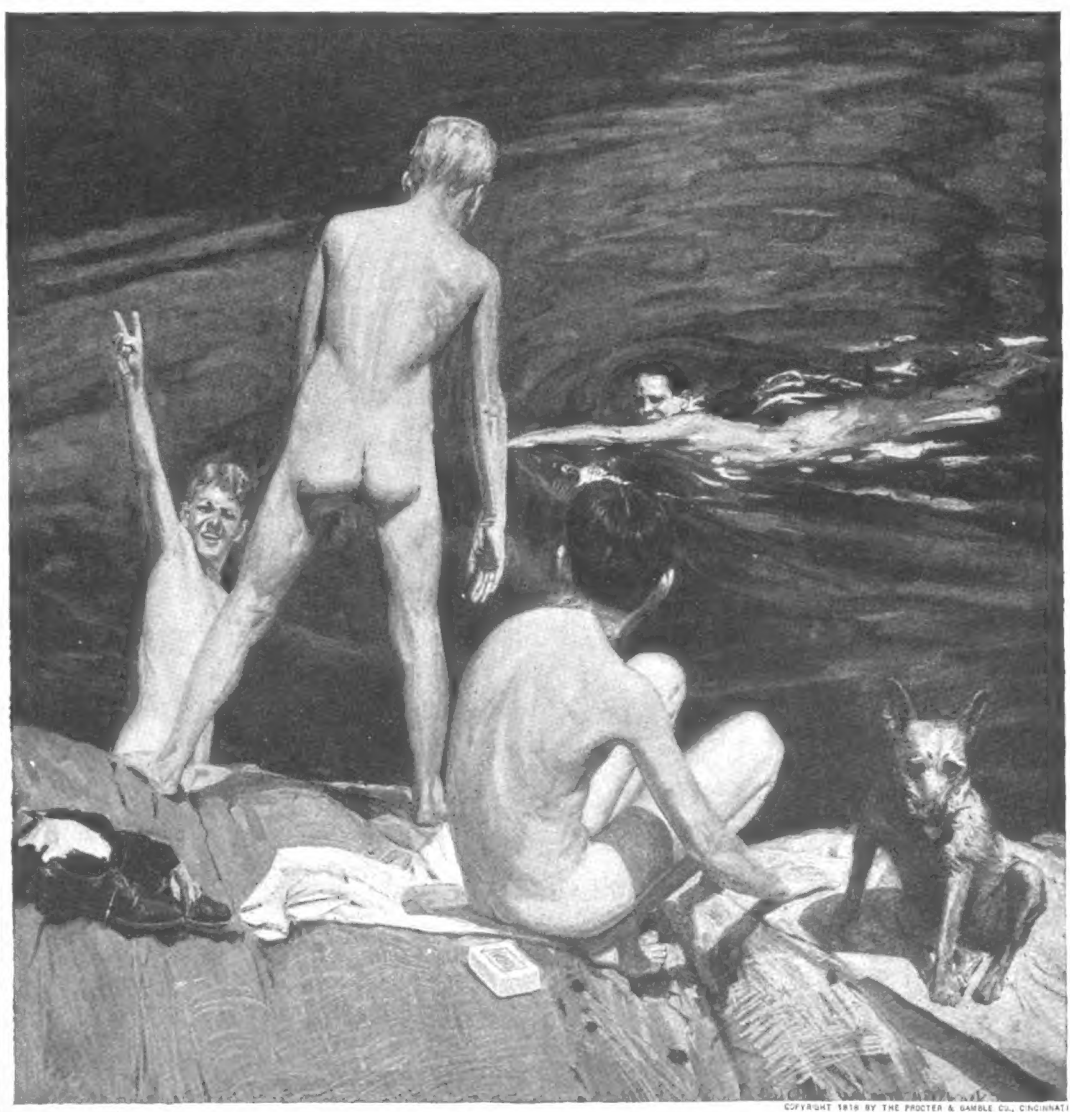
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OUT of the DEEP

By
Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

THE wind, which was warm and from the west, was blowing divine disturbance aboard the United States ship *Corwan*; it was spring this sunny morning south of England on the channel—springtime at sea; and it seemed to Lieutenant Garry Laird, who was just relieved from his watch above, that everybody aboard the destroyer possessed some one satisfying and wholly delightful to think about—everybody, that is, but himself.

Take Billy Nolan, the lieutenant-commander; the door of Billy's room was open and Billy was writing, bent over like a boy, and humming to himself with a happiness almost indecent as he scrawled page after page of his daily letter to his wife. Garry turned from the door without rousing Billy and went to Joe Tenant's room only to find Joe busy with pen and paper, too. Joe turned around rather red; and Garry, glancing at his writing without meaning to make out anything, saw that the lines were only in the center of the sheet and were separated into stanzas. Joe was trying his hand at verse, of course; he had become engaged just a couple of months ago to the girl whom he'd cared for ever since Garry and he had roomed together at Annapolis. Joe realized that it was too late to hide the verse; Garry had caught him and Joe had no idea of being much embarrassed about it.

"Sit down," he bid. "Garry, why don't you go in for this, too?"

"Why?" Garry inquired, shutting the door. He knew perfectly well what Joe was going to say; it was a theme which they thrashed out with each other periodically. Garry dropped down on Joe's bed.

"It's the greatest thing in the world!" Joe testified, he and Garry having reached that inner temple of intimacy where men of twenty-six may say to

each other almost what they feel without fear that either will take advantage later, even for wardroom joshing.

"Of course it's great for you," Garry admitted. "How about Alice?" The argument was going now in the accustomed way. "I'm not thinking of anything happening to you—just of your staying in the service. We aren't like the men who'll go home when this affair's over. Ship'll be our home; and your wife will be ashore. She'll be unhappy, if she loves you; or you'll be a quitter—you'll get out. You can't give everything you've got to the service and a girl. That's all there is to it."

"I won't quit," Joe returned. "And she won't want me to. I'm happy and she thinks she'll be."

"How long?"

Joe turned back to his desk and took out the thickest of his last lot of letters; he knew just where, in its many pages, was the one he wanted; he sifted it out and gave it to Garry.

"That's what she feels about it," Joe said simply. "Read it."

Garry read, obediently, and looked up at Joe, with his eyes just a little wet; his hand fell on Joe's knee and squeezed it. "I'm awfully glad, old boy. I didn't mean, you know, that you and Alice couldn't make it; I meant that's true in general—and for me."

"It needn't be true for you. Lots of wonderful girls have cared for you—or would have, if you'd give 'em any attention. Garry, you're meant to live, not to—"

Garry got up after a few moments. Officers' quarters was no place to loaf that morning. He turned to the deck and wandered down by the men lounging about in the sunlight.

Ainsmith—one of the gun-pointers—was the center of the nearest group who were congratulating him and were being congratulated. It appeared that Ain-

smith that morning had confessed that, upon his last leave ashore, he had been made very happy—a confession which had invoked others. Even little Tribble, the messenger, shared spring with the rest; he stopped Garry and asked in agitation, "Mr. Laird, I want to know, sir, if a man's just engaged to a girl, not married—but if anything happens to him, the country sees to her, sir, if she's the one mentioned in his insurance. Isn't that so, sir?"

Garry told him and abandoned the deck, taking refuge in his own room and closing the door. It was strange that participation in war was weakening in him resolves formed during peace and which he had been sure that war would only strengthen. As long as he had thought about the navy—and ever since he was ten years old he was very sure he was going into the navy—he had thought of it as a celibate service. He would devote himself wholly to his ship and his men. He had many good friends among the girls at home—his home was a pleasant one in a little Illinois city of fifty thousand where young people got to know each other very well. He had in his desk letters from several of these girls, and from one or two girls elsewhere; it was true that they liked him—or at least liked the excitement of knowing a navy officer on active duty—enough to want to hear from him and to have knitted helmets and sweaters and socks sufficient for himself and all his gun-crew and to keep them supplied with tobacco and chocolate. He always acknowledged these gifts, and the letters which accompanied them, by notes which he made as interesting as he could, relating allowable details of the *Corwan's* errands on patrol and of what he saw and heard and what the men said; true to himself hitherto, he had kept all his letters almost completely impersonal, though one or two of his correspondents whom he liked very much said things

to which he might have replied in quite another manner. But recently he had felt himself altering; this morning he would mightily like to have some one—not any of those who wrote to him, but some one—say to him what Alice had said to Joe; and that page was the one, out of all those letters, which said so little that Joe could show it!

Garry leaned back and gazed, dreamily, out his port to the sky and sea; the port was open and the warm, moist breezes blew in. It was not only the spring which was affecting him, he knew; it was something far more fundamental even than the season; it was his experience of war when, with millions being obliterated, nature was making the mating of man and woman of more imperative, more irrepressible compulsion. When war should come, he had said, then he would know beyond any doubt that he had done right in denying love; he would be glad that he had no wife at home waiting, despairing, but now war had come and done just the opposite.

He unbuttoned his jacket and drew out a flat, waterproof picture case—a secret even from Joe. That is, Joe had seen it; but he did not know that Garry had kept it.

It had come to him several weeks earlier when the *Corwan* was one of the vessels searching for survivors of a Red Cross ship which had been torpedoed and sunk. Conditions chanced to be such that they came upon many bodies of men floating on the sea; some of these were soldiers and some were identifiable; others were not, among whom was an Anzac officer whose disc was missing and whose sole mark of individuality was this little waterproof packet which he had carried. It contained no papers and no names—only the picture of a girl. Garry had preserved it with the thought of trying to trace her, somehow; but the photograph had been cut down from its original card so that even the photographer's name was lacking. Garry had no way of using it, at once; it was impossible to restore it to its owner; so he kept the picture.

He opened the packet again and gazed at the girl. She was about twenty, he judged—a girl not only of evident position and refinement but of unusual personality. Undoubtedly, she had been well born, but, even more surely, she had done much for herself; she had that look even in the picture. Her hair, which was thick and parted and brushed back, was brown, Garry guessed; and her eyes were blue—good, wide-apart, trusting eyes which looked right at one. And Garry most awfully liked her lips which were smiling just a little bit; and he liked her straight little nose and brave, resolute chin. He liked the way she held her head, her bearing; yes, everything

about her. And between her and him, in these last weeks, he had begun to feel a bond. He thought of her in some pleasant little home in Australia or New Zealand bravely and loyally waiting for word from her husband—or it may be that the man who was gone was her betrothed; she would know only that he was missing; she would not give him up, Garry was quite sure, until Garry should find her as he would some day after the war was over and give her the picture and tell her, quietly, how it was the only thing found upon her beloved and how the service was said over him and he was buried at sea. And then—for she must have known in her heart for a long time that he was dead—perhaps she would ask Garry to stay a while. At least she would be grateful to him for coming to tell her—

Garry jerked forward and suddenly leaped to his feet. A shot had resounded from the four-inch rifle forward and throughout the little, quivering vessel, the alarm gongs were booming and the whistle sounded.

"General quarters!" Garry recognized. "A good thing for me!" And he closed the packet quickly and thrust it back into his pocket, as he rushed out just in front of Joe to his action station. The destroyer was listing at the strain of a sudden change of course simultaneously with the ringing up of engines to full speed; and, as Garry gained the deck, the forward gun fired again. The men, who had been basking above, tumbled below; the torpedo men, the gun-pointers, loaders and others who had been below, were pouring to their places on deck. Garry reached his station on the bridge as Billy Nolan climbed up and took over the ship.

THE forward gun had been aimed a few points to the left but, as the destroyer veered, it was trained almost straight ahead and Garry, following the fall of the shell, saw a spurt of spray three thousand yards or more away. The shell was of the new sort, shaped to prevent ricochet, so it dived as it struck the sea; there was nothing else in sight for it to strike. Garry did not need to overhear the report to Nolan to be perfectly familiar with what had happened. Some one on watch had sighted a periscope moving off there; the thing had disappeared. The forward gun having nothing to fire at, became silent while the *Corwan* dashed on to search for the U-boat's wake. Finding some unrest of the surface waters which might be caused by a submersible far below, Nolan directed that a depth charge be dropped. This detonated with a violence which shook the *Corwan*, though the destroyer was at full speed and many hundred yards away; but, except for its volcano of water it had no other visible effect.

The destroyer, circling, dropped another depth charge, equally without ascertainable results; and though Billy Nolan kept the crew at general quarters for another hour while he searched, he did not drop any more charges.

But the *Corwan* now was getting imperative appeals over the radio from a steamer which was being shelled by a submarine; the *Corwan* was almost at the edge of the zone under patrol and the steamer—she was the *Ronca*, coming up from Africa—was further south, fifty miles away. The German had fired a torpedo which had missed and then the U-boat had broached and was attacking by gunfire. The *Ronca* mounted a rifle which she was firing.

NOLAN gave the *Ronca* instructions for her course and rang up full speed again; this put the *Corwan* at better than thirty knots; but as the *Ronca* could not do fifteen, it would be an hour before the destroyer could engage the submersible. It was one o'clock now and Nolan sent the officers and men, in detachments, down to mess.

Smoke was in plain sight ahead when Garry returned to his station on the bridge; and the gun-fire was distinguishable. The *Ronca* was burning but she was still fighting her gun; and the U-boat was keeping distance, though shelling the steamer pitilessly. Garry watched the crew of the *Corwan*'s forward gun raise their rifle to extreme elevation; they trained it toward just a blemish in the sparkling surface of the sea which must be the gun-deck and conning-tower of the submersible.

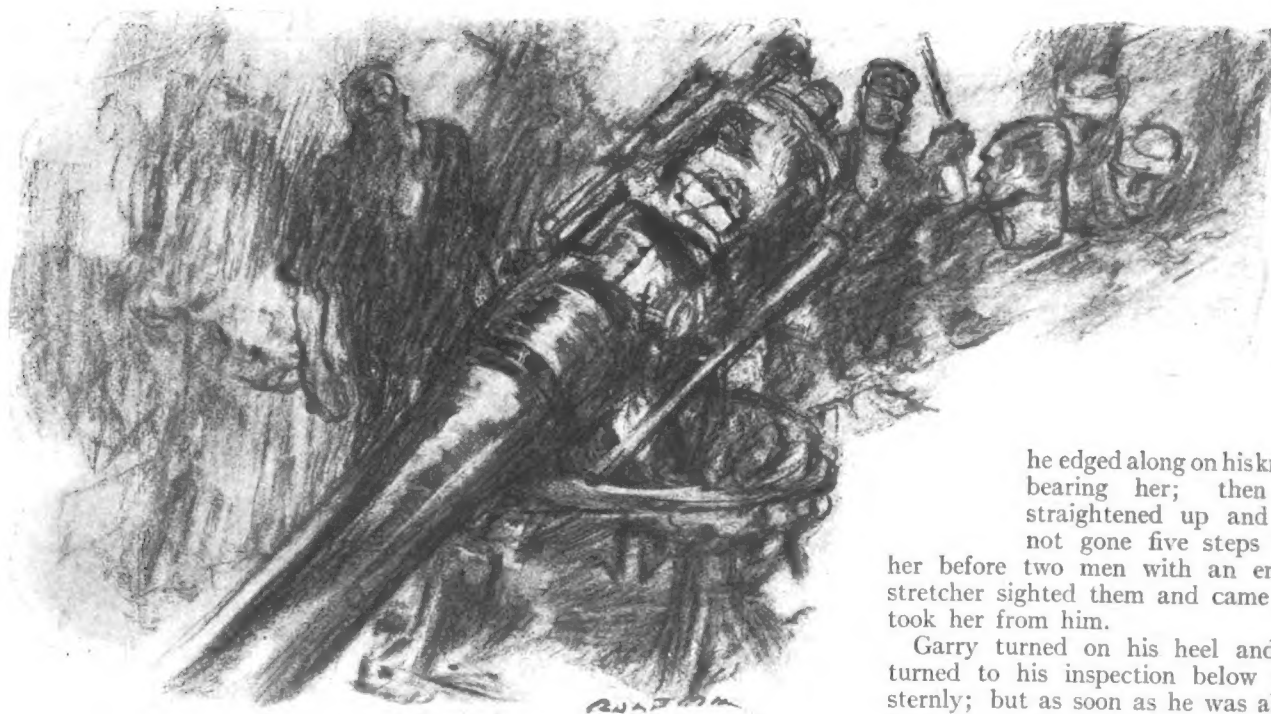
"All right, Alec," Nolan said to the officer who commanded the forward gun. "You might as well try it."

The gun let go. It was purely a chance shot and, at that range for a four-inch rifle, only a miracle would have secured a hit; the miracle did not occur, but the routine thing did. The U-boat submerged and the destroyer went in search of it, dropping a depth charge on speculation here and there. The *Ronca* wirelessly, gamely, that she thought she could take care of her fire, thank you, since the shelling was stopped and not to bother about her; and her people certainly succeeded in reducing the big smother of black smoke aft to a couple of curly trickles through the holes in the deck; but it was plain that she was slowing and listing badly; and pretty soon, in reply to inquiry, she admitted that she'd like help, particularly a doctor.

Nolan brought the *Corwan* around closer. "Go look her over and see if we can bring her in," Nolan commanded Garry. He went down with the doctor and got into the stern of the whaleboat which was being dropped. The *Corwan* went on and left the boat to row to the *Ronca*.

It was a beautiful, warm afternoon





The *Ronca's* gun was silent, dismantled and leering at the sea.

with the water lapping gently against the gunwale as the men rowed. Garry didn't want at all to go aboard the *Ronca*. She was from Cape Town, a semi-passenger, semi-freight vessel; there were sure to be some women and, probably, children aboard. Garry had gone too many times to passenger ships which had been under shell-fire. They upset him more than those which had been more efficiently torpedoed and sunk. You got into terrible things in those sinkings; still, what you found was something of the sort which one could expect from the sea. A ship, with women aboard, which had been shelled for an hour or so was quite different. He wished he could lie back and close his eyes and not see the ship and feel only the warm sun and the soft wind. No; it was no afternoon to go to a vessel which had been shelled; but he was coming close and someone hailed from the deck of the steamer. They dropped a ladder and Garry led his men up.

The doctor had a very great deal to do. Perhaps what Garry witnessed was worse than usual even upon a shelled ship; perhaps it was the day which made it affect him more; but bitter rage, beyond anything he had felt before, possessed him as he made the round of the ship. The cabins, saloons and all interior work was very badly smashed; but the Germans seemed not to have fired to quickly sink the vessel; and Garry very soon discovered the reason. The *Ronca* was laden, largely, with rubber which the Germans undoubtedly intended to take after the hull was abandoned. Garry stooped under a stanchion which originally had been perpendicular but now

was bent over so as to half block a passage between two cabins. Glancing into one of the cabins, he saw a girl lying on her face on the floor. She was quite motionless so Garry supposed she was killed and therefore had been left by the men bringing up the injured; but when he stepped into the cabin, he found that she was breathing and, as there were no traces of blood, she evidently had been only stunned. Indeed, she was so near to regaining consciousness that she opened her eyes when Garry turned her over.

They were blue eyes—a deep, marvelous blue; and good, wide-apart eyes which even now without wavering gazed up and looked right at him. Her brows were brown like her hair which had been parted but which was tumbled about now and was soft to his hands; and he most awfully liked her lips when she smiled just a little at him, questioningly but bravely. He had put an arm under her to turn her over and now he raised her slightly.

"Hello!" he whispered to her. "Hello!"

She was the girl of the picture in his pocket and his cry to her was so plainly one of recognition that she gazed at him, puzzled, trying to place him; but she could not; however:

"Hello," she whispered back, friendly. "Something's happened."

"Yes," he said briefly.

"You're an American naval officer," she said.

"Yes; American."

"We've—a good many hurt?"

"A good many," he said grimly.

"Now I'm going to get you out of this."

He was kneeling and he lifted her; remembering the bent over stanchion,

he edged along on his knees, bearing her; then he straightened up and had not gone five steps with her before two men with an empty stretcher sighted them and came and took her from him.

Garry turned on his heel and returned to his inspection below very sternly; but as soon as he was alone, he took out the picture from his pocket and gazed at it. No; he had not been mistaken; he had found her! The number of the cabin where she was lying was 27; opposite that number upon the passenger list was a girl's name—Marie Searles (Mrs. Robert) of Salisbury, Rhodesia. So she had been married to that officer who was lost. She probably had started from home for England upon news that he had been wounded, but she must be without word of his later fate.

Garry looked about for her, when he returned to the deck. She had passed the doctor and was kneeling over by the side of the ship. Some one had covered with a bit of sailcloth a child's body which had been laid there; and she had got a big needle and cord from somewhere and was sewing it up. Her breast was heaving at her sobbing gasps for breath and tears streamed down her cheeks but she kept her fingers quite steady; very carefully and tenderly she turned the rough edge for her hem to make it as neat and straight as possible. Garry watched her as long as he could bear it; then he bent and touched her on the shoulder.

"You mustn't do that," he forbade gruffly. "She—she was yours?"

"I want to," she said. "No; she wasn't mine; she was just a little girl on the ship. You see we got very well acquainted and her mother's—gone."

Garry could no more protest and he moved away; but he kept watch and when she was through, he stepped over and picked up the little bundle in the neatly sewn sail and bore it to the rail where some one was murmuring sentences of the English service for the burial of the dead at sea.

"Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Thou turnest man to destruction; again

Thou sayest: Come again, ye children of men."

A sailor took Garry's burden to fling it overboard; and Garry gasped a little and stepped back. His hand clenched and opened; tense, soft fingers slipped into his and clasped, gripping tight. He closed his hand upon hers and held it steady. Then, very simply, they gazed at one another; he released her hand and she drew it away.

"That's all?" she said, incredulously.

"Yes; that's all," he repeated. His heart was pulsing so hard that he turned away. A murmur of those few words and a splash into the sea had been "all" for the man who had owned that picture in his pocket; and when he had planned how he would tell her, he had not thought how difficult it would be to be believed.

A signalman was standing at the bow, waving flags; for the *Ronca's* radio installation was a ruin; and flags aboard the *Corwan* fluttered back their reply. Marion Searles came up to Garry.

"What are you going to do with us, please?"

"I'm sending everybody I can over to the *Corwan*."

"You'll send me?"

"Of course."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm staying here with a few of my men to fill out the crew here. I'm sending the skipper to the *Corwan*; your other officers are lost, you know."

"But this ship can hardly steam; when it's darker, they're sure to attack again, even with the destroyer about. They didn't try to sink us before, on account of the rubber; now they will."

"Perhaps," Garry suggested, "perhaps we want them to try." And he turned away. He had much to see to;

for many of the *Ronca's* crew were gone and he had to take from the destroyer just the minimum number of men to work the ship and man the gun. But through everything, thoughts of Marion Searles intruded. He should tell her of the officer whom he found on the sea; but could he do that to her now? If he were sure of seeing her again, he would put off that difficult duty; but he could not be sure. He was sending her to the *Corwan* while he himself was staying; it was true that the *Ronca* could barely navigate and, with night, another attack was very likely. So if anything happened to him, she would never learn of the man she loved; she would join that great pitiful, patient, hoping-against-hope throng of searchers whose beloved were missing with nothing known—nothing ever to become known.

Garry got himself together and went to the side where the people were going down to the boats but only to find that she must have been sent over to the destroyer; she was not there. Twi-

light was coming on—twilight with screens of mist slipping up from the sea, the hour and the atmosphere most favorable to submarine attack. But the twilight deepened to black night and the fog encompassed the *Ronca*, favoring her in turn; so that the *Corwan*, slipping up closer, signaled that she was going to answer the appeals of another ship to the south which was under attack. The *Corwan* informed that the British destroyer *Sprite* reported herself fifty miles away and was coming up. So Nolan advised Garry to trust to darkness and drift.

Garry acknowledged and ordered his engines stopped. They were able to drive the *Ronca* at barely five knots the hour; and their labor and the thrash of the propellers would advertise their plight and their position to any submersible within five miles. The mist remained; in it, the *Ronca* drifted.

Garry moved about noiselessly; the watch reported in whispers; there was no light allowed and no sound. Garry was all alert to alarm from the water; but his thoughts, whether he tried to control them or not, were with the girl whom he had found that day and sent away. Very likely, now, he would never see her again; for the *Corwan* would convoy the other ship; the *Sprite* would come to him; and Marion Searles would be landed from the *Corwan* and lost to him in London or in France before he would have a chance to rejoin his ship; and she would never know unless—unless Joe by chance should remember her picture and recognize her from it and tell her. Perhaps Joe already





He could feel her trembling but he knew it was not from fear.
"You meant to stay, then?"

had told her. With the shock which that brought to him, he realized how jealously he had claimed that as his prerogative. His thought for her had made her his—his to bring her grief and comfort, his, even before he had known her. And how much more since this day when they had buried a child together! In all his life, he had never come as close to any one as he had this day to that girl. He could feel her hand now slipping into his to help her bear the agony which he also was sharing; he could see her gazing up at him.

He shook himself alert to his duty; some one was approaching him to report; it was concerning the water in the ship. If it rose higher, it would flood the fire-room. Garry had no choice, therefore, but to order the pumps started. Their noise resounded in the stillness and their vibration spread over the sea—not so violently as would the thrash of the screw but enough to soon summon a shell which struck at the *Ronca's* stern and burst.

The *Ronca* instantly returned the fire into the fog; but two shells arrived

for one which the *Ronca* fired; and Garry knew the truth was that his gunpointers saw no target. The mist had thinned about the *Ronca* in a circle of some five hundred yards; the German was just outside that circle and firing into it. Garry ordered the engines rung up to their full speed and he steered for the denser bank of mist; but it only retreated before him; and the engines scarcely had got going when a shell stopped them short. A moment later the *Ronca's* gun was silent, dismounted and leering to the sea. The *Ronca* was helpless and afire again; the submersible was shelling her mercilessly from the fringe of fog. Garry gave the order, at last, to abandon the ship.

One of the two boats which remained was dropped from davits on the port side, protected from the shells; and Garry got his injured and most of the others—fourteen of his twenty-six men—into this boat. The other had to be lowered on the starboard side, wholly exposed to the shells. The Germans gave it grace until it was upon the water and almost filled; then they

opened upon it with shells and a machine gun, too. Garry, who alone had remained above, shouted to the men to put off at once and not wait for him; the boatswain objected; but Garry gave command sharply and the boat pulled off and pulled for the concealment of the fog. It drifted over the *Ronca* again. Garry could hear the submarine firing its guns either blindly into the fog or at the boat; he could not tell which. The firing ceased and Garry heard no more of the boat. He called out several times to guide it back or guide any one who might be swimming, if the boat had been destroyed. But he got no response from the water.

From the ship, from the deck where he stood, he received response—a woman's voice! She knew him from his shout and she spoke his name: "Mr. Laird."

The fog had become so dense that he could see nothing at all; he groped as he spoke to her. He could not find her, at once; but he had no doubt at any moment that she was there; her voice from the fog took no tinge of hallucination. He spoke to her only in guiding monosyllables, as she was speaking to him, until their groping arms met and he clasped her.

"I told you I was sending you away," he rebuked her, then.

"Yes," she said. "So I went below and hid."

He could feel her trembling; but he knew it was not from fear; it was from glorious excitement which he too shared. "You meant to stay, then?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"The fighting was going to come here, you thought; that was why you were sending every one to the *Corwan*. The Germans would try to attack us again."

"Well," he said. "They have; and there's no one left here but you and me. What do you plan to do now? What was your idea in staying?"

"They said this morning when we were being shelled, before you came up, that the Germans would come aboard after we deserted the ship—on account of the rubber we carried. I thought, if they attacked again, they might try to come on board."

"Then what would you do?"

"Why, I'm going to kill them," she replied quite simply. "I am going to kill them all."

"How?"

"I've a pistol—an automatic pistol that was given me." No consideration of herself at all intruded; and Garry wondered if she had learned all about her husband—not only that he had been wounded in battle but that he had been sent upon that hospital ship which the Germans had torpedoed. No, Garry decided; it was not necessary for him to assume that. Because of what he had seen here on this ship

to-day, he lusted for revenge as never before—requit for the murder of all those on this ship, for his men fired upon as they got into the boat, for the child whom this woman and he had buried together.

"There's a better way than a pistol," Garry said. "Grenades. They'll have to come up in a boat; a few grenades might get almost all."

"Then you'll not try to prevent me?"

He did not answer directly. "If we have a great deal of luck," he said, "we may be able to get a good many of the men in the first boat—if any try to come on board. The others will surely kill us."

"If you hadn't found me here—if you were left all alone," she asked him,

"What would you do?"

"I guess I'd try to get all of them I could."

"Then we thought almost the same thing, didn't we?"

"Almost," he said. The fire which had broken out again in the afterhold shot tongues of flame now and then above decks, making the fog bloodily opalescent and they could see one another. He loosed his grasp upon her arm and stepped away; he procured grenades, returned and led her to the side of the ship where the submarine was. They lay down upon the deck amid wreckage; the red flames astern died down but soon flared up again; and the air was heavy with smoke and the odor of raw rubber burning. There

was no breeze at all; and they could hear the wash of the smooth sea swell against the side of the hull; from within came the gurgle of water entering as the ship slowly sank lower. Now and then floating things knocked together within or resounded against the steel side of the vessel. It was going down very slowly; perhaps the pent-up air would keep it from sinking much lower for a long time; and the flooding of the afterhold was keeping the fire in check.

From away in the fog came engine noises and the water sounds of a submersible running on the surface. The U-boat circled the wreck at some little distance and returned to the starboard

(Continued on page 97)



He snatched her grenade from her fingers and tossed it after his. That instant, his burst in the boat. The upturned and visible maintenance had disappeared; the grimacing man was gone.



Brown Brothers

The French colors dip to Albert, King of the Belgians. An incident of the review by Albert and President Poincaré of the victorious troops near the battle-field of Verdun.

BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The GRINDING WHEELS

THIS is the seventh instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913, until our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—a picture of the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that reign of terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

From the first day of that world-rousing crime down to the day when the Stars and Stripes grimly and decisively vanished from the American Legation at Brussels, it is a story of outrage piled upon outrage in a demented and futile effort to crush the indomitable soul of a free people between the wheels of a soulless machine.

LVI

THE German military code is a complex mystery that no lawyer of the western world, no lawyer of Latin or of Anglo-Saxon culture, would attempt to explain. The military authorities, under the vast powers conferred by the Governor-General's decree, were constantly adding to it to suit their convenience or their whims. Whenever Parliament has nothing else to do, said an English wit, it makes a new crime, and the untrammelled autocratic power in Belgium made new crimes daily, simply by posting a proclamation beginning "*Il est défendu*", announcing thus the latest thing *verboten*. There was a new one on the walls of Brussels every morning; the long and tragic and sometimes ridiculous series of them was unending.

It was *verboten* to display the Belgian flag; *verboten* to take photographs; *verboten* to sell newspapers not expressly approved by the Military Governor; *verboten* to approach "in a suspicious manner" any railway, telegraph or telephone line; *verboten* to make, distribute, placard or expose any pictures not approved by the censor, or to give any theatrical representation, recitation, concert or cinema not so approved; *verboten* to hold open-air meetings or any assembly where political questions were discussed; *verboten* to sell game; *verboten*—unless one were a German officer—to hunt; *verboten* to sing or to play "*La Brabançonne*," "*La Marseillaise*"; *verboten* to wear or to show in public any Belgian insignia or that of any other country at war with Germany or her allies; *verboten* to use automobiles or bicycles without express permit; *verboten* to pass the frontier or to go from one town to another without a permit. These are but a few of the hundreds of prohibitions decreed by the military authority and visited, after a summary trial, by such penalties as the whims of the ruling mind of the court might decide.

Trials for treason were frequent—trials of Belgians, that is. Just how a Belgian could be guilty of treason against Germany is difficult to comprehend, but that was what the Germans

called it, even though they did qualify it in the phrase, *trahison de guerre*, in the notices that announced the judgment, often to death, of those who were guilty of this crime. For those whose legal conceptions were all Anglo-Saxon or Latin, this did not throw much light on the legal mystery. To be sure, it might make little difference to the victim whether he were shot for spying or for treason, or for "treason in time of war," but to the student, who is apt to judge the cultural development of a people by its code, the distinctions are not wholly uninteresting. There was also the practise of deporting persons as "undesirable". This was done by the secret police, without preferring charges, without trial, without judgment. A man might be going home at evening

and at his door be arrested; he might leave his house and not return, not to be seen again; a few days at the *Kommandantur* and he would be sent to Germany. No one knew, when the doorbell rang, that it was not the *Polizei* come to ransack the house and bear off some of its inmates.

The trials were often mere farces. They were conducted, in important cases, in the old Senate chamber before a court of high officers with whom at times the Governor-General himself would sit. The prosecutor would bring in his evidence, sum it up, and ask for a certain penalty, which was usually accorded. The accused in many cases were allowed no counsel, and when they were, the attorneys were not permitted to see their clients before the hearings



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King Albert in field-uniform.

"The most heroic figure, I suppose, in the modern world, and more heroic than most figures in the ancient world—the dramatic anomaly of a King fighting for democracy."

or to be informed of the charges against them. They would appear in court and do what they could, which was not much, since any vigorous defense was apt to be considered as wanting in respect to the court, or to the German uniforms, or some such thing.

The trial of the Count and Countess de Mérode was one such comedy. The Countess was charged with having carried letters, I believe, and she and her husband, after their old palace in the Rue aux Laines had been rummaged over by the agents of the *Kommandantur*, had been confined with German sentinels at the door for weeks. The name de Mérode is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Belgium, and the statue in the Place des Martyrs recalls the heroism of one who bore it heroically in the Revolution of 1830. Because of the high station of the accused, the Governor-General himself came to honor with his presence the pronouncement of the judgment. The prosecutor had badgered and browbeaten all the witnesses, but strangely enough the court acquitted the de Mérodes unanimously. But on this General von Bissing interfered and in a long address said that despite the unanimous acquittal it was his duty to condemn the accused. The maximum punishment for the offense with which they were charged was death, and the minimum, confinement in a fortress, but inasmuch as de Mérode was an old name in Belgium and the Count de Mérode himself Grand Maréchal of the Court, and in addition, inasmuch as von Bissing personally knew the Queen of the Belgians, he would let him off! Having thus in the space of a few minutes been acquitted, then convicted, then pardoned and set free, the distinguished prisoners thought the farce was ended; but no, to make the vaudeville complete, the Governor-General announced that he would impose a fine of three hundred francs!

These courts did not always convict; indeed, they now and then acquitted. The reproach to be made against them was the reproach to be made against all lynch law, namely, that it is founded on no judicial right and is guided by no fixed rules or principles. No theory of evidence, for instance, was applied. Suspicion sufficed for the arrest, and accusation for proof; hearsay and conclusions were admitted, and the accused forced to testify, to submit to terrible interrogatories, in prison and in courts. Informers were encouraged and personal revenge thereby easily gratified. Any one with a private grudge had only to go to the *Kommandantur*; there it would be avenged. The Countess de R— refused a beggar a pittance in the street and the beggar denounced her, saying that she had referred to the Germans as "pigs." She was arrested, taken to the *Kommandantur*, released, and then when she again encountered the beggar on the boulevard, there was

a disagreeable scene. The beggar was accompanied by an *agent provocateur*; the agent had talked with a German who had a shop near by, and the shopkeeper just then ran out and cried:

"You call me a spy, do you; and the Germans pigs?"

"I never said such a thing," protested the Countess. But she was again arrested.

The case was brought to the Legation and, while we could do nothing for



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood.

Baron von der Lancken-Wakenitz,
political assistant of von Bissing.

her, Maître de Leval gallantly tried to aid her. He thought he had arranged it all; the judge had decided to let her go; von Bissing had been gracious, had heard her statement, told her she could go, had bowed and kissed her hand; but the shopkeeper on the boulevard refused to withdraw her charge. The affair dragged on for weeks, the poor Countess half sick with worry and fear; finally she was tried, only witnesses against her being heard, and she was fined three hundred francs; and to this the Governor-General added a hundred marks, so that her fine in all amounted to four hundred and twenty-five francs.

The proprietress of "*Le Chien Vert*," a restaurant on the Avenue Tervueren, had as customers one day some German officers who, after supping, gave her a five-mark piece in payment.

"*C'est l'image de notre empereur même*" (It is the figure of our emperor himself), said one of the officers.

"*Eh bien*," replied the patronne, "*empereur ou pas empereur, ça vaut six francs cinquante, c'est tout*" (Emperor or no emperor, it's worth six francs fifty, and no more)—a bit of Brussels repartee that cost her a pretty fine.

Such things were happening every day.

Near Liège a man named Braconnier was arrested and kept at the *Kommandantur* for twenty-four hours. His brother went to ascertain why he was

arrested and was told that he was charged with having violated the laws against poaching. He was of a prominent name, with a preserve of his own.

"*Mais il est braconnier*" (But he is a poacher), said the German officer, and orders had been issued that all *braconniers* were to be severely punished.

LVII

THE stark objectivity of the atrocities made them easy to understand; they struck even the dullest imagination with an instantaneous impact; but bad as they were, they were not the worst. There was, in this régime, the steel grip of which was only faintly indicated by the cries it now and then wrung from its victims, something that went deeper, something that goes to the very core of the human heart. Death itself is soon accomplished, but it was not only what the soldiers had done to the dead, it was what they were doing to the living. It was the violation of all personal right, the contempt of all personal dignity, the incessant, calculated, studied humiliation that was inflicted, that went deepest. To see that lovable people, once the gayest on the earth, humiliated, trodden upon, stripped of every right, was to feel the vicarious shame of a stupendous and unprecedented insult. It was not immediately apparent; one had to live in it and be of it; one had to breathe that atmosphere for a while, to realize in it all its utter shame and degradation.

The strain grew more and more tense, what with the closed houses, the sad, deserted appearance of the streets, the idle populace, and the still more idle soldiers who infested the town—their idleness was so vacuous and vicious, born of the utter lack of all human responsibility. There was, too, the lack of all diversion, all movement, all gaiety. There was nothing for most of the people to do but to wander up and down in the melancholy streets; the shops were darkened because they must economize in light; they could not renew their stocks, and the few lighted lamp-posts only intensified the gloom that settled more and more upon the world.

Then a day of mild weather would steal into the late winter calendar; there would be a touch of spring in the air. Ah! If spring could only come and mean what it once had meant! But what could spring or anything be without liberty? And how could one be otherwise than depressed in the daily presence of the great injustice with which the very air was reeking?

No, there could be no escape so long as that endured. Better that the light of the sun go out and the earth turn cold and dead, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, than that it be ground under the heels of swagging

officers ignorant of all the essential things in life, with iron crosses and ribbons of dirty white and black, and their brutal soldiers swarming everywhere, lifting their legs at the "*Achtung!*" of an under officer in their graceless and ridiculous goose-step.

"*Pourquoi les soldats font-ils comme ça, maman?*" (Why do the soldiers do that, mama?) asked a little boy of his mother, as they stood on the corner waiting for them to pass.

"*Ah, tu sais*" (Oh, you know), responded the mother, "*les Allemands saluent toujours avec le pied!*" (the Germans salute always with the foot.)

looked up at the officer and straining their old legs in the ridiculous goose-step, passed on. And there, not far away, the long waiting line at a soup-kitchen trailed its woe and misery and hunger far down the street.

No, there was no escape. One could not banish from the mind that line of pinched, pathetic faces, those shivering forms huddled in their old clothes. And during the remainder of my walk I had to combat an inward rage and rebellion at the whole miserable business, the stupendous insolence, the appalling insult to human dignity and intelligence. Those swinish soldiers, with their thick,

aims of a modern Germany, the nation founded on the lie of the dispatch of Ems, and the ideals of America, a nation founded on the truth of the Declaration of Philadelphia, could not long abide in a world as small as this had been made by steam and gas and electricity and steel.

Strange, too, as Golden-Rule Jones used to say, they are not people, "just folks." Often in those passing troops if one looked closely one saw fine, ruddy, old faces, crowned with white hair and adorned with majestic beards, something patriarchal and dignified about them. The goose-step seemed to



"C. R. B." food ship *Industry* unloading supplies in Rotterdam harbor.

One scene resumed it all one cold morning. There had been a new *affiche* that day saying that all political discussion must cease in Belgium, no meetings were to be held, no one was to discuss political matters or criticize the Germans or the war they were waging. Then along the boulevard a company of German troops, old men of the Landsturm, trudged wearily. And then, suddenly, around the corner hove into sight a German officer, large and fat and smoothly fair, his pink jowls glowing, his light-blue cape floating in the wind, revealing his enormous paunch and the revolver swinging in its holster. The under officer commanding the company shouted out his "*Achtung!*" and the old men of the Landsturm with that docile, submissive, bovine expression,

bandy legs, their brutish necks and little piggish eyes, and that conception of respect—the goose-step; and this was Germany after forty years of blood and iron discipline and government to the last degree, Kultur, and so forth, its own people the first and most tragic victims of their own oppression, surrendering their own liberties and ready to help deprive other people of their liberties, like the elephants in Siam that are first captured, then trained to lure their kind into chains.

LVIII

YES, this was Germany, after forty-four short years of blood and iron—Germany's iron and Europe's blood, and, in the end, America's. For the

degrade them. Now and then, too, there was a sad face among them; they did not all relish the glory of war.

A Belgian once made a curious confession to me. In the early days of the occupation, half mad with hate and hot for revenge, he used to imagine himself some day killing a German soldier; he said that he did not allow himself to go to the length of forming any such intention, but he used to find a peculiar satisfaction as he strolled along the streets in imagining himself killing one of the men in field gray. Then in his walks, playing with this dangerous idea, he would select his victim, or say to himself, "Suppose that I were to decide to kill one of them, which one of them would it be?" He would see one, but on coming up, on looking closely,



Photograph by Paul Thompson.

"Their graceless and ridiculous goose-step." (A drill behind the lines.)

he would say to himself, "No, no, not that one; I couldn't kill him." He would meet another, but "No," he would say, "I couldn't kill him," and so on; it was always thus; thus always something in each one of them with its human appeal, something that moved him to pity if not to forgiveness, and in this odd psychological experience he never once saw one of them whom he could have brought himself to slay, never saw the victim of his desperate imagining.

The olden Germany had meant so much that was good and pleasant to think upon—all the various connotations of such names as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Wagner, Schiller, and Goethe. There had been Carlyle's vast enthusiasm, too, his translation of Schiller's works and his tremendous book on the great Frederick. Then the Rhine, the legends, the songs, and all that, and the traditions of 1848, Carl Schurz, Franz Siegel, and their like. All this had passed away. There comes an hour, as Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero has said, in the lives of nations as of men, when a choice must be made between moral and material success. Germany had made the choice, and the old Germany was gone, never to return.

But in Belgium resistance was mounting steadily; not the foolish and impotent resistance of blind force, the *franc-tireur*, the concealed assassin and the flaming revolt, but, which is much stronger, so wholly irresistible, baffling to bayonets and machine guns, the moral resistance of a whole united people. Belgium had forgotten the old quarrels, the old divisions of politics and race, even those more acerbic differences of religion. The old saying that "Walloon and Flemish are but given names, the family name is Belgium," had become a verity, testified by

a thousand acts a day. The old social cleavage was not so wide; men of all ranks worked together. Despite the prohibition, many little patriotic medals were being sold. The numismatic art is carried further in Belgium than in any country in the world, save France, the whole history of the land is told in medallions. There were portraits of the King and Queen; one of them bore the profile of the King and on the reverse the words "*Belge toujours!*" (Belgium forever!)

Even the children resisted. There is a word considered highly improper in the French language, which, in the human need for human expression began to have a tremendous vogue; a gentleman inadvertently uttered it in the presence of Cardinal Mercier one day, and then instantly begged his pardon. But the sensitive face of the great man was instantly lighted up with that charming humorous smile, and he said:

"*C'est un mot qui vole de bouche en bouche maintenant, et tout le monde s'en sert.*" (It is a word that flies from mouth to mouth nowadays, and everybody makes use of it.)

It does not sound so terrible in the English ear. One afternoon a little girl of six years, the daughter of a noble family, was in the tram with her nurse, and seeing a German soldier eating a sausage, remarked:

"*Maman, voilà un cochon qui mange un autre.*" (Mama, there is one pig eating another.)

Thereupon a German officer who was in the tram leaned over and said to her very seriously and severely, that he could speak French, English, Italian, and Spanish, and the child gravely looked up at him and said:

"*Ah! Comme ça doit être commode pour voyager.*" (Ah! How convenient

that must be for traveling!)

When toward the middle of January orders were issued to the effect that all foreigners—except Germans—should report at the *École Militaire* to be enrolled, and the turn of the Englishwomen, for the most part governesses or nurses, came, they did not forget the splendid injunction to "be British" and sang "Rule Britannia!" in the face of the officers.

There were always "incidents." Down in the Place Ste. Catherine, near the church of that name, there was a statue of Ferrer, placed there, I believe, by the Socialists, a great

bronze figure in the nude, a man holding aloft a flaming torch. Suddenly one day the city authorities received a letter from the Military Governor of Brussels, saying that he had been told that the statue had been "soiled in a grievous manner by a malevolent hand." Therefore the city authorities must at once remove the monument. The city authorities, Catholics, Independents, Liberals, Socialists, unanimously refused; there was a long correspondence, and excitement for a week; the local authorities refused to move in the matter, and finally the Germans sent soldiers down to the Place Ste. Catherine, built a scaffold around it and took down the bronze statue, while a number of curious Belgians, held at a discreet distance by armed guards, looked on in amusement. The statue was removed with the greatest difficulty; they had to use flaming chemical lamps to melt the poor man's feet in order to get him off his stone, and then the bare pedestal stood there, a much more eloquent monument to liberty of conscience in the world than the statue had ever been. And then the Germans took away the pedestal, and leveled and smoothed over the spot where it had been, and the fancy of thousands who had never thought of Ferrer, gazing on the vacant scene, might erect a monument as high as they pleased.

The Cardinal's letter was read Sunday after Sunday in the churches; and it was in the churches that the patriotic fervor oftenest broke out. Each Sunday, for instance, at St. Jacques sur Coudenberg, one might witness a beautiful and touching scene, if one chanced to be there just at noon. My memory goes back to a cold Sunday in January; the church was crowded, even the portico was filled with a great mass of men, women, and children standing

there leaning forward, straining their ears as if to catch some sweet and significant sound. I stood there in the cold; I remember the beggars coming up and down the Place Royale; far over the heads of the worshipers I could see the priests at the altar, the elevation of the host, and hear the sound of the sacring bells. But this was not why all the people were there; many of them were not Catholics. For still they leaned forward. Presently the mass was over and the great organ of the church rolled out its deep tones, and all those faces suddenly lighted up. It was playing "*L'Avenir*," one of the patriotic hymns of Belgium. The faces were expectant; but even that was not what the people were waiting for; that was not then prohibited. And then, from the last chord of "*L'Avenir*" the organ rolled very softly into the strains of "*La Brabançonne*," the Belgian national air, and an expression of delight, of some sweet and comforting reassurance, instantly informed all those eager faces. The organ played it once very softly, then played it again in loud, triumphant, stately tones. Every man had uncovered. I glanced at all those faces, rapt, or drawn with intense emotion, or pathetic with quivering lips, and then

suddenly all wet with a sudden rain of tears. The strains of "*La Brabançonne*" ceased, and all this agony, all this sorrow, all this patriotic longing and the strange nostalgia from which they suffered, was in the sudden cry of

"*Vive la Belgique!*"

LIX

I HAVE already in these notes spoken of the phenomenon that occurred when the Germans ordered down the Belgian flag: everywhere a Belgian flag came down an American flag went up. It was a beautiful tribute to our ideals, and a pretty compliment besides, though not without its embarrassments and its dangers even, for while the Germans said nothing, they did not altogether like it, and when their quick intuition apprehended this, the Belgians displayed American flags everywhere, more and more, until Brussels looked as though it had been decorated for the Fourth of July. Le Jeune, the barber, said to me one day, speaking his French slowly with the savory Brussels accent:

"I must get me an American flag."

"Why?" I asked.

"To put in my window," he replied.

"And why do you wish to put the American flag in your window?"

"Oh," he said, "*pour embêter les Allemands.*" (To rile the Germans.)

Poor Le Jeune! He was terribly against the Germans, yet always hopeful. He always had the most important information: the Cossacks were already overrunning Germany, and the Allies were coming in the spring, then he would have his revenge.

The Belgians at that time had rather vague notions of American holidays, though they know them all now, and hearing that the fourteenth of February was Valentine's Day, they seemed not to have associated it with the amiable saint of that name, but to have concluded that it was the American national holiday. And so, on the thirteenth, the city blossomed forth in our colors, our flag was displayed in the windows, and people wore the red, white and blue; and another shower of cards fluttered down at the Legation door, with letters, and flowers, and all sorts of pretty souvenirs, poems, banners—valentines, indeed!

And then they learned that the day was not a national holiday. A week went by and one morning, to my surprise, the *Commissaire de Police* came





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"Everywhere the splendid draft horses, that were the result of more than a century of careful scientific breeding, were seized."

to ask what arrangements we desired him to make for the great festival of Monday.

"*Ça sera quelque chose de colossal!*" (It will be an enormous affair!) he exclaimed, with wide eyes.

I looked at the calendar; and what with troubles about the Japanese Legation and the British colony; and the arrest of British consuls, and the status of our own consuls, and the relief work, and a merchant at Liège who had offended the Germans by printing a card with the American flag and the Belgian flag side by side with some appropriate sentiment, and then appealed to me, and difficulties incident to Germany's reply to the President's notes about the submarine blockade, and all the nervous feeling in the air, I had forgotten that Monday was Washington's Birthday.

It was all very touching, and yet it made me nervous, for I feared the possible effect upon the situation, already made difficult enough by the exchange of notes between the American and German Governments, and so I asked Gibson to see M. Lemonnier and to explain the situation to him, and while assuring him of our entire and grateful appreciation, to ask that there be no demonstration. The Burgomaster made a public announcement of my desire, and Washington's Birthday dawned—and almost the first thing I saw in the morning was the *Commissaire de Police*, in white gloves, very fine, with his sword, in front of the Legation, managing the crowds that came up the Rue de Trèves. They made a veritable procession on our side of the street; there were scores of passers-by gazing on, men and women waiting patiently, to say nothing of German spies. The little leaf at the door kept clicking incessantly, and cards poured in, with

masses of flowers, great bunches with our colors and the Belgian colors entwined, and letters from everybody, even from the little children in the schools. And there were crowds everywhere, along the Boulevard and the Avenue Louise, in the brilliant sun, and every one wearing the American colors, and little children playing with the American flags. There were German sentinels posted about, too, but that may have been because some prince was passing through, or for some other military reason. And the evening came, and the day ended with a visit from Madame Carton de Wiart and a band of children dressed as Indians, very charming!

The day, as we heard later, in the slow way in which news got about Belgium, had not passed off so quietly at Liège. A woman, who it seems had been authorized to do so, appeared on the streets selling rosettes of the American colors and little American flags, was met by a non-commissioned officer, who tore her colors from her and threw them on the ground. And immediately there was almost a riot and the German soldiers were ordered out. They cleared the streets, made some arrests, and forbade the wearing of the American colors. Thereupon the *Kommandant* telephoned to Brussels and was told that he had made a terrible mistake and that it must be atoned at once. Then the *Kommandant* sent for the Burgomaster, who, poor man, went to *Kommandantur* thinking there was more trouble in store for him, but the *Kommandant* was exceptionally polite, was delighted to see him, called him "my dear Burgomaster" and, in a word, fawned where he had frowned. He asked the Burgomaster to return the letter he had written forbidding the wearing of the American flag, told him

that he might now wear it, even pinned one on the breast of the Burgomaster himself, and then pinned one on his own breast; and the officers went out and invited the woman who sold the flags to come in, and all members of the German staff adorned themselves with the American colors.

However, a new decree was issued that evening ordering the entire civil population to go to bed at seven o'clock.

There was a wonderful and charming deed, what the French would call a *beau geste*, which was so nearly coincidental with the day that it had the effect of being a part of the celebration. It was the generous and spontaneous impulse of Mr. Charles Leon Cardon, the distinguished amateur and connoisseur of art in Brussels. In the curious old house where he lives alone, on the Quai aux Bois, à Brûler, near the Marché aux Poissons, there are the results of two generations of art collecting, for Mr. Cardon's father was a painter and a collector before him.

It was out of all the treasures of this house that Mr. Cardon chose, in order to express the gratitude of Belgium, as a gift to America, Van Dyck's sketch of his great painting "*Le Manteau de St-Martin*." It is one of the finest canvases that came from the brush of the master, and in his grand style, glowing with all the colors of his brilliant palette. It had often been sought after by American connoisseurs, and the late J. Pierpont Morgan often tried to persuade Mr. Cardon to part with it. It was one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful evidences of the warmth of the Belgian heart, that simple little ceremony at the Legation when Mr. Cardon came to present it. He had asked M. Lemonnier, the Burgomaster, to make the presentation on behalf of the city of Brussels, and there in the

presence of the aldermen and of the Legation staff M. Lemonnier made a graceful little speech, in which he compared America to St. Martin, and his own city, in thus presenting Mr. Cardon's gift, to the jay in La Fontaine's fable of "The Jay Who Adorned Himself with Peacock's Feathers." Mr. Cardon read a letter as a deed of gift, in which he stipulated that the painting was to be hung in the art museum of my city.

LX

BRUSSELS had changed; from the gayest it had changed into the dullest, saddest city in the world. The Quartier Léopold was as though deserted, and the boulevard and the avenue were no longer bright with the daily promenade. Men walked there, it is true, at noon, for the exercise, or to pick up a bit of gossip, and in the afternoon the avenue took on something of its old air; but it could never be happy any more. I went walking there one day with a friend; we had agreed not to mention the war, but we had hardly gone a block when a woman in new deep mourning, coming out of a house, met some friends and ran toward them crying:

"*Mon fils est mort!*" (My son is dead!)

They were always receiving such news; it was almost the only news they could receive.

I have spoken of dining out, but I should not like thereby to give the impression that there was anything like social gaiety. Brussels was in mourning, and it was only occasionally that a few friends were asked to dinner, and then met most informally. Evening dress was laid aside for the war, and by some tacit, common understanding men paid deference to conventions only by donning dinner jackets, even when ladies were present. The great houses were closed, and when one went to see one's friends it was always with the effect of closed shutters and drawn blinds. The women had spontaneously laid aside jewels and colors; they were always in black, and most of them, ere long, in deep mourning. Many persons, indeed, made strange vows—to wear black, not to drink any wine, to impose this or that little personal sacrifice, until the war should end. Perhaps some could make such vows because of a belief that the war would not, could not, last very long; it may have been because they could not

endure the thought of its lasting longer.

To appreciate the contrast all these changes made, one must have known Brussels in the days before the war. It was not only the gayest but the happiest of cities. In the population there was a fine joviality, that joyousness that came down from the days when Rubens, and Jordaens and Teniers were painting the rich life of Flanders. This same gaiety was reflected, in more refined forms, in the lives of the upper classes. At dinner, nine or ten wines were served, one with each course, not to be drunk but to be tasted; they do not drink wine in Belgium, they taste it—*déguster*. The guests would take pride in guessing at the year of the wine, not by the taste but merely by inhaling the bouquet. It was none of your vulgar champagne, which the *nouveaux riches* "open," as they say, but rare old *Bourgogne*. Men were proud of their *caves*, their wine-cellars. When a child was born, a barrel or several barrels of the vintage of that year would be laid away and left to mellow through the years, not to be decanted until the child became of age, perhaps on her wedding-day, if the child were a girl; the wine would crown the feast in honor of youth's coming of age.

The German soldiers, of course, when they came in to Belgium, did not allow these joys to go untasted. They did not *déguster* the *Bourgognes*; they guzzled

Oberkommandant; the house had a cellar renowned throughout the whole of the province, and the neighbors saw German soldiers going out from it day after day bearing bottles. The man complained to the *Oberkommandant* who, ordering a few hundred bottles of *vin ordinaire* set out for his use, sealed up the *cave*. But the temptation was too great and, no doubt, in his capacity of a superman, he broke his own seals and the loot of the *cave* continued until a protest was made to General von Bisping, who reprimanded the *Oberkommandant*.

A French paper, or a copy of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, was a godsend. Any one with a bit of news, or even a rumor, was welcome, and any one with a piece of good news, in a town and time when good news never came, or never stayed long if it did come, was assured of a popularity all evening long. And any one from the country was welcome because that meant new incidents, for it was in the country, in lonely châteaux, where German officers quartered themselves, that the German mentality was best exemplified. I knew a charming old dowager whom no German general could daunt. One of them, with his staff, came to lodge in her château; they remained several weeks and when they left, the general asked the house steward to request his mistress to be good enough to receive him for a moment.



"Our museums had been opened, it was true, but by German order and against the will of their directors. German sentinels with guns and bayonets were at every door, and the vast halls were empty, for never a self-respecting Belgian would enter them."

them, and when it happened to be a new wine, the Belgians relished the illness and pain it caused them. There were always tales of plenty of these scenes, and tales, too, of *caves* that had been bricked up. And I know of a

The old *grande dame* in her white hair came slowly down the stairs, and pausing at the bottom, stood there with folded hands, and in her mild voice asked what he wished of her. The General said that during their stay there they had been so kindly treated

that he wished to thank her for himself and for his staff. The old lady looked at him for a moment and then said calmly:

"*Vous n'avez pas à me remercier; je ne vous avais pas invité.*" (You do not have to thank me; I had not invited you.)

Madame Y—— having been at her château near Mons with her husband, who was ill, on her return to town told this story: The Germans appeared in numbers, to be quartered in the château; she protested, and said that her husband was very ill with heart-disease, and was confined to his bed—his brother had dropped dead from heart-disease in the summer, and Y—— himself did not know that the land had been invaded. She was ready to let the Germans lodge in her house, but she asked that they respect her husband's apartments. The officer said that it would be necessary to examine Y——; then she asked to be allowed to inform him gently and to prepare him for the ordeal so that he would not suffer from the effects, but no; a military doctor with a squad of soldiers tramped heavily down the corridor, burst open the door of the sick-room; the doctor threw back the bedclothes, opened poor Y——'s shirt, clapped a stethoscope over his heart, listened, and exclaimed "*Ganz schlecht! Ganz schlecht!*" (Very bad! Very bad!)

One of the B——s had received a visit at her château from the Germans, headed by Prince H——. The soldiers were ransacking the palace, and the Prince told her to place the *objets d'art* that she held most dear in a certain cabinet and they would be safe. She did this, and when she had finished, they bore the cabinet away with all its contents.

One evening at dinner Madame Q—— described the pillaging of her château; the whole place was in a shocking condition; bestial outrages had been committed, the piano scribbled over with chalk—*Deutschland über Alles*, and phrases that one does not repeat.

Throughout dinner young T—— had been telling similar incidents that had happened to his château near Tervueren; it had been occupied from the beginning; sixty thousand bottles of wine had been taken, and those that they, the Germans—when one says "they" in Belgium it means the Germans—could not drink they had broken and poured out the wine. He had spoken of the fear of the soldiers, how they would skulk behind trees with guns, fearing to enter the houses, and how at night they would not go out nor sleep in rooms alone, so that when his brother said:

"Are you not afraid to go to sleep at night?" he could answer:

"No, that is the safest time; they are afraid to go out at night."

After dinner, old Count van der T—— read aloud a letter the Vicomtesse had received from young H——, in London. Young H—— was much disturbed by a story to the effect that he had criticized the Belgians who had remained behind in their land, and he begged the Vicomtesse to circulate a denial, in which he stated on his word of honor that he had not said or written any such thing.

There was always much talk of those who had gone to England; the Governor-General had just issued an order that they were to return or be heavily fined, and I recall a pretty woman saying one evening:

"All those who have gone, have gone because of fear, and all those who come back, come back now because of their interests, and it is just as shameful to come back as it is to have gone."

The King, it was reported, much to the universal consolation, had said:

"There are only two places for a Belgian now: either at the front or in Belgium."

Another evening there was much excitement because Madame R—— had been ordered to be in her château in the country the following day to receive a visit from the Governor-General, who was looking for a château for the summer; the poor woman was afraid to go and more afraid not to go. She had been to the *Pass-Zentrale* to secure permission to go to Holland, and there had talked with Major von der M——, who said that the German officers whom she had known before the war complained that she did not notice or recognize them in the streets, and then he asked her why it was that the German officers were not liked in Brussels!

To be seen speaking to a German was enough to send a Belgian to Coventry; and when officers went along the boulevards in their striking colors, and their gray cloaks bellying in the wind, those who passed them affected not to see. The Papal Nuncio was obliged to insert in *La Belgique*, perhaps the principal of the censored newspapers that had come into existence, a note officially denying that he had given a dinner to the German authorities at the Nunciature.

THE attitude of the Belgians conveyed in itself a reproach under which the Germans seemed to smart. With their war at that time "fresh and joyous," they did not like the assumption of mourning, the absence of all life and gaiety. The theatres were all closed, and declined to open; Belgian actors refused to appear; Belgian singers would not sing; Belgian playwrights would not permit the presentation of their plays. The usual carnival at Mardi Gras, with the great masked ball at the royal theatre of La Monnaie, had been forbidden by the city authorities; La Monnaie had been dark all winter long. Then one day, among the usual rumors, there was one to the

effect that a concert was to be given at the Opera. It proved to be true, and a few days later great posters were on the walls announcing it: artists were coming from Germany, with an orchestra and a chorus, three hundred and fifty persons in all; they were to give the "Leonora" overture and an act from "Die Meistersinger." And Brussels loved music so! The question was, would any one go?

The day came and the town was in excitement. There was even a rumor that the Kaiser was to be in the royal box. But by universal tacit consent it was made a point of honor not to go, a sign of patriotism, that touching patriotism that was mounting in intensified resistance. Everywhere the shopkeepers contrived, in their windows, to replace the flags they were forbidden to display. In a shop I saw three spools of thread, one black, one yellow and one red, set in a row in the window. It was said that the only Belgian who would be present was an old functionary of La Monnaie, who for nearly forty years had been at the door, and knew every one in Brussels. He was the only one of the employees who would consent to work that night, and he would make a report afterward on the attendance. I was walking back from de Vreese's studio; the red sun, sinking behind the city, reminded me that we had German time, and that the sun was setting an hour too soon; I would have to take a turn down by La Monnaie. I went down through the old, narrow, twisting streets, idling along, feeling as I always did the charm of the old city. Crowds were gathered and finally, at the Rue de Fosse aux Loups, turning into the Rue Léopold, three policemen stopped me.

"The street is barred, sir," one of them said. I looked at him for a moment, and replied:

"But I was told that there was to be a concert this evening, and here I am."

He laughed, with a nod of appreciation, and said:

"Have you a ticket?"

"No."

The street indeed was barred, and a cordon of soldiers around the theatre; I had to make a detour. The Rue Neuve was impassable, so great was the crowd; I had to go down then to the Boulevard Anspach and around that way. Everywhere there were the immense waiting crowds, not waiting to go to the concert, but to see who did go! The atmosphere seemed charged with trouble. But then the Germans seemed to like trouble.

At times it seemed as if one could no longer endure it, that one must get out of the suffocating atmosphere. As I passed the Park, the gates of which were barred and locked, with sentinels on guard, a bird was singing in the twilight like the old wren in Hardy's poem, a bird with some reason for joy

Original from (Continued on page 76)



Photograph by Maurine Goldberg.

FRANCE AROUSED

A heroic bronze statue by the American sculptor, Jo Davidson; to be presented to the French people and placed at Senlis on the battle-field of the Marne.

The EYES of the BLIND

By
Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele



"Rattles you, eh?" chuckled Rogan.

WITHIN twenty-four hours, Robert Deems, reporter, unconscious of the reasons why, has the following strange experiences: A man knocks at his door at midnight, and falls dead across its threshold. A few hours later, he wakes to find a beautiful woman searching his rooms. The next morning a man, calling himself Wilder, makes Deems an offer, which he refuses, of one hundred thousand dollars to absent himself in South America. Deems starts for his office and narrowly escapes being run down by an automobile. At the office, a visitor is announced, who shoots a man he mistakes for Deems, and then kills himself.

Deems is given an assignment to attend the dinner of the Anti-War Society and instructed to report it personally to the owner of the *Record*, a pacifist named Gryce. There he meets de Grecque, an alleged French diplomat, and Gryce's daughter Lydia, whom he recognizes by her voice as his beautiful visitor of the previous night.

He has an interview with her before he leaves the house, and she accuses him of having conspired with Rogan—the dead man—to deceive her about a piece of paper which she claims Rogan had left with Deems. She also tells him that Wilder is de Grecque, and ends by herself offering Deems one hundred thousand dollars and immunity.

Very much mystified, Deems returns to his home to find the man who had died there the night before sitting in an easy chair.

CHAPTER FIVE

More Surprises

ROGAN, after all, was not quite so commonplace-seeming as Deems had thought him to be last night. To find alive in one's apartment a man whose funeral expenses one has guaranteed within the past twenty-four hours is sufficient to shock one's preconceptions. But it was more than Rogan's presence, more even than the fact that Rogan was apparently the center of a web of intrigue that lent personality to Deems's visitor. It was a jocular something in his eye, a queer twist of his bearded lips as he grinned at Deems, that made the newspaper man recognize an insouciance of soul similar to his own.

"Rattles you, eh?" chuckled Rogan. "Oh, no! Nothing like that at all. You die in my room; you come to life in it. Fifty-fifty and fair enough."

"Good conscience," approved Rogan. "Now, lots of people would have thought themselves haunted, and immediately surrendered the precious trifles they might have robbed me of. I take it that you have been acting in a fiduciary capacity."

Carefully Deems placed his hat and gloves on a chair. Deliberately he walked to the mantel and selected a pipe. Meticulously he filled it, tamping down the tobacco precisely. It was going strongly before he spoke to Rogan.

"Analyzing that speech of yours, I take it that I have something of yours."

"You get credit for having it, from me," grinned Rogan.

"A piece of paper, isn't it?"

"You said it," replied the bearded man.

"Sort of waxed paper?"

"Oiled," corrected Rogan. "Hand it over."

"Wait a bit," admonished Deems. "Your presence here. Why aren't you dead?"

"I'll fool a lot of doctors yet," said Rogan. "Suspended animation. Ever hear of it?"

"I hear you now," said Deems. "When did you come to?"

"Ten minutes after the doctor carried me away from here last night."

"Yet nothing was said to me about it," said Deems.

"Probably not. Decent of you to foot the bills for my funeral, too. I owe you something. But about no mention being made of my—er—failure of de-

coming to speak—there were reasons."

"Couldn't tell them to me, could you?" questioned Deems.

Rogan eyed him. "I guess so," he said, laconically. "Here's one of them." Deems eyed the little gold badge that Rogan permitted him to view. "Secret Service, eh? Any particular reason for coming to me?"

"Last night?" Rogan shook his head. "Felt dizzy; knew I was followed; turned in first door; knocked—you let me in. At least, I didn't know you then, but I do now."

"Yes, you must feel acquainted," stated Deems, dryly. "I don't remember giving you a latch-key."

"Wouldn't need it," grinned Rogan. "Your lock is simple. And—now—that paper?"

The quizzical look slowly left his eyes, to be replaced by sternness. "You know," he said, "you told me that it was a paper, a waxed paper."

"Surely," said Deems. "But I haven't it."

Rogan nodded thoughtfully. "Lots of things to attend to, to-day. The near-apoplectic fit I had left me feeling pretty rocky. Couldn't get out until late. Dangerous for me to go round without at least getting shaved. Throw 'em off a bit if I can. But that paper—who has it?"

Deems shook his head. "I don't know; I never saw it."

"M-m-mh." Rogan was thoughtful. He tapped the little gold badge. "You understand, of course——"

"Bribery has been attempted to-day; then murder; then a girl bawled me out, and—now you, with prison-cells—that's it, isn't it?"

"Might even go that far with you, yes," admitted Rogan.

"I guessed so. Well, Mr. Rogan, I haven't your paper. I never saw it. I never heard of it until twelve hours after you were carried out of here."

"A girl—bawled you out? That's the phrase?" inquired Rogan.

"You heard me," said Deems, resentfully. "Accused me of being a crook—look here, Rogan, you may think I've double-crossed you somehow, but—you know perfectly well that I never met you until last night. If I have been crooked, it's a recent affair, at least, so far as you are concerned, isn't it?"

"Well?" grunted Rogan.

"This: suppose you just take it for granted that I'm on the level. If I'm not on the level, then I'm simply making a play to be thought so. But, even if I'm crooked as hell, it doesn't do any harm for you to tell me what it's all about. At worst, you'll only be telling me what I already know. What is this paper, and where do you come in?"

"You haven't told me the girl's name," countered Rogan.

"Is it necessary?"

"A Federal court would compel you to tell me if I went that far," asserted Rogan.

"Think so?" said Deems, defiantly.

Rogan shrugged his shoulders. "You love your country, I'm assuming. This is a sizable affair, young feller. Tell me where the girl comes in and I'll tell you where I come in. But never mind, if you don't want to—Lydia Gryce, eh? Of course. Well, why did she bawl you out?"

He knew so much that it seemed perfectly natural for Deems to tell him more. "Because I didn't have the paper you left here to hand over to her."

"How did she know that you had it?"

"She knew that you'd been here, apparently died here," replied Deems.

"Keeping tabs on me, eh? And how did you happen to see her? Did she send for you?"

Deems gazed at the man. A member of the Secret Service, there couldn't be any reason on earth why he should not, having told so much, tell more to Rogan. "She came here last night."

"Last night?" ejaculated Rogan. "And told you who she was? Or had you known her before?" he demanded, sharply.

"Never saw her," answered Deems.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't see her last night. But to-night, at her father's house, I recognized her voice, and—she waited for me after I left her father and asked me for that original paper."

"Original?" said Rogan, softly.

"Yes. While she was in my rooms she'd evidently picked up another piece of paper, folded like the one she was looking for; oiled paper, too. To-night she accused me of making the substitution, offered me huge money to give her the original, and—oh, hell! I'm tired playing button, button! I've told you everything I know. What is that paper?"

"Young feller,"

Rogan smiled, "it's beginning to occur to you, maybe, that you're touching into regular affairs, eh? Took some pull to have the police

give out the report that I was dead, eh? And you say that somebody's tried to kill you. I can guess the somebody. Stocky sort of chap, rolling eyes, eh? Uh-huh. I thought so. And a pretty girl harpoons you. Bawls you out, proper. Don't you think that an affair that's mixed up with murderers and lovely women is a fine affair to keep out of?"

"I never asked in," Deems reminded him. "I've been dragged in."

"But you can step out now. Better had, young feller. I believe you; you haven't the paper I left here."

"Where did you leave it?" demanded Deems. "If it's as important as you say——"

"A feller's heart is a darned peculiar thing," declared Rogan, "and when a man's heart goes blooey, and he's got something valuable—he's liable to hand it to the first person he sees. It was *kinda* important. It had ought to've got to a certain place right quick. I thought that whoever read it, if he was a decent American citizen, would hand it to the right parties, the same being the nearest Federal authority. But—you never saw it? I must'a' dropped it out of my hands as I fell—and the girl thought she had it. It ain't like Lydia Gryce to be fooled on a thing like that. She's young enough, but she's no spring chicken in the brain."

Deems flushed. He did not care for Rogan's tones. But rebuke could profitably be deferred to information.

"The nature of the paper? You were going to tell me?" he said.



Lydia.

"Pretty valuable document, you're beginning to believe, aren't you? Me, in hiding, playing dead, taking it for granted that you're followed, knowing that they'd tried to bump you off——"

"You knew that?" demanded Deems.

Rogan grinned. "If they hadn't made a play for you, I'd taken it for granted you'd sold out to them. Matter of fact, I gave up all hope until I got

tipped off to what happened at the *Record* office—then I went scouting around for you. You see, the paper hadn't been turned in to the proper people. So I kinda supposed it was lost or—the wrong people had it. Then—a man is killed in a mixup in which you are meant—and I make a few inquiries, and take a look at the killer. I recognize him. So I rather guess that a certain gang must think you have that paper, and that you musta refused to come through. What got me was why you hadn't been down to the Federal Building with it. But I could wait for that explanation. I sneaked up here. And I think I'll shave before I leave, too. They think I'm dead, but—I look too much like myself just now. Your razor?"

Deems nodded. "But not yet awhile. What was in the paper?"

"Really anxious to know still? Might get you in still more trouble, you know. Well, suppose you ask Miss Lydia Gryce about it."

"I have," said Deems, shortly.

"And she wouldn't tell you, eh? Nice, kindly little girl she is, too. Oughta be real friendly with an up-standing youngster like you. Ought not to be hard to make her talk; and pretty good sport, too. Wish I were a youngster again. There's the girl for me: loads of coin, looks to burn, and not so nice that she wouldn't be—nice."

The leer that accompanied his last word was inexpressible. The flush left Deems's face; white, silent, he glared at Rogan. Then, slowly, menace in his eyes, he stepped toward the Secret Service man. Rogan watched him approach.

"Forgotten that I've a weak heart, eh? Might kill me," he warned.

"You ought to be dead," whispered Deems. "You're going to eat your filthy talk, you——"

AND then over Rogan's face swept a most disarming smile. He stepped toward Deems, his hand outstretched. Uncertainly the newspaper man stared at the hand; he faltered; his clenched hands relaxed.

"It's tough, youngster," said Rogan. "But you're too nice a kid—I wanted to know if you stood in with her or not. I find out that you don't. Good boy. And don't mind what I said about her. She isn't worth it."

"Careful," breathed Deems.

"Listen, boy." The man was so patently sincere that the fight left the spirit of Deems. "She's a bad one, that girl. Blessed if I can understand what gets in the blood of some of 'em. But at that, you can't blame 'em for loving their parents, though an old pole-cat like Gryce—well, speed the day when we land him. We'll maybe only beat a lynching party by a few seconds, at that. People aren't going

to stand around forever and let him get away with treason."

"Treason?" echoed Deems.

"You work on his paper, don't you? Isn't there any gossip around the office? Well, they'd keep it quiet at that, those that are with him. And he hasn't printed a line yet that would get him in bad. He's biding his time. And I suppose the girl is in it to help him. But I'd respect her more if she had less filial love and more patriotism. I suppose he thinks he'll some day have a title or something—God knows what these treasonable pacifists think, anyway!" He grunted disgustedly.

Slowly the color ebbed back into Deems's cheeks. Things became clearer to him.

"Is—Stephen Gryce involved in—this paper?" he asked.

"Involved?" Rogan laughed harshly. "Somewhat!"

Deems's heart sang a tune. He'd never doubted; he knew, had known all along, that Lydia Gryce could not be involved in anything wrong.

"Seem happy all of a sudden. Gryce mean to you fellers on the *Record*?"

Deems shook his head impatiently. "Can't you see it? Can you blame Miss Gryce, if she knew what was in the wind, for trying to save her father? Wouldn't any girl do as much? Wouldn't any man? Why shouldn't she get hold of the paper that—" His face fell. "But she hasn't. She offered me a hundred thousand for it, and would hardly believe me when I told her that I didn't have it."

"Clever girl," commented Rogan. "Framing her alibi in advance."

"What do you mean?" demanded Deems.

"Now don't try any gun-play, and remember that I've a weak heart and that I'm your friend," warned Rogan. "Do you think the girl would admit she had the paper to you? Especially as she might have supposed that you knew its contents? Certainly *not*! She pretends that she hasn't got it. She never knew any evidence against her dear old daddy, bless his traitor's heart! Get the game? She destroys the evidence and plays little Miss Simple!"

"I don't believe it," said Deems, weakly.

"Sure not. There are a lot of real worthy souls that think Benedict Arnold was framed, and that maybe Judas had a lot of good qualities, after all. You're young, son, that's all."

"And you believe that Miss Gryce has the paper?"

"Did you ever see a girl with gray eyes like hers that didn't get what she went after? She came to these rooms looking for that paper, didn't she? Well, believe me, she left with it."

"But she said—" began Deems.

"Said? Of course she said! Does she want to go to jail? My lord,

youngster, do you go out on a newspaper story as well filled with the milk of human kindness and credulity and suckerness as this?"

The man was right! A Secret Service man, pursued by enemies—undoubtedly—of the United States, he knew whereof he spoke. To pit against the words of such a man the emotions aroused by a pretty face! And yet, that face was so exquisitely lovely, had flamed so in scorn that he knew it could not frame untruth. The telephone rang. Deems answered it.

He listened a moment. He hung up deliberately, and faced Rogan.

"The police have identified the man who killed my friend Clancy," he said.

"Who is he?" asked Rogan.

"Miss Gryce's groom. A man devoted to her since childhood, who taught her to ride her first horse, who——"

"The lady thought you had read that paper," said Rogan. "She was taking no chances. Believe me now, son?"

CHAPTER SIX

Friends or Foes?

"YOU won't change your mind, Father?"

Gryce's eyes were impatient. "Don't you think, Lydia, that I am the best judge of my own actions?"

"No!" she answered firmly.

Gryce shifted in his big chair; his big features reddened. "Then, my dear, the only thing that I can see for us to do is to agree to disagree. After all I've lived a great many years and my life has been fairly successful thus far."

"And it is because you have been so successful, because your example means so much that I'm begging you now to think," she told him.

His impatient expression grew more pronounced. "Possibly, Lydia, I've thought a lot on this matter. Has it occurred to you that I am not impulsive?"

"I wish you were," she blazed. "I wish you were so impulsive that you'd see red, and make your papers mirror what you saw!"

"Enough people are seeing red now, my dear. I should think you would be glad that your father was not one of the millions led astray by the lust for blood."

She sighed hopelessly. "We don't seem to meet on common ground," she said. "You make no distinction between the blood-lustful and those who are giving their lives to destroy the lust for blood! And Randall! You are honest, Father. You're mistaken, dreadfully, horribly mistaken, but Senator Randall—he's dishonest. To reelect him senator! Do you know what the Germans will think? That we are not heart and soul in the war. A pro-German, a man who opposed,



"Let us, my dear, drop a discussion that is painful to us both. I am much older than you, Lydia, and I think I love my country quite as well."

not merely our entry into the war, but our prosecution of it after our entry!"

"Randall is not a pro-German; he's a lover of peace," affirmed her father.

She looked baffled. "But don't you see, Father, that the very men who are most strongly for the prosecution of this war feel as they do because they love peace. And because they know that the only way to obtain peace is to fight for it."

He smiled, faintly supercilious. "You are like the rest, Lydia; because Randall disagrees with you, you think him dishonest."

"I know that he is dishonest."

"You can prove it? If you can, Lydia, the *Record* is as open to you as it is to any person in the country. Advance proofs that a candidate for public office is dishonest and there isn't influence enough in the world to keep such proofs out of my papers."

"You mean financial dishonesty, don't you, Father? Mental dishonesty—that means nothing?"

"That's a phrase, Lydia, and a phrase is not proof. To know that a man is mentally dishonest one must, in the absence of definite proof that he is a liar or a thief, be able to read his thoughts. You can't quite do that."

can you, my dear?" She might have been six years old, judging by the blandness of his smile.

"Yes, I can do that," she asserted.

"I know exactly what is in the mind of Randall. Was he a pacifist in 1808? According to the Congressional Record he voted in favor of the war with Spain. Less than three years ago he denounced the President because of his pacific attitude toward Mexico. But the Spaniards are few in his constituency, and there are no Mexicans. But there are thousands of Germans. The thought uppermost in Randall's brain is the thought of votes. To be



"I kinda flatter myself, young feller, that it would take a mighty sharp pair of eyes to detect that I've shaved only recently."

reelected! The 'how' doesn't matter. That he sacrifices in effect his allegiance to America makes no difference to Senator Randall. He is as much a traitor as though he invited German troops to come over here and pointed out their landing-place."

"You are speaking, my dear, about one of the greatest men in America," said Gryce rebukingly. "Think of Randall's great record of public service, of what he has done for the people."

"I am thinking of what he is trying to do now," she cried.

"And thinking, my dear, not very straightly."

A servant knocked at the door. "The Comte de Grecque," he announced.

"Show him to the library. I will join him in a minute," said Gryce.

He pushed back his chair. "Let us, my dear, drop a discussion that is painful to us both. I am much older than you, Lydia, and I think I love my country quite as well."

"I'm sure of that," she told him. "It's only that I love you so much that I want to see you love your country rightly. And there's no choice now. Not to be with America is to be against her."

Gryce's heavy lips curled in a sneer. "The cry of the profiteer, of the money-patriot," he scoffed.

"Those hundreds of thousands of American boys who are volunteering—are they profiteers?"

"They are the misguided youths who make possible the profiteers' business," he rejoined. "But let's not talk any more, Lydia. De Grecque is waiting for me."

She eyed him hesitatingly. "We don't agree, Father, but if I should tell you something you would not mention it?"

"Lydia! What a question! We have drifted far apart, my dear. One might think we were enemies."

"I am sorry," she said, "but—you

are becoming quite friendly with the Comte de Grecque. Will you, Father, be careful what you say to him?"

He frowned. "That's the trouble with all of your sex, Lydia; if a woman disagrees with a person she at once thinks that person morally lacking. But a man, because another man disagrees with him, does not assume moral turpitude on the part of the other."

"Does the Comte de Grecque disagree with your views on the war?" she asked quietly.

He stared at her, sudden disquiet in his eyes. "De Grecque has fought for France; he is in the service of France now."

"That doesn't answer my question. But you needn't answer it. I know more of the Count than you do, Father, and I beg you to see little of him."

"You know more of De Grecque? Lydia, you're absurd."

"And yet—Father, you haven't discovered what possessed Johann yesterday afternoon?"

Gryce's eyes saddened. "Insane, poor Johann."

"Yet he asked quite sanely for Mr. Deems. He carefully divested himself of everything that would show his identity. He even, according to the police doctors, tried to aim the shot

that killed himself so that it would render his face unrecognizable. For an insane man he was extremely cunning."

"What are you driving at, Lydia?" demanded her father.

"Johann was a German," she said.

"Well? Even Germans go insane, you know."

"And you can think of no reason why a German should want to kill Mr. Deems?" she asked.

"Lydia, you're making out Johann a deliberate murderer. Johann, who taught you to ride, who adored the ground you walked on."

"But suppose I should tell you that to a German who served his native land Mr. Deems might seem a dangerous person?"

Gryce looked disgusted. "Deems is a capable reporter, and personally a likable youngster, but I don't think that the German Empire concerns itself very much with Deems. Nor do I

CHAPTER SEVEN

Treason in Books

think that Johann could have been a person of very great consequence in the German scheme of things."

"That is why, having done what he was told to do—having thought he had accomplished what was demanded of him—Johann killed himself. The important ones do not take the deadly risks. Johann was a pawn and pawns are sacrificed in the great game."

"Lydia, you talk like the heroine of a dime novel. The Germans in this country are as friendly and loyal to us as those of any other country."

"Do you really believe that? In view of all the outrages that have happened here? But we won't argue any more. I only beg of you to be careful with De Grecque."

"I suppose that De Grecque," he sneered, "is in some way connected with Johann's action of yesterday. You couple their names in succeeding sentences."

She hesitated. "Once again, Father, no matter how absurd what I say may seem—you will not repeat it?"

He bowed. Mockingly he answered, "I shall keep your great secrets inviolable."

"Then I tell you that De Grecque was Johann's paymaster."

"All you have to do, Lydia," he said sternly, "is prove such an outrageous assertion against the character of a French diplomatic officer and—But you are so absurd. As if there were any reason for any great plot against young Deems! And as if the Comte de Grecque could be serving German ends."

"I haven't the proof now," she admitted, "but when I do—"

"Lydia," he said, "I have never attempted to exert unreasonable authority, but you seem infected with the madness of suspicion that is prevalent in the country to-day. I thought you were sane. Senator Randall! The Comte de Grecque! You are melodramatically ridiculous, my dear."

He left her standing in the center of the room, her hands tightly clenched.

THE secretary of the Booklovers' Club rapped gently on the table. He looked mildly about him, and the corners of his mouth lifted in a quick smile. The group of eight men ceased their conversation. The waiter who had placed an envelope by the secretary's plate quietly withdrew from the room.

They were, for the most part, not only well-groomed, but they had about them the look that suggested a university background. Well-born, moneyed, cultured; that was the impression that they would have conveyed to most persons.

That one or two of them had an authoritative manner that somehow is not expected to be an attribute of the bookish, and that the hands of others were unusually roughened, might have been unnoticed by the casual.

Attentively they waited for the secretary to speak.

He lifted a sheet of paper. "From our friend, Heinrich Graffe," he announced.

"Wanting money, eh?" grunted a man at the foot of the table.

The mild-eyed secretary looked reprovingly at the speaker. "A club should never fail to pay its debts on demand," he said. "Graffe supplies us with most of our rare editions, and—"

There was something subtly humorous, to his auditors, in his remark, and grins ran around the table. The man who had spoken nodded assent to the secretary. "It is all right," he said. "Graffe is a worthy man. How much this time?"

The secretary shook his head. He beamed, through his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Culture spreads," he announced. "With half the world thinking only in terms of destruction, the other half thinks of creation."

Again a grin ran around the table. "If it only were half," grunted the man who had spoken before.

"It will be, Jamison," said the secretary complacently. "But—the letter."

(Continued on page 88)



"Don't bother to deny it, now. How much did she give you? I'll double it."



THIS is just a story about boys.

They are not soldiers yet, these American boys in France. To be more precise, they are not soldiers from the European point of view. A day's or a week's or a month's experience stands between most of them and complete efficiency as fighting men. Some must be taught the tricks of the trade. Others fight well enough when they are stirred, but they must learn to look on man-killing as a job instead of a sporting transaction. Too many of them still want to make sure that the other fellow has an even chance before they start on him. They feel as the Minnesota sniper did the other day when he deliberately showed himself after locating the German he was to kill.

"What did you do that for?" his captain asked, impatiently.

"Aw, doggone it, Cap," said the Minnesotan, "he's my meat all right—but I thought I'd give him a show."

They are being made into soldiers at top speed, but they are still boys. When the making-over process is complete, their officers believe they will be as dangerous fighting men as even the Canadians or the Australians, and these over-seas contingents are the hardest hitters in the British army. The Americans have never yet turned tail when the odds were anything near even. They have won every reckless little fight between the lines when the chances of weight and opportunity were not too greatly against them. Still they are cheerful, kindly, clean-skinned kids. No situation is grave enough to keep them from their joke.

One day a group of youngsters were sitting in the bleachers at Domjevin, watching the shelling of a battery on the slope of the hill opposite. The "bleachers" were a gap in a line of houses in the little French village, where a German shell had once landed. Domjevin also was being shelled, but

Just Boys

By Herbert Corey

Everybody's Special Correspondent at the Front

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

that did not matter to the boys. They wanted to see the fun, as they called it. As they watched, four mounted officers rode into sight over the top of the hill, on the road that led through the battery. The German shells spattered all about them. When they grasped the situation they spurred their horses into a run. The bursting shells followed them down the road.

"If I was that fellow riding that lead horse," said one boy, judiciously, "I'd get off and RUN."

A front line held by an Ohio outfit was being shelled when I crawled into a dugout and pulled the gas-door shut behind me. A youngster sitting on a bunk began to snap his fingers and whistle softly. I could just see him in the light of one candle. By and by he called, "Rastus! Rastus! Rastus!"

"Your mascot?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," said he, "he's meh tame rat. All of us fellows has got our pets."

Another interposed without a smile, "'S no use, Johnny," said he. "Rastus is too big to get in, less'n you open the door."

He sat there listening to the appalling racket outside. The Boche was particularly venomous that day, for he was engaged in shelling the whole length of the western line in order to make the point at which he planned to let loose the great drive that began in March. The Germans were using "big stuff" and the shells whined through the air with breath-taking deliberation. An American battery in the vicinity was replying vigorously with the fast French seventy-fives. The four three-inch guns seemed fairly to stutter, so rapidly

were they being fired.

"Listen to 'um," said a boy near me, with a Southern drawl. "That big gun of the Dutchman's he says: 'Whe-ah ye? Whe-ah ye?' An' that little old French battery, he comes back at 'um: 'No com-prong pah!' he says. 'No com-prong pah!'"

But when they are once aroused, these boys from the farm and college and the down-town streets are determined and savage fighters. I do not mean that they are brutal. They regard a prisoner as something between a prize and a curiosity. Because they believe the Germans are starving they want to stuff him with their own rations. They try their pidgin-German on him, and offer him wildly extravagant trades for his buttons and jackknife to take home as souvenirs. But in fighting they go for "Heinie" as a terrier goes for a rat.

One of the Iowa contingents lost a favorite officer not long ago. Until that unit was relieved it did not rest in its activity. There was not a night that it did not raid the German lines. One party of a corporal and a few men actually crossed the first trench and cleaned out a strong point in advance of the second line. The German first line was captured and then apparently abandoned, but every night small parties of Americans belied their way under the wire and lay in wait for reconnoitering parties of Germans to venture into the baited trap. Every man in the unit volunteered for these expeditions. Eventually, the Germans withdrew to their third-line positions when darkness came on. Only there did they feel themselves safe.

Some college men—Yale and Harvard—are intelligence officers in a Regular Army regiment I know well. It was a part of their work to sneak through "no man's land" every night and try to find out what the Boche was doing. One night they had a wonderful original idea—one that traced its



pedigree straight to fraternity nights. They crawled into the thinly-held front trench and pussy-footed their way along it at the imminent danger of being bayoneted or shot or bombed. Whenever they came to the mouth of a communication trench they either stole the name-sign—which answers the purpose of a sign-post at a cross-roads—or else they changed the signs. Then they clambered over the parapet again and lay just outside, chuckling in the darkness, near a German strong point.

"We thought we'd hear some Prussian officer come along and bawl those Dutchmen out," they explained afterward.

Another outfit—everything is an "outfit" in the American Army, from a rolling kitchen to a division—looked on for several nights while raids were being carried out in the approved European fashion. First a barrage flattens the Boche first line. Then the raiding party hops over and simultaneously the barrage is lifted to the enemy's second line. If the raiders are very fast—very, very fast—they may get to the first line and scurry through what is left of the dugouts, and then get back to their own lines before the retaliatory shell-fire opens upon the space they must cross. The object of a raid is to capture prisoners and thereby gain information, but it is not often that such raids bring back any game. The foe has been warned by the preliminary bombardment and has scuttled to cover.

"That's no business," said a young lieutenant to his sergeant. "Let's try it another way."

So that night the lieutenant and the sergeant and four men wriggled their way through the shell-holes in "no man's land" and inched up to the German parapet and finally located a sentry. The lieutenant leaped into the trench, thrust the hard end of a gun in the German's ribs, and soundlessly motioned him to climb out. The reception party of four privates waited for him. The lieutenant and the sergeant tiptoed down the dark trench and gathered up three more. Then they came

home. The previous raid, old style, had possibly cost half a million dollars in shells, figured up a dozen casualties, and profited one belt buckle with "Gott Mit Uns" on it and a pair of field-glasses a private found in a dugout and did not turn in. The economic advantages of the lieutenant's plan are apparent.

I am citing these incidents to show that the American boys in France are developing into top-notch soldiers. They have the spirit of initiative that only first-class soldiers have. If it were necessary to bring proof in support, a thousand stories might be told. There is the yarn of the intelligence officer, for example, who found the Germans had an electrified wire in their protective entanglements. The next night he crept out with an insulated wire, hooked on to the electrified line, and would have lighted his dugouts with German electricity if his outfit had not moved that day.

And there is the case of the artillery crowd which came to the war as fresh as paint. The officers were a trifle over-anxious to make good. They kept their men on their toes like ballet-dancers. After they had been in support a few days it became a saying among the men in the front line that "every time we light a cigaret they slap a protective barrage over us." But in a few days the artillerists hardened. They perfected a system of fire control which enabled them to beat the enemy thirty seconds to two minutes every time the front trench asked for a barrage, and at such moments fractions of seconds have an incalculable value. The men on forward changed their tune. They said that Chicago layout were the Candy Kids.

"Nowadays, by jinks," they said proudly, "all we gotta do when we want a barrage is to shoot off a caterpillar rocket—and then duck!"

But to-day it is the superb boyishness of the boys that interests. It seems an absurd thing to say—the phrase almost carries its own contradiction—but they are a happy army. The men of other armies are war-

weary and sad. They have toiled and fought and they are looking forward to the end. The soldiers of the French and British are as strong in courage as they have ever been, but not in a year had I heard laughter from the marching lines until the great fight began in March. Our boys believed this battle—however long it might last—would be the last great battle and would be ended by victory and followed by peace. The Americans are living the Great Adventure. They tell one they are having the time of their lives. The old world is magnificently new to them.

"Here's where I live—right close to old Mother Nature," said Lieutenant Bill Jones of Tennessee this morning, as he sat upon the close-trimmed lawn of a château. The great oaks may have dated back to Norman days.

I think most of them—many of them, at least—have vest-pocket cameras. They have no films, for films are at the moment unprocurable in France, but they have had films and they hope to have films again. They arrange trades of pictures and make elaborate notes. When this war is over North America will be inundated by doughboy eloquence. Some plan lecture tours, and others hope to be dinner-table favorites, and still others modestly determine to tell the church or the agricultural society or the Saturday-to-Monday fishing club all about it. They are indefatigable collectors of souvenirs. One boy had the head of a small stone angel in his fifty-five pound pack last night when he came in from a hike of sixteen miles. All have bits of shell-casings and handfuls of shrapnel bullets and odds and ends of belt-buckles and enemy cartridge-cases. By and by they will throw away every non-essential ounce of burden. But for the moment these things make them happy.

"I got this for Ma," said one boy, displaying a pair of buttonhole scissors. "I watched the man make it. That'll make a hit with Ma, don't you think?"

conductor on a small western interurban road. He had "sort of brought it along," he said, "because it was kind of nice to look at it," and before he goes back he will have "France" engraved on it in gold letters. He is anxious to see the old bunch again at the car barns, he said. He'll have 'em walking on their hands to listen to his stories. Some of the bunch are lucky and will get over here in the draft army, but he is writing a weekly letter to the foreman that he can read to the others at the barns. He tells them all about the funny things he sees in France.

"I've always been a great traveler," he said. "That's why I liked that job as conductor on the Interurban."

They are all learning to talk French. Their French is in opposition to every rule of grammar and pronunciation, but they get away with it when folks who talk better French do not. The American chauffeurs start off unhesitatingly to find their way across France to a town they never heard of before. They can not pronounce the name and half the time they can hardly spell it, but they always reach it on time. I have heard a captain speaking good campus French completely fail to make himself understood, until at last his impatient chauffeur thrust his head out of the car and asked a question in which his inherited lack of knowledge of the foreign tongue was complicated by a wad of loose chewing. Yet the chauffeur got the information he wanted.

A corn-belt boy will get out from under his pack when he gets to a new town, stack his rifle, wander out on the street and within five minutes be talking to a girl. The girl understands what he says and he understands what she says. He will come back informed of the town, its inhabitants and its history and by noon next day every family has its circle of calling soldiers. Long before that hour the small boys are greeting all comers with "Goo-od Moorning" and "'Allo."

The men likewise inform themselves on the social distinctions that prevail in these little inland towns.

"Some of us fellows are going to take dinner to-night at the house on the other side of the big manure pile," one of them said. "Then after dinner we are going to have a little music. Come on up."

"What sort of folks are they?" I asked. Every small village in the Vosges and Lorraine lines its streets with manure piles. The richest farmer has the largest pile. But somehow the location of the hospitable home by its bearings on a manure pile aroused every snobbish instinct in my soul. The youngster had his host identified, however, as the leader of the social activities of the town.

"They're all right," he said. "The girls are awful nice. They are the sort



"Aw, doggone it Cap, he's my meat all right—but I thought I'd give him a show."

that wear regular shoes, you know, and the old man has a white shirt."

They have a genius for vivid description. With a sentence they can place a man or a situation before you in brilliant lines. "Butch" Edington walked down Company K's street one day.

A boy from Company L asked, "What sort of a guy is Butch? Will he make a fighter?"

"He ought to," answered the boy from Company K without hesitation. "He was the only man in our town who had nerve enough to wear spats."

A New Yorker observed that it had been some time since he had changed his underwear, owing to the exigencies of trench life. For a while he worried over this fact, but now he is putting it out of his mind by a determined effort of the will. "I saw," said he, "that it would never do to let myself grow morbid about it."

Yesterday there was a marriage procession on our tiny street. The groom belonged to one of the Alpine regiments, and seemed absurdly immature to enter the holy estate, although on his breast he wore a war cross with palms. The bride was a pretty little creature, soft and feminine and dimpling, and was dressed in white and wore a wreath of flowers upon her head. Every one seemed happy. To-morrow's ills were postponed for discussion until to-morrow. An old fiddler and a young man playing a nondescript horn preceded the newly-married ones, and behind them came a troupe of the half-grown young folk of the village. Just

at the intersection of the two streets, where the village laundry is beaten white at the fountain beneath a moss-grown statue of Jeanne d'Arc, there was a place comparatively free from mud. The little pageant stopped there and held an impromptu dance.

"Look at 'em kissing," said a solemn American in the neighboring doorway. "It looks kinda nice to see 'em do it."

"I never could kiss a girl right out in the street that way," said his companion. "I know they don't mean nothing by it, but it don't seem right."

The chaplain told me afterward that in the intervals of counting mules and bossing the gangs that rustled firewood he had censored thirty-eight letters dealing with that French marriage procession. As fast as the facts of French life come to the attention of the visitors they are hurried home. There was one week when the correspondence of one company dealt almost entirely with chicken feet. The men had learned with consternation that it is the frugal Gallic habit to cook both the heads and feet of chickens. An inquiry into local dietetic eccentricities began that week which revealed the European fondness for snails and salads and omelets to the residents of a farming county in Iowa. The chaplain said that almost every letter he had censored one week contained a cry for pie. He had always believed the pie-habit of the American to be very largely a fiction of the newspaper humorists, but he knows better now.

The Salvation Army has a very practical grasp of the realities of life. No sooner did it get its tents and wagons going up-country than it began to fry doughnuts. The word went abroad. Salvation Army and doughnut became practically interchangeable terms. As the news spread there developed an ever-increasing shortage of this luxury. One day a Salvation Army truck was stranded in a shell-hole on a road that was under heavy fire. The Germans sighted it and began to bomb it persistently. From a distance one could see around the wagon a circle of the brown spots that denoted the places where shells had fallen. Then a lone American soldier came dejectedly across the fields from the cannons:

"There wasn't a doughnut in the whole damn' truck," he announced when he came within hearing of the watching group.

After a little one realizes that this longing for pie and doughnuts is not merely an unhallowed appetite for delicacies that have not the European sanction, but that it is a sort of a rite with them. They eat slowly and almost solemnly and always in silence. Pie and doughnuts help out that homesick feeling, and even the best soldier is homesick at times.

"You'd oughta see her dance," I heard a fellow enter a bunk-room one

night. "She's only thirteen, but every one said she was as good as a professional when our church gave the cantata last winter."

The bunk-room was as full of cots as it could be. In the center, in a space that was too small to be otherwise utilized, a rough table had been knocked together and on it a candle was flickering. The young officers who lived in that room had their heads about it, comparing photographs. Every one had a picture of wife or sweetheart or children. They told child stories all evening. The surgeon instructed the young fathers on child life, habits and ailments. The last we heard, just after the candle had been blown out and just before the night firing of the near-by batteries began, was:

"My wife said to the kid——"

Of course they are homesick. It would be absurd to say they are not. Most of these boys have never been away from home for any length of time before. But their homesickness is not of the pallid, white-eyed grieving sort. It only occurs to them now and then, when there is a good chance to get a souvenir, or when the blankets are damp on a chilly night, or when some stranger comes along who had not yet seen the photograph of the front yard and mother and the kids. That front yard is always capitalized in their conversation. It usually runs to a pair of trees and a hammock and a girl in a white dress. Sometimes a scrub dog wags around, adoring his people.

This may be disappointing to the good folk back home, who in their hearts like to think of the absent ones as sitting on large rocks all day long, with the card photographs in their hands, but it is quite truthful. The

man the chaplain said was the "homesickest" in his congregation cheered up immensely when he heard the rumor that the French had offered a reward of two hundred and fifty francs for each prisoner taken in the sector. They wanted information as to German plans. The homesickest man tried to organize a syndicate to raid the Boche lines, and only the interference of the colonel prevented the outfit crawling over the top that night on a kidnaping expedition.

"I need the money," the homesick man explained. "I wouldn't be near so homesick if I were not broke."

Their officers say they do not take the war with sufficient seriousness as yet. The other night the men of a New England regiment were attacked between the lines. One little private from Greater Boston threw down his rifle and assaulted a German sergeant with his fists. He brought him in, too, but he was reprimanded for his departure from precedent. "Huh," said the little man, "I niver see the Dootchman yet I could not lick wit' me two fishts."

Another found a German scout crawling between the lines one dark night. He waited until he could prod the German with his gun muzzle. "Tag, Dutchie," he said. "You're IT." But effervescence of this sort is the best proof of their quality. If they pulled long faces and told sad stories they would not make good soldiers.

"Only time I've ever seen any real 'Shenandoah' stuff," said an officer of a New York regiment, "was when Company L put a guard of six of the biggest men I ever saw over a bunch of little

weenies we caught. Little old Dutchmen they were, all whiskers and innocence. These L Company men tramped in—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp—like a bunch of stage supers in a war-play and grounded arms with a bang and fixed their stern eyes on those little weenies. Well, sir, those little Dutchmen were just paralyzed. They just sat and piped those huskies. I bet not one of 'em dared lift his hand to scratch his head all that night, for fear he'd be shot."

There is not an atom of pretense about the American soldier, take him as a class. He'd rather fight than dig ditches and he says so—but he does not pretend to be bloodthirsty. He likes his officers, but when he finds a "counterfeit" he makes that piece of false coinage know it. He wants to hurry the war along so he can whip the "Dutchie" and get back home. He growls about the discomforts of soldiering like any old soldier. And he does his duty like a thoroughbred.

I shall always think of an Ohio man at the foot of Blemery Hill as typical of the American in war. He was a mule-driver for the supply company, and the two-mile long, straight road to Blemery was fairly lighted up by bursting shells. The mule-driver had made the trip once that night, and then his officer came to him: "I'm sorry, Jacobs," said he, "but I've got to send you up there again. There's another load to be hauled out."

The mule-driver fairly shook, he was so frightened. But he saluted and climbed up on his wagon. Before he chattered to his leaders he spoke to his officer:

"I hate like hell to go up there, sir," said he, "but what it takes to go—I've got."





She was looking at him with young, troubled eyes.

Point—Set—Match!

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by Raymond M. Crosby

ALTHOUGH it was the very end of a prehistoric August, an August before America abandoned tennis for war, and every one who was any one was supposed to be out of town, a constant stream of motors was crossing the Queensboro Bridge and tearing along toward Forest Hills. New York was proclaiming its gratitude for the national tennis championship; it seemed

to be trying to show that it could do as well as Newport when it came to honoring the tournament. Any number of people had come back to town, if only for the week, to see the play. And, of course, a few people were left in New York; three or four million, say; people who either couldn't get away at all, hot weather or cold, or who had only memories and a coat of tan to remind them of vacations that had come and gone.

In that extraordinary procession there was one car that got rather more than its share of attention from those in other machines. It was driven by a chauffeur, who was properly oblivious of his two passengers in the tonneau, a man and a girl, who were equally oblivious of him and of every one and everything else in the world except their two selves. It was easy to see that a lot of the people they passed, or who

passed them, knew them; that they might have been exchanging greetings every few seconds. But they were much too deeply absorbed in one another to do anything of the sort. And that seemed to amuse many of those who saw them, and to lead to a good many knowing nods and smiles.

No one really knew whether or not Lawrence Gardner and Margaret Sanford were engaged. It was taken for granted, pretty generally, that they were; there was a well-defined expectation of an announcement in the autumn. They'd been going around together pretty exclusively for some time. And it certainly looked like an ideal match. Every one liked them both. And so there had been a pleasant sort of conspiracy to bring them together. Still, things weren't definitely settled, though every one took it for granted that that was not Larry's fault.

A lot of people turned to stare at them, however, who didn't know either of them, and couldn't be interested in the idea of a romance. That was because Larry was, for the moment, rather prominently in the public eye. You might have seen his picture in a good many papers about that time, because, in a tennis season that had been, on the whole, rather dull, he had come to the front in a rather surprising fashion. He hadn't been considered at all in the beginning; the year before he had been the last man ranked in the first ten.

And now he was one of the three or four men who were generally conceded by the experts to have a chance to wrest the title from Jim Thurston. He wasn't really expected to win, but he did have a chance, and he had had the luck of the draw, too; he was in the easy half. So a lot of people turned to look at him, and, once they had done that, they were likely to smile, very much as those who knew him smiled, because there was something about the serious attention he and Margaret Sanford were paying to one another that was provocative of smiles.

ACTUALLY, though, that was a pretty serious conversation. Because, you see, those two were nearly as uncertain about their relation to one another as were those who were gossiping about them. Things had gone pretty far between them; on that point the gossip was exactly right. Larry thought they were engaged, and had, really, some reason for thinking so. Margaret wasn't so sure.

"Oh, Larry!" she cried, just as they swung into some fairly open country beyond the last of the new subways. "It isn't that at all! I do—like you. You know I do. It's just—oh, I don't know—I wish I could be just a little surer of you—"

She was looking at him with wide eyes; young, troubled eyes, that seemed

to resent their inability to see in him everything that they sought. She was a strikingly pretty girl, but she wasn't at all the delicate, fragile sort of young girl that seemed likely, not so long ago, to be the last word in girls. There was something boyish about her straight young figure; there was an utterly adorable frankness about her. She met your eyes squarely when she talked with you; if she caught her breath, sharply, sometimes, when something was said, she never tried to evade anything; she was avid for information, thirsty for life as it was lived, as, ultimately, she would have to live it. And when she gave you her hand you knew that she could be, and would be, if she chose, your comrade; that she wouldn't take advantage of being a girl to get the better of you; that it would be give-and-take with her, always.

She wasn't at all the sort of girl to make a man uncomfortable if he cared for her and she—well, if she didn't care for him. And yet Larry was uncomfortable now, and uncertain, too.

"But—" he said, uncertainly. And: "Well, then—if we care—why isn't it all right? I mean—it seems to me that's the only thing that matters much. Of course, if I thought you didn't care—I—oh, hang it! I'm a chump when I try to talk. But—I mean—I'd never want to bother you—"

"But you ought to want to—" she began, sharply. And then she seemed to feel that that wasn't what she meant, and she caught herself, and stopped, and stared at him, her eyes as wide, as troubled as ever, and a curious doubting look in them. "There are other things one has to think of, Larry," she said, gently. "Do you think it's enough just to—care? For a little while, perhaps . . . But—getting married—that's—oh, it's so definite—it lasts so long!"

"I know that," he said, steadily. "I feel that way, too."

"Oh, I do like you, Larry!" she said, with seeming inconsequence. "I wish—oh, I wish you'd do something about us! Carry me off with you, or something like that—make me marry you, whether I was ready to or not—!"

He laughed at that, and her eyes grew somber, and narrowed a little.

"Oh, I don't know, Margaret!" he said. "I—well, I'm not the sort of chap that can bring that sort of thing off. And—well, your father isn't any too keen about me now. If we did anything like that—whew!"

"I wonder!" she said. "I don't know, Larry. Honestly, I don't. I wonder if he wouldn't—almost like it?"

"But—he doesn't even like me now," he said.

"I think he'd like you well enough, Larry," she said, lifting her eyes to meet his, "if you didn't want to marry me."

"Well!" he said, amazed.

"You see—that's bound to make a difference to him, Larry. And—I suppose he isn't quite sure of you, either. Probably—why, probably that's why I'm not. I suppose I'd just have taken you on faith, except for him—"

He was beginning to be angry, and he didn't get angry easily at all.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Don't look like that! I wonder if you're going to understand?"

"It isn't very easy," he said, carefully, and rather stiffly. "Of course, there's nothing brilliant about me. I just sort of go along—I mean there are any number of chaps who can put it all over me, lots of ways."

"It isn't that, exactly," she said, frowning. "I—oh—" And then she broke out, sharply. "Yes, it is, too!" she said. "You—it's because you can feel so about yourself—because you don't back yourself—"

She stopped as she saw the hot color rushing up under the heavy tan that covered his cheeks. She was contrite, suddenly, a little conscience-stricken. And her hand went out and touched his in a swift, caressing gesture.

"Oh, Larry, I'm so clumsy," she said. "It's so hard to make you see—when I can't quite see myself—"

AND then, abruptly, as they rounded a turn in the road, they could see the towering stands that had been built up about the turf of the championship courts, and the brilliant green of the other courts, that stretched away, endlessly, as it seemed, from the clubhouse at Forest Hills, and the bright splashes of color against the yellow wood of the stands, where girls in gorgeous sweaters were taking their places. And so they couldn't talk about themselves any more, and they began to notice people in other cars, and wave to them, and she was tremendously interested, all at once, in the match he was to play that day in the second round.

Very soon the car pulled up near the clubhouse, and they merged, at once, in a group of people from other cars, who carried her along with them to the veranda, while he went up-stairs to change, and look at the bulletin that showed the scores and results of the matches that had been played already. All the time, of course, he talked tennis, and exchanged jests and talk that was astonishingly like shop talk with other men, who were dressing too, or were changing back after their matches. But he didn't have a great deal to say; he smiled, rather absently, as he listened. He had more than tennis to think about. And he was used to all the talk.

"Look out if you get old Barclay on a line—don't try to shave the lines. He's blinder than ever—calls everything out unless it's a foot inside, just to be

Original from



He saw Margaret smiling at him, alert, her eyes shining with confidence.

"Couldn't get my backhand working to save my soul!"

"Say—maybe Pete's going back, but he didn't get far enough on the way to do me any good! He gave me those two games in the last set. Golly! Talk about your massacres!"

"Oh, Larry, kick like a steer if they try to make you play on nineteen! There's a spot around both base-lines you could use for a skating-rink."

"Who said they were going to enforce the foot-fault rule in every match? Hasn't been one called yet, except on the grand-stand courts!"

All sorts and conditions of tennis players were there. There had been talk again this year of limiting the entry, but nothing much had come of it. Men had entered, as they always did, whose only chance of getting through the first round was the one of having their opponent default; enthusiasts who loved to feel that they were factors in the great tournament that produced a champion. There were veterans, their hair beginning to turn gray at the temples, and young boys, shy and silent in this Mecca of the game, the champions of the coming generation.

You could almost have picked out the few men in the locker rooms who, like Larry Gardner, had a chance of being one of the pair that would fight it out

for the title at the end of the tournament. They were pretty quiet, most of them. They took the tournament more seriously. They knew they must, you see. They knew that they must, so to speak, get their fun out of this week of play in retrospect—after they had been beaten, or, perhaps, after they had won. While it was going on it was something that had to be taken seriously. They couldn't make a lark of it, a sort of gay interlude. They couldn't, until it was all over, so far as they were concerned, think of the gay little groups on the veranda, late in the afternoon, or the house parties down on Long Island that were outgrowths of the tennis, or any of the other delightful by-products.

That sort of thing was for the youngsters, for the men who had had their day in the top flight, for all the others who just made up the ruck of the draw; good players, most of them, of course, fine chaps, and yet—definitely not in the select little inner circle of the top-ranking men. These knew that tennis, for those who wanted to excel, to win championships, was as exacting as any game that men can play; that it demanded the most absolute coordination of hand and eye and nerves; the most perfect fitness of body.

Larry was ready several minutes be-

fore it was time for his match, and he went out and sat beside Margaret on the veranda. Thurston, the most dangerous man in the tournament, was playing on the court nearest the clubhouse, and Larry watched him, critically. Once or twice he shook his head.

"I don't see how he keeps it up," he said. "Of course, he can get away with anything against old Corning. But—look at that! Going for the kill when he's out of position! He could have played safe and waited till he was set to go after the point!"

"It's his game," said Margaret, briefly, her eyes on the court. "It's the way he's beaten men who know more tennis than he does—who've got twice as many real strokes as he—"

Even against weak opposition, Thurston was playing dazzling, spectacular tennis. You might well have picked flaws in his game. He ran around the ball constantly to cover the weakness of his backhand; he played ground strokes that would have won ridicule for a man who hadn't proved himself in some of the most grueling matches ever played on American courts. But he forced the play every second; he was always rushing for the net; he killed every ball he could reach in the air, no matter what his position in the court. And ever and again, as he

smashed from deep court, and the ball went bounding into the stands, hopelessly out of Corning's reach, a volley of applause came from the scattered crowd that was watching. Larry shook his head again, and got up as he saw that his opponent and the officials were ready.

"I'll be back," he said, and went on.

His match was to be played on one of the courts beyond the championship stretch of turf. A dozen other matches were already in progress. Some had attracted no attention at all; about some of the other courts stood a few people, drawn by the presence of a ranking man or by their personal interest in one of the players. The sing song voice of the umpires called the score; the clean stroking of the ball, an occasional burst of hand-clapping at the end of a rest—it was all an old story to Larry. He went along head down, absorbed now in the business of the moment, which was, for him, to defeat his man at the least possible expenditure of the strength and vitality he would need so sorely later in the week, in the fourth round and the fifth, if he lasted so long, when he would begin to meet opponents of his own caliber.

He was drawn, in this round, against a young college player, Shawn, who was

nervous and excited—a man who might be good in a year or so, but was still lacking in tournament experience. And from the beginning it was a one-sided match. Larry's tennis was beautiful to behold. There was no waste effort; he used his head, his court generalship, his infinitely superior knowledge of the fine points of the game. His was a game built on the firm and sure foundation of a sound, serviceable service, not good for many aces, easy enough to return, but so timed and placed as to bring him up to the net to cut off the return against nine out of ten opponents, on ground strokes properly produced. Overhead he was eminently safe; never flashy, but adequate. It was a game without weaknesses, as it was without any startling or conspicuous element of strength, such as, for instance, Thurston's terrific overhead volleying or Boone's uncanny back-hand.

People were passing constantly back and forth and in the lanes between the low walls of dark-green canvas that had been built up around the courts—men in flannels, girls in bright sweaters and skirts extravagantly striped in all the colors of the rainbow. Some of them stopped for a few minutes to see Larry in action; he had to acknowledge half a

dozen greetings as he changed sides with Shawn after the first game, which he took, easily, on Shawn's errors. And he saw, with a little thrill of satisfaction, that Margaret had come over to see him play. She hadn't said that she would; he had rather thought that she wouldn't, and he was disproportionately pleased by the sight of her.

He hadn't been altogether ingenuous when he had talked with Margaret in the car, on the way down. He wasn't introspective, and so things hadn't presented themselves very clearly in his own mind before. But he did, in a way, understand what she was driving at—and he knew she was right. He'd always been like that; disposed to distrust himself. He couldn't see himself, somehow, reaching the heights that other men were always attaining. In his tennis, for instance, he'd envied more than once Jim Thurston's absolute self-confidence; his absolute conviction that he could put through anything he started. He—well, the fact was, he wasn't quite ready to back himself to the limit, the way Thurston and a lot of other chaps did.

He wondered if Margaret's father had been talking to her about the munitions contract he'd been invited to take over. He'd been hesitating about that; had



about decided to pass it up. It had possibilities; he realized that. But he was dubious about his own ability to maintain himself in the sort of struggle that would be involved. To go ahead would mean that he must meet, on their own ground, a lot of men who had, he felt, qualities he didn't have himself at all. And it wasn't as if there was any need of doing anything of the sort; he was perfectly satisfied with the safe, conservative business he had inherited. Still, it wouldn't do to stand still; safe, conservative businesses had died of dry rot, and would again. If he could only feel a little surer of himself, of his ability to—well, to put things over.

The very sight of Margaret, standing at the side of the court, leaning over the green wall, watching him so intently, dispelled his discomfort, somehow. It made him feel—complacent, as if things would come out all right, in the end. And he stopped thinking about them, and woke up to the fact that he had been letting Shawn put over a lot of things. So, without any apparent quickening of his pace, he did begin to pay more attention to the work in hand. He ran out three games and took the first set in short order, and in the next two sets Shawn was lucky to get a game in each.

"YOU'RE coming on," he told Shawn, as they shook hands over the net. "You passed me nicely a couple of times, down the side line."

He stopped, on the way back to the clubhouse, to watch, for a minute, the match whose winner he must play the next day. There wasn't much to choose between them; they were playing their fourth set. And Larry, studying them, felt that he needn't care which of them won; he could give either of them thirty and a beating. By the time the feature match of the day, in which Boone was playing Crowther, the latest of the California sensations, was put on in one of the center courts, Larry was dressed and out on the veranda, looking for Margaret among the groups that filled it comfortably.

He couldn't talk to her alone now, and he wasn't really sorry. Her father had come down, by train, to see the big match; Larry supposed he would go home with them in the motor. He nodded to Larry, briefly, but not curtly; once or twice, in the next few minutes, his eyes went back to the man who wanted to marry his daughter. And they had something of the same look Margaret's eyes had held while she was talking to Larry on the way down: a puzzled, troubled, doubtful look.

Thurston came over presently, his white teeth gleaming, his shock of tow hair still wet from his shower. Margaret lighted up at his coming; she liked Thurston immensely. So did Larry,

for that matter; every one did. It was impossible not to like him; not to be captivated by his enormous, inexhaustible vitality. He grinned at them all; then, before he sat down, dropped his hand lightly on Larry's shoulder.

"Boone comes through, I think," he said. "Teddy's not quite ripe yet. Needs another year."

"Then you'll play Boone, Thursday?" said Margaret.

"Hope so!" said Thurston, laughing. But he turned to Larry.

"He's the one we've all got to beat," he said. "Larry, you've come on scandalously this year. Going to bring it off?"

Larry looked uncomfortable. And Thurston grinned again.

"They came near not having to count on me this year," he said, and laughed happily. "But I fooled 'em!"

Mr. Sanford turned away from the match for a minute. "I heard you might not come East," he said, with interest. "Some one said you were too busy——"

"Wasn't that, exactly," said Thurston. "Didn't look as if I could raise the fare. I'm in real estate, you know. Getting along all right, too. But things were just so-so. And I wanted to come—oh, I wanted to come like the mischief. So I raised every cent I could and plunged on a suburban acreage proposition. If it hadn't come off—well, it would have kept me plugging a while to square myself. But it came off all right. I knew it would. And I made as much on that one deal as I'd have got in a year the old way. So here I am—on a vacation, and ahead of the game, at that."

"Splendid!" said Margaret, with shining eyes. And her father nodded, two or three times, with a curious emphasis. Larry was vaguely disturbed, curiously resentful. Had Margaret looked at him before she spoke, or hadn't she? And, anyhow, things were different with Thurston.

The week wore on. Thurston, smashing his way irresistibly through all opposition, made his way toward the finals. And Larry, much more quietly, but just as irresistibly, loomed up as the challenger for Thurston's title. Larry's play was deceptive; only experts, seeing him and Thurston in action on the same day, were prepared to concede that Larry had a chance of victory if the pair met. Larry's game, as the casual observer saw it, was lifeless, mechanical, static; Thurston's dynamic, fiery, overbearing. For those in the stands many of the fine points of the game were lost; they would not realize that Larry would reduce to a minimum Thurston's opportunities to display the dazzling features of his game; that Larry would keep the ball low, always, and would keep up an endless assault on Thurston's lamentably weak backhand. There wasn't much to choose between

them, if you really knew the game; the result seemed likely to be a matter of temperament.

Larry didn't show the strain much as the week wore on. His one difficult match came in the fifth round, when he had to battle through five terrific sets to beat Gresham. The luck of the draw made the semi-final easy for Larry; he beat his man in straight sets on a blazing Saturday afternoon and was dressed and out again in time to see the finish of Thurston's brilliant match with MacCumber—a match that left both men panting, exhausted, almost too tired to shake hands. Thurston won it; and Larry began to grow tense, in anticipation of the struggle that lay before him on Monday.

He took things very easy on Sunday. The Sanfords were at their place on the Sound, and Margaret had promised him a chance to forget that there was such a game as tennis in the world. She kept her word. They had a long, lazy swim in the morning; in the afternoon she drove him for miles, along deserted, shady roads, and they scarcely even talked. And that night, after dinner, he sat with Margaret and her father, soothed by the heavy quiet of the night, watching the flashing lights on the water, the search-lights of the passing steamers, listening to the hum of motors, coming faintly from the road, the occasional explosions from the engine of a launch, the calling of katydids.

He and Margaret hadn't talked much since that time in the car on the way to Forest Hills. But now, all at once, he wanted to be sure of her. Mr. Sanford had gone in; he reached out, abruptly, as they sat, in silence, and took her hand. And she made no effort to withdraw it.

"Margaret!" he said.

"Oh, Larry—don't!" she cried, sharply. "I don't know—I don't know I've got to be sure—and I'm not!"

HE LET her hand fall free, and sat up, hurt, offended. "I don't know what you want," he said sulkily.

"I know, but I can't tell you!" she said, rather desperately. "Oh, Larry, I know that sounds stupid. But it isn't, really. It's—oh—do you remember what Jimmy Thurston said—about how he'd managed to come on? I thought that was fine! He must have been so sure of himself—so ready to back himself to win—Larry—I wonder if you'll see what I mean? A girl could—oh, she could be so sure of a man like that—she could count so on him——"

He did understand, in a way. He was jealous, of course; he'd have been rather less than human if he hadn't been. But he wasn't moved to lash out with any cheap remark about any sentimental feeling of hers for old Thurston, though even that might have

(Continued on page 94)

UNDER *The* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

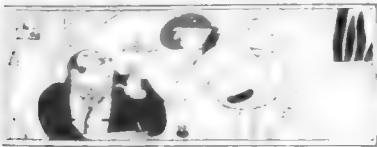


Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

AT THE first target practise of the new recruits, the rookie from the sixth squad was earnestly obeying his commands, when the captain loudly shouted, "Fire at will!"

The rookie looked about in a dazed manner and cried, "Who in the devil is Will?"

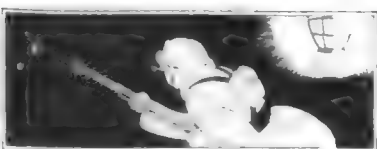


A SCOTCH caddie is almost certain to be a shrewd observer of men and things, and he is frequently gifted with a sharp tongue.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie tells of "Land Willie," who was for many years a well-known figure on the Saint Andrews golf-links.

A public dinner was to be given in honor of a very distinguished foreigner on the occasion of his first visit to Saint Andrews, and Willie applied for a ticket to the bailiff who was in charge of the arrangements. The worthy man curtly refused the application, telling Willie that it was "no place for the likes o' him to be at the dinner."

"No for the likes o' me!" was Willie's indignant rejoinder. "I've been in the company of gentlemen from eleven to four o'clock maist days for the last thirty years, and that's mair than you can say!"



FRENCH Sentry—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice—"America."

French Sentry—"Advance and recite the Star-Spangled Banner."

Voice—"I don't know it."

French Sentry—"Proceed, American."

A VERY small but live boy applied to a great merchant for a job.

The great man sized him up with twinkling eyes, for the one situation open needed a bigger parcel of human experience, and asked what position he wanted.

"A chance to grow up in the business, Mister."

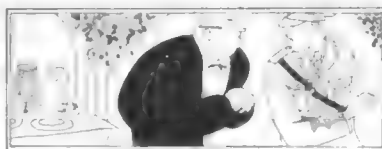
"Well, we are more or less being depopulated by the drafts. What is your motto, my son?"

"The same as yours," was the ready answer.

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled merchant.

"Why, on the door there—'Push.'"

He got the job of keeper of that very door.



HE HAD been promoted to captain's rank and decided to celebrate the occasion. He entered a swagger West End restaurant and "did himself" handsomely. The waiter fussed around, smiling and obsequious and expectant. He brought back the change after paying the bill, and was very wroth when the officer pocketed the lot. But there was still time, and bowing and smiling he assisted the khaki man into his coat and handed him his hat and cane. Nothing happened, so the waiter ventured meaningly:

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"

The officer started. "By Jove!" he said. "I have!"

He turned and picked a half-crown from beneath his plate and put it back in his pocket.

THE following is part of the diary of a U. S. A. soldier who had promised to give daily accounts of his experiences on board

"Tuesday, 17th. 8 A.M. Feeling fine. Full of good cheer and porridge."

"Tuesday. 9 A.M. Still full of good cheer. Minus porridge!"



THE average Oklahoma Indian is more interested in oil royalties than in current events. Recently a locally well-known Indian came into Ardmore to cash his quarterly check, and on being approached for a Red Cross contribution, asked:

"What for, Red Cross?"

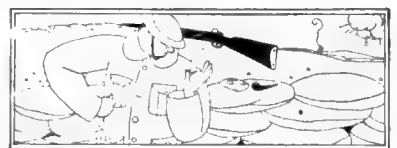
Red Cross work was briefly explained, and the Indian came back with another query, "What war?"

"Why, the war with the Germans," was the answer. "Didn't you know America is at war with the Germans?"

"No," replied the Indian. "How long?"

The situation was explained at length, and after studying over the matter, the Indian said:

"Too bad! Know um yesterday, could help heap. Two Germans by my place, hauling well-rig. Could kill 'em easy."



AFTER being pestered all day long, Tommy succeeded in locating a persistent "cootie" under his shirt, near his heart. As he bent his head in removing the offender a bullet whizzed past where his head had been. He held the mite between his fingers and ruminated: "I can't give you the Victoria Cross, but I'll do the next best thing. I'll give you a home for life."

And he replaced the cootie beneath his shirt.

OVER *the* EDGE, 6,000 FEET UP

By Henry Woodhouse

Author of "TEXTBOOK of NAVAL AERONAUTICS," "TEXTBOOK of MILITARY AERONAUTICS," Editor of FLYING



Official photograph. A balloon observer whose balloon was shot up by a Boche airplane. His parachute has caught on a tree as he descended.



Snapshot of a burning kite balloon shot down by a German airplane, taken by the balloon pilot as he descended in a parachute.



British official photograph. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood. A British observer making a successful parachute descent. The first parachute jump was made in America, by Captain Baldwin in 1885.

GOING over the edge" is the act of stepping out of the basket of a military balloon from two thousand to six thousand feet up, dropping into space, trusting to the parachute to open and check the descent.

When an aviator—Allied or Boche—makes a dash for a kite balloon and fires incendiary bullets into it, the observer or observers—some balloons having two—hasten to go over the edge. The friendly anti-aircraft guns often help to remove any passing doubt as to the advisability of taking the step by their volleys—fired against the airplane, of course, but as the airplane is so close to the balloon that shrapnel seem to burst only a few feet from the huge

gasbag, the pilot goes over the edge.

Airplane pilots with many air fights to their credit say that they would prefer to fight half a dozen Boche aviators single-handed over the German lines, with the German four-inch anti-aircraft batteries popping shrapnel at them at every opportunity, than to "go over the edge." The balloon pilot does not agree to that and points out that if you are up in a military balloon spotting artillery fire, and all at once you hear the sharp staccato of a Boche airplane gun, and your own anti-aircraft batteries start a barrage fire just over your head, to bring down the Boche, you are not apt to stop to figure out which is bursting shrapnel from the "Aches" and which is an incendiary

bullet from the Boche. Over the edge you go as fast as you can fasten the parachute to your harness.

If you have seen the Boche coming and you telephoned down to the winch crew to haul down the balloon, and they are doing so when the Boche begins to fire tracer bullets, it is up to you to decide whether you'll stay in the basket and take the chance of seeing the bag—about twenty thousand cubic feet of hydrogen—explode over your head, or jump out and take the chance of being blown off over "no man's land" or over the German lines.

It all depends on how the wind blows. The parachute will open after you have shot down a few hundred feet and will check the fall. The descent is then

slow, and if the wind is blowing toward the enemy lines you have no choice. The wind is the controlling factor and you drift with it.

If there is no wind the pilot will come down almost straight—and may see his own balloon dash by aflame and the shattered Boche plane hurtling down, a flaming evidence of the good marksmanship of the men behind the anti-aircraft guns.

More often, in the nick of time, when the Boche is diving for the balloon and the observer gets ready to go over the edge, the Boche is set upon by the friendly combat airplanes, and the balloon observer, now safe, witnesses the spectacular air fight and may see the Boche, riddled with bullets, fall to earth aflame.

The balloon man compares the "slow and safe" descent of his parachute with the meteoric dash downward of the crippled airplane and claims that the balloon service is the safer. Failing to settle that point, both he and the airplane pilot agree that the air service is the best branch of the service, in which every red-blooded young man agrees.

I was up in a military balloon last summer and found it to be very steady. It is, of course, an entirely different feeling from flying in an airplane or drifting through the sky in a free balloon. There is as much difference as there is between being on a yacht at anchor and speeding on the water's surface on a hydroplane. I have never jumped out of a balloon with a parachute, so I do not know how it feels. But some who have done it tell me that the first part is like diving from a height, then comes a jerk, as the parachute opens and checks the descent. Then comes the slow descent which can not be compared with anything else—unless it be the descent in ballooning.

The fact is that ballooning is very safe, provided there are enough airplanes to keep the sky clear of enemy planes.

This is one of the reasons why the Allies must maintain their supremacy in the air on the various fronts. The balloons are of extreme value to direct artillery fire, and take photographs and

observations of the enemy lines, so they must be protected from Boche attacks. This protection consists of airplanes and Archies (anti-aircraft guns). As there are hundreds of kite balloons in use, the work of protecting them is extensive and few Boches succeed in getting by them.

Some of the most thrilling air fights that have taken place on the western front were attacks by Allied aviators on German airplanes that sought to destroy military balloons—and vice versa.

Artillery Observers Who Refused to Quit Under Fire

A NUMBER of Allied artillery observers have received the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Medal, the *Croix de Guerre*, the *Medaille Militaire* with palms, or been made *Chevaliers de la Legion d'Honneur* for bravery under fire. The story of their deeds is told briefly in the official report. Some, on being attacked by Boche airplanes, kept on communicating the direction of fire to their batteries until the Boche was driven away by airplanes or the balloon exploded and they jumped out at the last second; or the balloon did not explode although pierced by a score of bullets and they kept on directing the fire of the Allied artillery on German positions as the balloon was being hauled down.

Others, having been attacked by Boche airplanes, hit back with their rifles, and brought down the Boche. Others went over the edge, and upon landing with their parachute went right up again in another balloon.

Sergeant Debas, French balloon observer with over four hundred and fifty

hours in the air to his record, is cited for bravery, having at dusk been attacked by a Boche, being wounded by bullets in the legs, climbed over the edge, landed in his own lines and proceeded to give a report of the observations he had just made.

Lieutenant Martin is cited for bravery while directing the big French guns at Verdun last March. He was attacked by a Boche aviator and his balloon pierced by numerous bullets. He jumped out with his parachute and on landing found that his balloon had been brought down to earth successfully. He directed the covering of the holes with patches of fabric and then went back to continue his observation.

Another French observer, Sergeant Bailleul, being attacked by a Boche at a height of three thousand eight hundred feet, and seeing a neighbor balloon fall in flames, simply telephoned down to the crew at the winch to let his balloon go a thousand feet higher, and continued his observations undisturbed by the Boche, who emptied his magazine into the gas-bag, then left.

Lieutenant Henri Peltier, a well-known French technical writer, now balloon observer, turned tables on the German "ace" Hermann Iopp, whose specialty was shooting down Allied balloons. Iopp had attacked balloon No. 71 several times, and each time succeeded in damaging it before its crew could bring it to earth. On April 14 last, kite balloon, No. 71 was up three thousand four hundred feet when Iopp's Albatross appeared in the sky. Lieutenant Peltier ordered the balloon down, and had been lowered to one thousand eight hundred feet when Iopp approached to less than one



Photograph by Central News Photo Service.

Anti-aircraft gunners spotting a German plane during a British advance in the west.



British official photograph. Photograph from Underwood & Underwood.

Officers in training for the British Royal Naval Air Service adjusting parachute harness before ascending in kite balloon.

hundred feet and opened fire. Lieutenant Peltier replied with his rifle—and had the satisfaction of seeing the German plane fall in a mass of fire. He had hit the Boche's gasoline tank.

A letter ready to mail in Iopp's pocket told of his having brought down eight balloons and his expectation of bringing down his ninth that day. As it takes five balloons destroyed to become an "ace," Iopp was the German "ace of aces" in the balloon-destroyers' class.

The accompanying photograph of a burning kite balloon was taken by the French observer, Lieutenant Louis Charles Staehle, while descending with a parachute in which he dropped to earth after the balloon had been set afire by a Boche aviator. As he said, he had to come down two thousand five hundred feet in the parachute and as he had nothing else to do he took a snapshot of the balloon! Next time he should carry a pad and pencil and write a letter home or an account of his trip while dropping!

Storms as Bad as Boche Airplanes

STORMS are as bad as Boche airplanes to kite balloons. There are few records of kite balloons being destroyed by lightning. One was so destroyed on August 29, 1916, on the French front. Sergeant Breiul, the observer, jumped over the edge and landed, but the wind caught the parachute as he landed and slammed him against the rough ground. When he recovered his senses his first act was to report the location of enemy batteries which he had discovered just before he had to jump over the edge.

The following interesting story of the circumstances which attended the loss of a British kite balloon was told me by Lieutenant B— of the Canadian Balloon Sec-

tion, who told it just as he had heard it from another officer:

"I was orderly officer that day," said this officer, "and had been up all night, for the wind was about thirty-five miles per hour on the ground, and our balloon bed was not in a very well screened position. I had had to turn the crew out three times during the night to put more sand-bags on her, and to top her up with gas, and when day broke the wind was increasing; it was cold as charity and starting to snow. Under any other circumstances there would have been no flying at all that day, but as the big attack was due to come off shortly after dawn, we were all very anxious to get in a flight, if it was at all possible. Almost at dawn the major made his appearance swathed in woolen mufflers, flying coat and rubber boots, and looking about as comfortable as a man of his age generally does at that hour. He did not think very much of the weather, and though he could do no good by staying out he insisted on doing so.

"After breakfast, which was snatched between frequent glances at the sky, he sent the balloon up in ballast to test the wind. At two thousand five hundred



Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

A French observation balloon ready to ascend. Soldiers hold the releasing ropes, ready for the command.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

feet it registered fifty-five miles per hour and one of our slow artillery planes was hovering almost motionless in the air near it, being unable to make any progress without losing height. Now, the skipper knew as well as anybody that it was not ballooning weather; in fact, he realized that it was almost suicidal to attempt a flight. However, he considered it necessary, so he prepared to go up himself. It was not his job, but this was characteristic of the man. Consequently he took on the job him-

off one of the parachutes and tearing the other one as she lifted. Then she performed all the evolutions that are known to science and some that are not.

"She did exactly what a bit of paper would do if it was fastened at the end of a long string in a high wind. She nose-dived and went straight up, turned somersaults and back flips. Sometimes the basket was underneath the envelope and sometimes perched on top of it. How the rigging stood the strain or how

balloon was close to fourteen thousand feet. After an age, which could not have been more than a minute, we saw the parachute come out. However, then, we were quite sure that the skipper could not land on our side of the line. However, we started out with the medical officer in a fast car to pick him up if he did land. The parachute had opened in about three seconds and as the skipper was a heavy man he came down faster than ordinarily. Until then none of us had



A photo of a French "sausage" taken from another observation balloon.

self sooner than send one of his officers up. In fact, both his commanders remonstrated with him and were promptly sat on.

"He went up one, to three thousand feet and there he stayed. We watched him through glasses and could see that he had all he could do to hang on to the basket. We could see that he was having a very rough passage, but all went well for about forty minutes when, as we found out afterward, one of the fins ripped. That, of course, allowed her to go broadside to the wind, and the wind striking her that way carried her down into the woods. When she struck the top of the trees the other fin and the rudder went, so there she was at the end of the cable with nothing to keep her into the wind either latterly or vertically. The lift of the gas, of course, took her out of the trees taking

the skipper managed to stay in the basket is something I do not understand.

"We could not imagine why he did not come out in his parachute until later, when we found that one parachute had been blown away and the other damaged. Finally the "sausage" shot straight up and the cable broke with a report like a field-gun. The balloon, of course, rose to an immense height immediately and drifted toward the Boche lines. It got so close to the lines that the Boche Archies commenced to shell it. Our own Archies, of course, would not fire a shot until they saw the observer leave the balloon in the parachute.

"Of course by this time, the entire company was watching the performance and we saw instruments and map come out of the balloon. By this time the

realized how much we thought of him.

"To cut a long story short, we met him being helped back by some infantry Tommies to a dressing-station, about five hundred yards behind the line. He was covered with blood, his leather coat was cut to ribbons and he had lost one of his flying boots. We helped him into the dressing-station where they wound miles of bandages around his head and after a portentous whisky and soda he announced his intention of going back to the company. When he got there, after another whisky and soda, he told us about it.

"It seems that one of the parachutes had been blown away and the other had been left hanging by a bit of breaking cotton, and after he had got rid of his map and instruments, he had calmly cut a bit of the rigging and lashed the

he had jumped. He had landed in what had been early that morning 'no man's land.' His knife had been jerked out of his hand when he hit the ground and the parachute had dragged him through shell holes and barbed wire, over trenches and mud holes until finally, it had attempted to drag him over a stone-wall, and there he had inadvertently stopped himself with his head, collecting a seven-inch scalp wound as a result.

"Then," he said, 'after all that, on my way back, as I was staggering through shells and mud, one of your perishing Canadian Tommies took me for a Hun and tried to ram a bayonet through me. I shouted out, "Friend, you silly blighter," and he stopped the bayonet within six inches of me.'"

Over the Edge without a Parachute!

LIEUTENANT B— also told me the following story of an officer who forgot and went over the edge without a parachute:

"He was a well-known man in England and his name a byword," said Lieutenant B—. "Further than that I do not care to go. He had been up along with another chap in the observation balloon doing his work for about two hours before we saw the storm coming. It looked like wind and, as at that time we were not so sure of our rigging and cable as we are now, orders had been given to haul down before the storm arrived.

"It was a near thing, though everything would have been all right, had not the mix-up at the winch occurred. Just as the crew got hold of the handling guys, the winch should have stopped. However, the brake refused to work and the metallic vee was drawn into the winch, crushing the cable. One observer had got out of the basket and the other had taken off his parachute. Just then the wind struck and with a wrench, parted the cable where it had been crushed. The gas immediately lifted the crew off the ground, and they, of course, let go. The wind was toward the Boche and as the balloon rose it drifted toward the German lines.

"He, for that is all I can call him, very coolly commenced to get rid of his instruments and maps by throwing them overboard, and he was not more than three thousand feet up when the last of them came out. As is usual when a balloon nears the ground, the observers release themselves from the parachute. My friend had done so. It is only the work of a moment to fasten on the parachute again, but after getting rid of his instruments he forgot that he had taken off his parachute and stepped over the edge without it. That was one of the cases where a single slip of the memory means the difference between life and death.

"He came down like a stone and was unrecognizable when he struck the earth. Thus died a most capable officer and one of the warmest-hearted friends I ever had—all through forgetting just once."

How Patrick McGunigal Won the First U. S. Naval Medal

PATRICK MCGUNIGAL, a fitter on one of Uncle Sam's cruisers on November 12, 1917, was awarded the first Navy medal of honor given since the United States entered the war, for having rescued an observer from a kite balloon used at sea to spot U-boats.

The following is the account of what happened, authorized by Secretary Daniels: "A rescue at sea, involving extraordinary heroism, has been brought to the attention of the Navy Department.

"A kite balloon, used for observation purposes by one of the United States cruisers on duty in the war zone, was struck by a squall when four hundred feet in the air. The balloon dropped about two hundred feet. The spare cable was hauled in aboard ship, but the basket was whipped and twisted, and the pilot was so entangled within the ropes that there was no possibility of his releasing himself. The balloon was finally hauled to the ship's side, but the basket, with the observer caged in it, trailed in the water, submerging the pilot.

"Patrick McGunigal, ship's fitter, first class, who has been in the service about thirteen years, climbed down the side of the ship, jumped to the ropes leading to the basket, cleared the tangle sufficiently to release the pilot, and, putting a bowline around him, had him hauled to the deck. McGunigal was subsequently rescued and brought in safety to the deck of the ship."

The name of the observer is not given nor is anything said about his experience. But any one who saw the small kite balloon of one of the U. S. ships at an Atlantic port go up daily in stiff winds several months ago can imagine what a terrific experience he must have had out in the cold ocean.

From the details given, any one familiar with the operation of kite balloons can deduce that the balloon was one of small lifting capacity, that the squall must at times have had a speed of over sixty miles an hour, and that it must have caught the kite balloon in a nose-down position and struck it down from the top.

The Drachen Destroyers

SEVERAL French airplane squadrons specialize in destroying German *drachen* balloons, which is the Boche type of kite or observation balloon. Among them is *Escadrille No. 84*, whose emblem is the fox. The Fox squadron is the terror of the *drachen* ob-

servers, because it steals upon them and pounces on the balloon and observer before they have a chance to get away. To escape the fire from these squadrons the Germans for a time used locomotives on tracks to haul down their balloons faster.

Then, as the aviators did not stop at attacking the balloon crews on the ground and the *drachens* in their beds, they resorted to ruses, such as sending a *drachen* up with a dummy observer and a load of explosives, so that when the aviator fired on it at close range it exploded and the concussion wrecked the airplane and killed the aviator. They also had ready a large number of guns and built a barrage fire about him.

Great improvements have been made in the construction of kite balloons in the past two years. The old design based on the original German *drachen* balloon was sausage-shaped and could stand little wind above thirty miles per hour. The present design used by the Allies, and to some extent by the Germans, is based on the design of Captain Cacqou, of the French Army. It is pear-shaped on one side and has three huge fins, one on each side and one underneath the aft end of the gas-bag. On the ground these fins give it the appearance of a huge elephant.

This type of military balloon is much steadier and safer than the old type and can stand a wind of up to sixty miles an hour. They are from seventy to eighty feet in diameter, and have a hydrogen capacity of from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand cubic feet.

The French and British have a crew of about one hundred and twenty-five men and three officers for each balloon. Neither the Allies nor the Germans use sheds or hangars for kite balloons. They dig "beds" in the ground, and hide the balloons by covering them with canvas and tree branches.

This story would hardly be complete if I failed to mention that the first parachute jump was made in America, at San Francisco, by Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, in 1885. But as was the case with many other American inventions, the United States did not begin to use parachutes for military purposes or to instruct balloon observers until the latter part of 1916, when Congress increased the appropriation for military aeronautics to \$14,000,000. That gave a good start and the subsequent appropriation of \$640,000,000 for aeronautics in 1917 gave about \$28,000,000 for the training of balloon observers and the acquisition of balloons and equipment. But that sum is far from sufficient to meet the large demand for balloons, dirigibles and observers for the American air forces in France, and it is hoped that Congress will allow at least \$100,000,000 at the coming session for this important branch of the American Air Service.

PATRICK LEARY'S SON

By
Donn
Byrne



Illustrated
by
Charles
Sarka

"You never come to see me any more," she said pathetically.

SHE laid her black-gloved hand on his huge forearm. There was a suspicion of tears in her gray eyes as she looked up into his tanned young face.

"You never come to see me any more," she said pathetically. "Mother always asks for you, too. She thinks it queer."

His eyes wavered as he answered her. "I've been doing a lot of night work," he lied. "And besides, the old man is very down in the mouth. You know what that means. And I've got to stick around."

About them, the morning traffic of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue boiled like a seething pot. A young May breeze was scampering through the streets, making fly the coat tails of the men walking to their offices. Trim little stenographers scurried along the street like Easter rabbits. At the great traffic ganglion, horses fresh from their night's rest pranced, impatient of control. Motors, shining with the morning, skipped in and out of the Elevated pillars like playful cubs. Overhead, the trains clanged, rumbled, stopped, discharged their passengers like grain

from a chute, jerked, started again.

Instinctively she knew he was lying. But she admired him, liked him, cared for him too much to be stupidly hurt at the evasion.

"You're not angry with me, Dan?" she asked. "There isn't anything I've said or done?"

"No! No!" he answered her in a way suggesting fierceness. "What put that into your head?" But again the waver of the eyes, the semi-embarrassment.

They might have been hurrying to their work, the trim stenographers, the



All these things he was dreaming
of in the dark smithy.

harassed business men—a minute meant a lot to them, in a city where the hour-glass pours a thin stream of gold instead of sand—but there was none of them who did not stop a moment to glance at the pair talking on the sidewalk. The girl, striking in her naval yeoman's uniform, her slender little figure vaguely outlined in the blue jacket with the yeoman's insignia on the arm, the blue serge skirt falling gracefully to the shining black boots, the soft white shirt with its neat black bow, the cap with its anchor perched jauntily on her blonde head—a very small thing she seemed to be compared with the young giant beside her. She was not pretty, as prettiness goes, for all her dainty oval of face, and her big gray eyes. There was no distinction to her nose, well-formed though it was; no distinction to her clean and whole-

some mouth. But there was a great look of tenderness about her and a great sense of frankness in those eyes.

"She's a fine little girl!" a man would have said appreciatively, yielding to her admiration and respect and courtesy—a greater tribute by far than a quick intake of breath and: "There goes a beautiful woman!"

It was just as well that Yeoman Jeannette Hunter of the United States Navy was not a beautiful woman. Had she been one, she would have jarred harshly with the face and figure of young Daniel Leary standing beside her. That round head of his, heavy-skulled, with the square jaw and the small nose; that dark complexion with the high cheekbones and the ruddy birthmark, large as a dollar coin, beneath the right eye; those bushy eyebrows and the riotous curling black

hair—there was nothing handsome about him. A rugged, forceful face lit up by glowing black eyes—it somehow gave an impression of significance. Running downward from the neck, the man's body had the proportions of a Titan. Heavy-shouldered, huge-armed, small-waisted, thin-hipped, with enormous muscular hands, he might have been the ancient model of some cestus-fighter on a Grecian frieze. The lean, slim, clean-cut legs showed beneath the rough suit like those of a champion sprinter.

"You will come around soon and see us, won't you, Dan?" the little girl in uniform pleaded shamelessly.

"I will," Dan Leary promised. He fumbled at his cap. For an instant there was a look of pathetic brightness in his eyes. "Indeed I will."

He grasped her little hand in his great paw, and suddenly moved off westward. She watched him for an instant longingly and went in to her duty at the recruiting station.

A citizen on the farther sidewalk, a red-haired, large-nosed man with the

exaggerated fashionable clothes of a vaudeville actor, and the suspicious shrewdness of the city dweller, had been looking at the pair for five minutes. He removed the banded cigar from his fleshy lips and spat disgustedly on the sidewalk.

"So he threw her down!" he enunciated contemptuously. "When she asked him to enlist, he threw her down, the big stiff!" Righteous citizenship flamed up in his pigeon breast, and innate chivalry rose in arms. "For two pins I'd go after him and knock his block off!"

It was providential that the retreating figure was lost in the swirl of human traffic. It was providential for the large-beaked man with the green collar and the purple tie. For the figure on whom he wished to wreak vengeance—the figure of the young giant striding

westward to the smithy where he worked—the figure was that of Patrick Leary's son.

It is eleven years ago, hardly that, since the name of Patrick Leary was ringing through three continents, and yet now old men speak of him in clubs by the fireside as though the great old ring general had been one of a bygone generation. Their eyes grow dim and their voices falter as they think how quickly time has passed since they sat by a ringside, and saw Cyclone Kennedy, the great Australian, go gallantly down to defeat at the hands of Pat Leary; saw Hines, the gigantic black man, who was called the Dixie Cotton Hook, reel, totter, and crumple up in the canvas in the seventeenth round, while Leary stood calmly by the ropes listening to the referee chant off the inexorable ten seconds that is the requiem of the fallen fighting man.

"The best man of his time—of any time!" the old clubmen will say, and they think scornfully of the champion who had always an excuse not to box Leary, an excuse of illness, a refusal of a purse offered as being too inadequate, anything to avoid meeting the great Irish-American fighter. And again their eyes would light up as they thought of him in the ring, the great powerful figure with the small head cuddled into the left shoulder, the gigantic spread of chest and back; the powerful arms sliding in and out like oiled machinery, the great hands flickering like the paws of a cat, striking home surely as the bullets of a sniper; his lean, deceptive legs, his eternal bantering smile.

"He was no pot-house fighter," they will shake their heads triumphantly. "If ever a gentleman fought in a ring, it was Pat Leary."

A shadow will come across their faces then, a look of anger, a frown of disgust—and if you know ring history you know that they are thinking of Patrick Leary's last fight, of the whole tragedy of it, and of the foul blow that Fate struck him, and he winning in the last round.

It was the fight against Sellars, the Californian, who had risen and flamed across the boxing sky like a comet—a rangy, slugging fighter whom suc-

cess had made contemptuous. He sneered at the New York warrior because of his known dislike of butchery. Leary's method of finishing an opponent was by snapping blows to the nerve-centers, at jaw or solar plexus. A brutal cutting up disgusted him as much as did a bull-fight.

"This Leary guy is yellow," announced Sellars. "He's got no heart, and when I get into the ring with him, I'm going to show him up, the big bum!"

"I see," Leary said quietly when he heard it. His jaw set ominously. It was the first time in his life he had been accused of cowardice, and the slight angered him.

It was unfortunate that the match was staged in a state in which boxing had fallen into disrepute. A year before, in a middleweight championship, a false decision had been rendered at the point of a revolver. In another match a great light-weight had palpably thrown away the fight at the instigation of a gambling combine. The people and the officers of the state were savage and revengeful. They wanted

something, somebody, on whom they could vent their indignation.

For seven rounds that last fight of Patrick Leary's will remain as a classic of defensive boxing. For seven rounds Sellars rushed and slugged, battered and hammered in a fury of baffled rage. For seven rounds Pat Leary parried, with a glove hardly touching him, picking off the blows in mid-air as a juggler catches thrown knives; moving back an infinitesimal distance to let the swings and the hooks whizz past harmlessly, ducking the slashing leads, and occasionally sending in a stinging jab or uppercut.

"He's making a fool of Sellars," the ringside chattered, cheering madly an exhibition of defense that Griffo, the Australian wizard, could not have equaled. "He's got Sellars's goat already. He's had it since the first gong."

The bell rang for the eighth round.



He looked his father full in the eye. "I wish you'd go and see him," he repeated, "about me."

A moment's sparring and Leary had stopped Sellars's rush with a smashing lead to the jaw. The chattering at the ringside ceased. Leary's left hand cracked twice to the jaw again. Sellars, tried, surprised, moved away from it warily, a trifle dizzy, his guard high. A crashing right below the Californian's heart brought his guard down. Leary's hook cut through the air like a scimitar. It cracked home to the jaw like a whip.

"He's out!" the crowd roared.

And Sellars was out, out for good. Like a gymnast's trick, he had whirled through the air and the ropes, pitching head foremost to the floor beside the ring, the audience scattering like frightened sparrows. The Californian's head wobbled queerly as he lay. Mechanically the referee began to count.

"You need count no more," a doctor at the ringside announced brusquely. "He'll never get into the ring. He'll never get into any ring. The man's dead!"

"Come on, Pat," the promoter had rushed up to Leary. "Get into the dressing-room and change. I've got a car outside. You'll make your getaway."

"It was an accident," Leary said.

"Sure it was an accident," the promoter agreed. "But you know what'll happen to you in this state, don't you? Come on."

"It was an accident," Leary repeated. "And I'll stay."

And stay he did until the officers of the law came and took him on a charge of manslaughter. The judge made a long speech from the bench. In spite of everything, he said, he was going to be lenient with the New Yorker. He was going to sentence him to only twelve years.

"My friends," Leary said, "my friends will see the Governor. They will have me pardoned."

THERE is nothing so intense as the friendship of sportsmen. It attacks a thing with a fury of combat, but it dies quickly from its very intensity. They belabored the executive with pleas. They stormed the legislature. But they were striking against adamant.

"Well, poor Pat!" they shook their heads. "He certainly got a raw deal!"

They gave the fight up in disgust, but they dug deep into their pockets and made up a benefit for Leary's wife and three children. Eight thousand dollars in all they collected.

"And that's not the end of it, Missis," they told her. "We're going to stand by you."

They meant it, God help them! They meant every word they said. But things are happening every day. New boxers come up under the blue incandescents; fight their way ahead, and old champions bow to their great master, Youth, and they pass their way and are forgotten, save on a winter's night at a club fire. And a Turkish

wrestler comes out of the East and engrosses attention for a while. There is a record established for trotting at French Lick, and at Juarez the horses are streaking away in a gallant brown company. And in the midst of all these things a poor devil in prison is easily forgotten and so is a poor widow in a by-street.

And so for ten years, apportioning out the sportsmen's charity and adding to it by the plying of her needle, Margaret Leary managed to keep herself alive, and Patrick Leary's children, Daniel, and Mabel and Maud. A thin, angular woman, with a pinched face and a reputation for the quality known as "genteel," she had always looked askance at the ring game, even at the period of their highest prosperity. She would much rather have had a husband who was a clerk in a shipping office or a salesman in a large department store. It would have redounded much more to her credit, she thought. In her husband she could see nothing more than a man following a brutal trade. That great nobles were proud to have him as their guests; that he was the ideal of every boy and young man in America; that his name was a synonym for honesty and sportsmanship—these things she did not know, or if she did, she prized them little.

"I could have married Laurence Casey," she would pity herself in solitude, "who has the gramophone store on Third Avenue; and I could have had Terry Johnson, the drummer; or John Doyle. Oh, dearie me! but a young girl's foolish!"

And so she would go on pitying herself—sighing, and perhaps weeping a little, when her husband was fighting his great epics, caring not at all for his bruises and cuts, sharing none of the glowing triumph of victory, greeting him on his return, belauded, as an outcast woman might greet a criminal of the highways on his return from a foray, carrying murder-begotten loot.

His arrest and imprisonment were no shock to her. She sniffled selfishly and began a luxurious martyrdom.

"I knew it would happen," she said. "I told him so!" She gathered her children about her. "See what your father has done to us now!"

For ten years, and for two after that, she abode in a sort of grim, manacled poverty while Patrick Leary went the weary rounds of jail. First, in a narrow apartment on the lower West Side, a stuffy, unaired place heavy with ornaments of gentility, an album of photographs in red plush on the table, a what-not piled with sea-shells, cheap engravings on the wall of such as Daniel in the Lions' Den—in this atmosphere Margaret Leary brought up her children, Mabel and Maud, weedy, anemic girls, and her son Daniel, beginning to show the gigantic proportions of his father. Later, they lived on the out-

skirts of Harlem; then the Bronx, in an apartment house, ghastly with bilious brick and rusty fire-escapes.

With her two daughters she was satisfied—Mabel now, after ten years, was employed in a millinery store—a genteel business; Maud in a department store, in which she would become ultimately an important saleswoman. Later, they would marry respectably, not as she did, God help her! she thought pityingly. With Daniel she was not contented at all. He was too much like his father, and he was too silent. He had also the habit of contriving her, as she put it.

"If it hadn't been for your father," the mother would say, "the girls might not ever have had to work. It will be hard enough for them to get husbands, their father having been in jail. But they are good girls, and a comfort to me!" And she would dab at her eyes.

"And is it my father's fault he's in jail?" the son would blaze out. "Isn't it because he got the rawest deal that was ever handed a man?"

HE WOULD say nothing of his father at any time, save to defend him furiously when occasion arose, but he was never tired of going over in his mind the greatness of the elder man before Fate fouled him. His blood rose to singing-point as he read of the mighty battles old Leary had put up. And his imagination fired as he thought of the old ring general. In his mind's eye he could see the varied audience; the big giant clambering through the ropes; the consultation in ring center. He could sense the hush over the house as the gong clanged for the first round. There was a perfunctory touching of gloves, and the men sparred for the opening—the old ring warrior's hands and arms moving rhythmically, his body moving powerfully about the ring.

His mother had been dumfounded when he made his choice of occupation.

"John Dempsey has offered me a job at the smithy," he told her. "I'm going to take it."

"But you with your high-school education; with your breeding and everything!" she whimpered. "To go into a common blacksmith's shop! You could easily have secured a position as clerk."

"But I can make four times as much money in a blacksmith's shop than I could as a clerk," he said. "And a clerk! With these hands!" he laughed.

"But a common blacksmith!" she sniffled. And later: "He is just like his father. No comfort to me!"

But if his mother did not approve of him, little Jeannette Hunter did. There was a sort of bond between Daniel Leary and that young girl who had gone to school with his sisters, who had visited at their house so often in those days, bringing in an atmosphere of freshness and efficiency into the stuffy air of the Leary home; who, now that



His right snapped home with the clean force of a sledge-hammer striking steel.

she was grown up and school-days over, still kept up the intimacy with the unhappy home more on account of the boy than of the sisters. With clear and comprehending vision she understood the weight that was on him, the necessity that he must stay by that unattractive family, supporting them, guarding them, with no hope of let-up or liberty. Her father, who was dead, had amassed a fair fortune in a little grocery in Harlem, nothing to boast of, but enough to keep his widow and his child from want. But the square level head of the old tradesman had descended between his daughter's should-

ders. The old man had esteemed worth more than riches, and his daughter followed his rule. She knew worth, too, when she saw it, and she saw it in Patrick Leary's son.

She admired him for his loyalty to the family, his hard work to aid in supporting it; but she admired him more when Patrick Leary emerged from prison a broken man. Titan-like as ever, gray in the hair, bitter in the mouth, bent in the shoulders, the old ring general emerged from the grim walls like some old lion coming out of a cage, broken-spirited, blinking at the light. The laughing smile had changed

to a thin line of lips. The sparkling eyes were now dull and sullen. There was no innate savagery in him against the world. He was too good a sportsman to accept defeat like that. But nevertheless he was a broken man.

What was there to do for the old warrior now that they had given him liberty? The ring was by for him; new champions had come up and old champions had gone down, and about the clamorous ringside was a generation which knew him not. And even if it were not by for him, he would have nothing to do with it, for, said he, "They left me alone. I needed them most." And the

fickleness of the ring-followers who had forgotten him hurt him to the quick. No! He would have nothing to do with them—not if he were as young as the youngest of the challengers, and though he were as sturdy as he was in his prime.

A hard and melancholy time set in for Patrick Leary in that dreary home with the snuffling mother and the two disapproving children, who were forever hustling him into the kitchen or out on the street when callers came. It was hard for him to get work—for somewhere sometime he was sure to be recognized, and after all was he not Pat Leary, who but for an evil trick of fortune would have been champion of the world, champion of all the champions—greater even than the Old Man of Boston and the Cornish Blacksmith, God be good to them both!

He thought bitterly of the dream of all old fighters—for even at forty-two he was old for a fighter and should by now have been enjoying the fruits of his ring career. A hotel-somewhere in the country on a main-traveled road; a pleasant barroom clean with sand where the notables of the village might collect in the evening over a glass of hot spirits or a tankard of ale; bright and cheery it should be with sporting prints on the wall, a picture of the old prize ring perhaps, or some famous trotting horses; a sunny dining-room where automobile parties might come for refreshment, pretty, well-groomed women and solid men. And occasionally, a gentleman, an old patron, a backer in the glorious days, would come along, and a holiday would be made of it, and the talk would turn on the old battles, and they would fight again gloriously, while the village people would listen, open-mouthed, astounded. And very pleasantly he would grow old there—like some gray and weary dog-fox wandering around the furze of his youth, savoring the sight of the grass and the smell of the bushes, remembering the hunts he gave to the slick-haunched, high-headed horses, and the gallant riders, and the keen hounds in cry.

BUT that was not for him. For him there might have been the sordid thing which is, as often as not, the end of great ring-men. The hanging about saloons, given free liquor by proprietors because they were an attraction for the place. And then one day, suddenly, pneumonia strikes them with paralyzing force. And the rest is silence.

Because he loved the old man, and because he admired him and understood the tragedy of his life now, young Dan Leary watched over his father as a mother might watch over a child. In that grim home in the Bronx, the mention of the ring was tabu; the sight of a glove anathema. But the son saw to it that the old man might relive some-

thing of the ancient days, and the pair of them would go down together to the boxing academy of Dodger MacFadden, who happened to have been one of Leary's trainers in the ring days.

The old man would touch lovingly the training apparatus hanging about. He would turn over the medicine ball with his feet, step to the bag platform and rattle off a tattoo, pick up a boxing-glove and look at it with a reminiscent smile. He would turn to the son, who would be smiling too—smiling at all this little ritual which his father observed as meticulously as a priest might.

"Well, what about it, Danny?" he would say.

Without a word, with only a grin, the boy would begin stripping his magnificent torso. MacFadden, the broken-nosed, tin-eared, wizened lightweight would glow with the appreciation of the connoisseur. For him alone was this treat given—to see the old heavyweight king recall all his prowess and strategy to battle against this young giant who had everything in his favor—frame and strength and gameness and the wonderful thing called Youth.

And these were no love taps either. Old Leary seemed to be in the ring again. The old vigor and snap would come into his blows. He forgot that it was against his son and an amateur he was pitted. His left hand cracked home like a piston. His right arm swished like a flail. The boy had to fight like a fury to keep himself from disaster.

There were two occasions in the sparring at MacFadden's that warmed the old man's heart. The one was when he found his son to be game to the core. They had put on the gloves and were sparring for the opening. Cunningly the elder Leary dropped his guard. The boy jumped in with a crashing left to the head. The old man swung aside for a fraction of an inch, stepped in and rammed home an uppercut to the jaw. The younger tumbled and sprawled on the floor.

"Let him alone," MacFadden shouted as the old heavyweight stepped forward to lift him up. "One—two—three—"

Drowsily the lad came to. Cunningly he waited the full count. He came to his feet. There was a glint in his eye.

"Go in and finish him," MacFadden was shouting. Deftly the son rolled to the punches until his head cleared. He clinched and slipped, ducked and side-stepped and before MacFadden called time for the round he was trading lead and counter as fresh as before.

"The kid's game!" Old Leary nodded, convinced, to the ancient lightweight.

"I should say! I should say!" the old pug told him. "He ought to be out still with that punch."

On another occasion in a breakaway

the son caught the old man's jaw with a trip-hammer hook. The elder man sagged, crumpled up like a punctured balloon.

"I'm sorry, father," the boy said repentantly, when the old heavyweight recovered consciousness. "I didn't know I was hitting so hard."

"Sorry!" the old man shook his head. "Sorry! What are you sorry about? Do you know, that's the first time I was ever out in my life? Me! I'm proud!"

"Cripes!" was all MacFadden could say. He looked in awed wonder at the son. "Cripes! Cripes!"

I THINK the blame of it must be laid to MacFadden that he spread the news among the old fighters of what the younger Leary could do. When the pair would drop in for a bout with the gloves, they would find a couple or more of the old battlers around watching them. Old ghosts incanted up from ring history, they gathered about the boy, keen to tell him of their lore. They taught him their favorite strokes—the South American body punch; the deadly shift that was Lanky Bob's; the overhand right that the old Coffee Cooler knew; the numbing corkscrew that Norman Selby used. And to him they taught the strategy of the ring, the slipping footwork that avoided blows a guard could not prevent; the drawing of leads so that a crushing counter may volley home—all the minute details that make of glove-work a science.

"He can be champion of the world," they told old Leary.

"He won't fight as a profession," the old man told them. "And he's right there. He'll never be champion of the world, but"—his voice rang out proudly though his eye dimmed, "he'll be Patrick Leary's son."

All these things Dan was dreaming of in the dark smithy, while his hammer clanged on the anvil in a metallic musical note; while he was blowing the great bellows in the furnace; while he was thrusting the hissing iron into the dark water; while he was cunningly paring the great percherons' hooves—all these things could never be actualities, as matters showed at present. They might rob him of the substance, but the dreams would always be his.

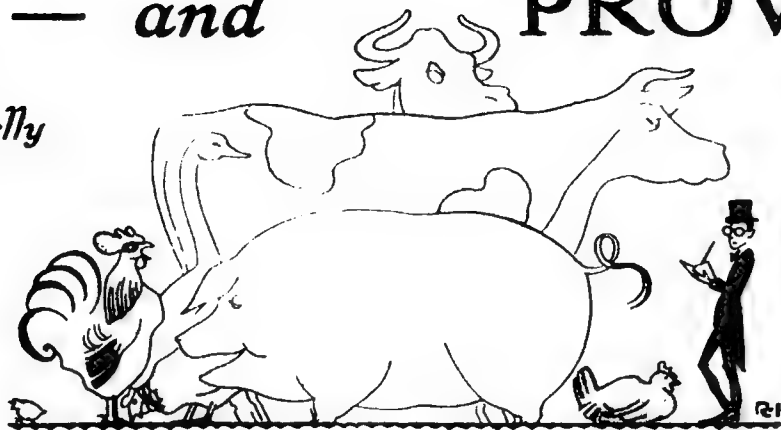
At twenty-two now he was a grown man—the years of responsibility and the years of work had matured him as forced heat matures a plant in a hot-house—with all the dreams and ambitions of his station. He wanted a wife and he wanted a home, and he wanted the inspiration to ambition, not the necessity for work. He knew whom he wanted for his wife—that little Hunter girl with the gray trusting eyes and the fearless outlook.

There had been no love-making between them—no flowery translation of

(Continued on page 99)

PEARL — and PROVENDER

By Fred C. Kelly

Drawing by
Rea Irvin

IF YOU walked into one of the buildings occupied by the United States Food Administration in Washington, and addressed the first likely-looking chap you met as "Doctor," you would be playing reasonably safe. About every third man working there is entitled Doctor. If not Doctor, he is at the very least called Professor somebody. These doctors, however, are not pill-doctors, knife-doctors, or tooth-cobblers. They are Doctors of Philosophy, Doctors of Science, and things like that. Not only are they learned men, but nearly every one is a national or international authority on something.

Take, for example, Dr. Raymond Pearl. To look at Pearl you would not take him for the eminent, grade-A scientist that he is. You would know right away that he is somebody in particular—and that is true, even if he did not happen to be wearing his black-rimmed round spectacles. But for some reason, when we think of a learned scientist we think of whiskers, stringy hair, total absence of paunch, vici-kid shoes, of a shape somewhat like violin cases, dandruff on the coat collar, and a black string tie. Pearl isn't that way at all. He is a big, brawny, youthful-looking, two-fisted he-person. You might pick him to be the president of a manufacturers' association, the manager of a baseball team, a boss strike-breaker, the man who built the railroad across the Andes, or maybe a Superintendent of Maintenance of Way. He has a keen sense of humor and speaks the United States language freely.

Yet he is a Doctor of Philosophy, youngest member of the American Academy of Science, and the list of his scientific degrees and treatises that have attracted international attention is actually too long to give here. He is one of the greatest living authorities on certain phases of the effect of alcohol on the human system—with special reference to its effect on posterity. And he probably knows more about the scientific breeding of poultry than anybody anywhere.

Pearl's job just now is that of chief statistician for Mr. Hoover's Food Administration. He and his statistical cohorts compile literally tons of figures relating to the price of food and vital food needs, not only at the present time, but in certain instances, clear back

into the seventeenth century. And having compiled his figures, he does what is vastly more important, he interprets them.

Pearl's capacity for his present task may be surmised from this story which is told by Dr. William H. Welch, of the medical school of Johns Hopkins University. Plans were being laid for a new department of Sanitation and Public Hygiene at Johns Hopkins, provided for by the Rockefeller Foundation Fund. It was desired to have the chair of Vital Statistics occupied by the best man available, either in this country or abroad. Inasmuch as work in vital statistics has been going on in England much longer than it has in the United States, a committee from Johns Hopkins set out for England to try to find their man. Having arrived in England, they learned that the English scientists who knew about such things regarded a certain American as the best man on earth at interpreting vital statistics. And that man was Dr. Raymond Pearl. So when the war is over, Pearl will take up that work at Johns Hopkins University.

Pearl has ideas about balanced rations which should bring joy to the hearts of the men who conduct the kind of white-tiled, moderate-priced restaurants that are usually to be found across the street from big hotels.

One often gets up from a heavy, bulky hotel meal, Pearl reminds us, with something almost akin to hunger. It isn't, Pearl explains, because the diner hasn't had enough to eat, but because he had too much of one thing and not enough of something else. In the restaurant which serves small portions, you may come nearer getting a scientifically correct balance of rations than in a place where there is more grandeur. Because each portion is small, says Pearl, you order several items of food, and consequently, without realizing it, you have provided your body with just the combinations of proteins, fats, starch, sugar, carbohydrates, and so on, that it needs.

Pearl thinks that people, when let alone, will eat about what they ought to have. People's tastes differ. Dr. Raymond

isn't only the bodily requirements that must be satisfied but the mental requirements—that is, a man should have those things which appeal to him, because then he is more contented and

happy, and being in a happy frame of mind, naturally whatever he eats is more likely to agree with him. Pearl has conducted experiments, over a period of years, in the feeding of poultry. He hospitably placed bins in the chicken-yard containing all the more popular kinds of chicken feed, so that any hen could saunter up and help herself to whatever kind most appealed to her. Here was the result: No two hens ate alike, but all gained faster and laid more eggs than when they were on uniform rations. And there was a saving of thirty per cent. in both fats and proteids.

Following out this same idea and applying it to people, Pearl isn't so sure that it wouldn't be a good idea to have armies fed on a sort of cafeteria basis, instead of on standard army rations. He believes it would mean a tremendous food saving if each man took exactly what he preferred, Private Jack Spratt seeking always the fat, and his bunkmate the lean.

PEARL was born in New Hampshire only thirty-nine years ago. The schools of his native town did not go very deeply into scientific courses, particularly not into biology. That was scarcely considered even respectable. When he went to college at Dartmouth, he immediately took a keen interest in biology, simply because it was brand new stuff. He never let up on biology until he had attained a real eminence in it. After being graduated at Dartmouth, Pearl went to the University of Michigan, from which institution he took his doctor's degree. This degree was only the beginning of a series of honors gathered up in the United States and Europe.

Throughout the earlier part of his college course, Pearl paid his expenses by playing the tuba in various bands. The tuba, you understand, is the big horn that always makes one wonder how a man can keep his mind on carrying it and playing it all at the same time.

Toting around that tuba is probably the answer to the fine physique which helps Pearl to put ginger into his scientific work to-day.



"Don't shoot, Colonel," said the cheerful pilot.

TAM o' the SCOOTS

The Gentlemen from Indiana

By *Edgar Wallace*

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer

LIEUTENANT BAXTER was writing letters home, and at the moment Cornish came into the mess-hut, was gazing through the window with that fixed stare which might indicate either the memory of some one loved and absent or a mental struggle after the correct spelling of the village billets he had bombed the night before.

Cornish, who looked sixteen, but was in reality quite an old gentleman of twenty, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets and gazed disconsolately round before he slouched across to where Baxter sat at his literary exercises.

"I say," said Cornish in a complaining voice, "what the devil are you doing?"

"Cleaning my boots," said Baxter without looking up; "didn't you notice it?"

Second-Lieutenant Cornish sniggered. "Quit fooling. I say, what are you writing letters for? Good Heavens, you are always writing letters!"

Baxter withdrew his gaze from the window and went on writing with marked industry.

"I say," said Cornish again, "there was a fellow of the American squadron in here to-day."

Baxter sighed and put down his pen. "I am told that America is in the war," he said politely. "This fact would probably account for the phenomenal happening."

"He asked for rye whisky," said Cornish, nodding significantly.

"Poor fellow."

"When I told him that we hadn't any rye whisky," Cornish went on, "he asked whether we weren't fighting for civilization and the free something or other of peoples."

Baxter swung round on his chair, his hands folded on his lap. "All this is very fascinating," he said; "why don't you write a book about it? And what are you doing here, may I ask? I thought you were going into Amiens?"

"I wish I'd gone," said the gloomy young man; "it is blowing eighty miles an hour up-stairs. Depledge went up and was buffeted about all over the shop and nearly crashed. Saw a Hun and couldn't get near him."

"What was the Hun doing?" asked Baxter, interested in spite of himself.

"That's the very question Depledge asked me."

"But you didn't tell him?" said Baxter. "You're a reticent devil, Cornish! And now, if you don't mind my communicating with my fond parents, perhaps you will go out into the garden and eat worms."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Cornish: "This American chap, a most excellent fellow, by the way, wanted to know what has happened to Tam."

"Did you tell him?"

"No," confessed Cornish.

"Do you know?" asked the patient Baxter.

"No," admitted Cornish.

Baxter groaned. "Good-by," he said.

"I say," said Cornish.

"Good-by," said Baxter loudly.

"This fellow," Cornish drawled on in his even, monotonous voice, "this American fellow, I mean, the American fellow I saw this morning——"

"I thought you were speaking about the Spanish fellow you saw yesterday," said Baxter wearily.

"No, this American fellow said that he had heard that Tam was coming back. Some brass-hat told him."

Originals pulling your leg, my dear

Cornish," said Baxter; "these Americans stuff people, especially the young and the innocent. Now go to bed or go out and buy me some stamps or take my motor-bike and joy-ride into Amiens or go down to the workshop or—or go to the dickens."

"You are very unsociable," said Cornish, and wandered out.

He strolled across to the workshop and stood for a few minutes in that noisy hive watching the mechanics fitting a new tractor screw to his "camel," then walked back to his quarters through the drizzle.

THE wind was blowing gustily. It slammed doors and sent gray clouds of smoke bellowing from the stove, it rattled the windows and whined and sobbed about the corners of the hut.

Then suddenly above the sigh and moan of it rose a shrill "*whee-e-e!*"

Cornish was in the act of sitting down as the sound came to him. He checked the action and, half-doubled as he was, leapt for the door and flung it open.

"*Wh—oom—oom!*"

The force of the explosion flung him back, the windows crashed outward, the ground beneath his feet rocked again.

Even as he fell he heard the shattering of wood where the bomb fragments ripped through the casings of the hut. He was on his feet in an instant and through the door.

High above the aerodrome, appearing and disappearing through the hurrying cloud-ruck, was a machine that swayed and jumped most visibly.

Cornish started at a run as the anti-aircraft guns began their belated chorus.

He met Baxter struggling into his padded jacket before his hangar.

"We'll take a chance," said Baxter rapidly; "who'd ever imagine the swine would come over on a day like this?"

"Think he'll come back?" asked Cornish.

The other shouted something unintelligible as he turned to climb into his tiny one-seater and Cornish guessed rather than heard the answer.

Three minutes later he was zooming up behind his superior, his machine dancing like a scrap of paper caught in the wind. The little scout climbed steeply, heading eastward, and Cornish, strapped to his seat, saw nothing but the gray race of cloud above him, until the altimeter registered eight thousand feet. Then he began to take notice.

A little below him and a mile away was Baxter's machine, while a mile ahead of him and running across his bows was a Hun plane of respectable size and unusual lines. He observed with joy that the enemy was making bad weather of it, and banked round to run on a parallel course.

A rapid glimpse of the country told

him that the adventurous enemy was making for home, and the proximity of the machine was probably due to the fact that the bomber had attempted to return against the wind to repeat his good work when he had sighted the chasers.

Baxter's scout swung round behind the enemy. Cornish closed to his flank. The astonished but interested infantry in the trenches eight thousand feet below, heard above the purr of the engines the "*rat-tat-tat-tat!*" of machine guns and saw the Boche side-slip. It was a scientific side-slip, wholly designed as an advertisement of the slipper's distress, but it was not the weather for artful maneuvers. Suddenly the big machine began to spin, not a well-controlled spin, but rather following the motion of a corkscrew driven by a drunken hand.

The two scouts dived for him, their guns chattering excitedly, and the big Hun flip-flopped earthward, nose up, tail up, wing up—till he made a pancake crash midway between the line and the aerodrome of the Umpte-fourth.

Baxter followed and made a bad landing, but the Providence which protects the child was kinder to Cornish, who lit "*like a blinking angel*," to quote a muddy and unprejudiced representative of the P. B. I.*

Luck was not wholly against the enemy (for the two German airmen were alive when their machine reached bottom) except that the friendly hands which had strapped them to their seats had done their work a little too effectively. By the time they had freed themselves from restraint, but before they had fired the incendiary bomb which was intended to destroy the machine, Baxter was out of his chaser and was standing on the under-carriage.

"Don't fire the machine unless you're awfully keen on a military funeral," he said, and four gloved hands arose over two leather-helmeted heads.

"Don't shoot, Colonel," said the cheerful pilot, "I'll come down."

Baxter watched his prisoners descend before he restored his Colt automatic to its holster.

"Sorry and all that sort of thing," he said to the pilot, "but you've got some nerve."

"Give the barbarian credit for something," replied the blue-eyed pilot, lighting a black cigar. "I'm afraid my friend here will want a doctor." He indicated the very young and very pale officer, whose thumb had apparently been shot away. "He doesn't speak English. My name is Prince Karl of Stettiz-Waldenstein, the last of the ancient race that carries the blood of Charlemagne."

"Cheerioh," said Baxter, "come along to our mess and have some lunch before the wolves get you and put you in a little cage. We'll drop your friend at

the hospital—my name, by the way, is Baxter, and I come from a long line of hardware merchants."

The prince smiled. "Trade follows the flag," he said. "My little friend's father makes typewriters—and pretty bad ones. You ought to be friends."

An R. F. C. picked them up and after depositing the wounded youth at the general hospital, the two foemen were whirled back to the aerodrome, their arrival coinciding with the return of the majority of the squadron from Amiens. The prisoner was talkative and lively. He had been educated at Harvard and Oxford, thought the war was pretty good sport, told a joyous tale of a grand-ducal aunt who had sent him a set of silken underwear embarrassingly embroidered with the legend: "*Gott strafe England und America*," but would not offer any information about the machine he was flying.

"You can see what is left of it and discover for yourself," he said to Major Blackie at parting; "she's a fairly useful bus, but nothing as useful as she's supposed to be. Oh, by the way, I nearly forgot to ask—where's Tam?"

"Tam is in England," smiled Blackie. "I thought you fellows knew. He got married and went away to be an instructor or something."

"But surely he's back," persisted the other. "One of our circus commanders (you call them circuses, don't you?) told me he was due back to-day—that was one of the reasons I came over. If the weather had been good we should have come in force!"

"A sort of 'welcome home,' eh?"

The prince grinned.

"Well, he isn't here," Blackie went on, "and so far as I know—excuse me."

An orderly stood in the door with a scrap of paper in his hand which Blackie took and read.

"**I** MUST hurry you off," he said; "the wind's dropped and one of your circuses is going up."

"Good luck to 'em," said the prisoner as he shook hands.

The circus did not materialize in so far as the squadron was concerned, its activities being exclusively monopolized by certain enthusiastic but half-trained units of the U. S. F. C., which, while on a practise flight, and strictly against all instructions, engaged its more skilful enemy and bluffed it into retreat.

This was discussed among other matters after dinner that night.

"The gentlemen from Indiana got Fritz with his tail down," said Baxter; "they were out doing a formation stunt with no idea in life save to avoid unpleasantness with their flight commander—it wasn't a bad formation, by the way—when Fritz and his Imperial Circus butted into the simple

children of the West."

"What happened?"

"It was funny. The gentlemen from Indiana just dropped that formation nonsense. They simply went baldheaded for the nearest Hun and before you could say 'knife,' two Huns were spinning out of control and the circus was moving homeward with the United States of America in hot pursuit. It was comic to see the French instructor shooting off frantic recall signals."

Blackie pulled out his cigar case and contemplated the interior with a look of gloom.

"I wonder why everybody thinks Tam is coming back—the cigars and the Americans remind me."

"I'll bet he's no use for flying—when a chap is married he's done for," said a voice in a dark corner.

"Hit him, somebody," growled Mortimer, the latest of the squadron benedicts. "Come out of your obscurity, Hector Misogynist; oh, it's Cornish! Bah!"

Cornish came into the light unabashed. "Kipling wrote it about a fellow who

wouldn't take a fence or lead his squadron after he was married—got scared when he thought of his child and all that sort of thing."

The door opened suddenly and a muffled figure stood in the entrance.

"Waiting patrol!" he barked. "Get up—light, bombing squadron over Corps Headquarters—get a wiggle on!"

A scamper of feet, wails and imprecations from the waiting patrol, a chorus of "Shut that door—darn you!" and the hum of engines outside. A confusion of voices, a more intense roar which dies down to silence, and the night patrol is away.

Blackie looked at his watch. "Simmonds, your flight had better stand by—they don't usually strafe C. H. Q. There go our Archies—everybody stand by!"

Blackie hurried to his concrete office where a nonchalant telephonist was exchanging philosophy with another telephonist six miles away, and if the distant operator was the less philosophical of the two, he might be excused, since he was at that moment undergoing an aerial bombardment.

"Umpte-eighth bein' bombed, sir," reported the telephonist in the same surprised tone you might employ to announce that a football match had been postponed, "the 'Uns 'ave strafed two 'angars."

"And knocked the H's off the rest, eh?" said Blackie. "Ask O. Pip if any of our people have signaled."

Click! A plug pushed home, a rasping buzz and— "Hello—O. Pip—

Then did the midget in blue condescend to give the ground observers a closer view of himself. He dived steeply on the tail of the damaged machine.



Hallow! O. Pip. Reports? Right." He turned. "Night squadron signaled nine thousand feet, sir—makin' west. Encountered no H. A."

He said this importantly, since there was a fine roll in "encountered" and a pleasant mystery—which was no mystery to anybody—in the abbreviations for "Hostile Aircraft" and "Observation Post."

Baxter came back ten minutes later to report and inquire. "They seem to be leaving us alone, which is strange, after what that prince person said."

"Apparently they are after the gentlemen from Indiana, who, I suppose, will be gnashing their teeth at their good kind instructor because he won't let them go up in the dark, dark night."

"We're a cheerful lot of boys," said Baxter. "Who called them the gentlemen from Indiana, by the way?"

"Tam," said Blackie laughing; "he'd read a book with a title like that—Indiana was the word that took Tam's fancy."

"Hello—hello—yes—speak up, Clarence—bombin' yer, are they—all right." The operator half turned. "Bombing Squadron H. A. operatin' over American Squadron H. Q., sir; one 'angar slightly damaged."

Blackie nodded.

"Hello! Yes—one H. A. forced to descend by Archie fire, sir."

Blackie nodded again. "They're out to-night with a vengeance," he said; "every bombing squadron Fritz has must be working."

"Headquarters call, sir," reported the telephonist and slipped the apparatus from his head.

Blackie sank into the seat vacated and adjusted the ear-pieces. "Yes—Umpte-fourth—yes, sir, Blackie speaking. Yes—they seem lively, yes, sir—(check this, Baxter) twelve machines to escort 947th and 958th squadrons on a bombing raid to be in the air at five aco-emma! (Got that, Baxter?) Yes, sir."

He hung up the receiver. "Reprisals by order—wind up at D. H. Q.—slow music and death to the sleep-destroying Hun!"

With the dawn the escorting squadrons rose to their station, and Blackie from the ground saw the flicker of blue and green lights as the British bombing machines came over and their escort fell into place.

The drone of their en-

gines had hushed to an intermittent buzz when Blackie strolled across the aerodrome to the deserted mess-room for his morning cup of tea.

The sergeant-major who walked at his side was expressing the gloomy views on the weather which sergeant-majors are permitted to hold, when he suddenly stopped talking and stood still.

"What's the matter, Sergeant-major?" demanded Blackie.

"Somethin' comin' our way, sir." Blackie listened.

(Continued on page 104)





Courtesy Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men.

The manufacture of artificial limbs is one of the favored occupations for disabled soldiers. In many shops most of the employees have lost a leg or an arm. This is a factory in England.

"THERE ARE NO MORE CRIPPLES!"

By Caroline Avis

THE message of the startling photographs on these pages is a message, not of despair, but of hope and encouragement. They mean something new in the world. They mean salvage of war's wrecks—salvage of the soldier to himself and to society. They mean the end of soldiers' homes, of useless idleness on a small pension, of pencil-selling and door-keeping as the best occupations for cripples.

These men are a few out of thousands from the belligerent countries who have been "reconstructed"—to use a technical word packed with human values. All through France men with an arm or a leg gone, or with both arms missing, are successfully working their own land. Accountants make good with both hands artificial. Hundreds, lacking one or more limbs, have learned, in England and France and Canada, motor mechanics, cobbling, tailoring, telegraphy, carpentry, electrical trades. From St. Dunstan's, in London, from the three Lighthouses in France, other hundreds of blind soldiers have gone out and proved themselves able to earn

good livings at massage, typewriting, telephone operating, poultry-farming, joinery, gardening.

And—it comes home to us, too—as these lines are written there are a dozen

or more hospitals in the United States where our own disabled soldiers and sailors are already taking the first steps back toward normal life. That is why we need the message of these



Donor Service, American Red Cross.

A wood-turner at the vocational school in Montpellier, France, which is conducted by an expatriated Belgian couple.

photographs. For above all else they mean responsibility—to every community in this country whose men go out to fight and who come back, some of them, maimed and broken. Without an enlightened public opinion, without a right public attitude toward the war cripples, all the Government measures of "reconstruction" will be but half measures.

Our bearing toward our disabled soldiers hasn't been much tested so far. But already one has heard of the one-legged boy in khaki embarrassed beyond endurance by a street crowd of curious sympathizers; of the wounded man to whom a well-meaning stranger insisted on presenting money, to show gratitude; of the soldier with an empty sleeve halted with inquiries for his story. All fine enough impulses in themselves, but holding the germs of disaster for the maimed men. For to set the crippled soldier apart in a class by himself, to make him think of himself as a hero, or—if he is incapable of that—to annoy him with hero worship, to overwhelm him with sentimentality, or to offer him even the most refined form of charity, is to do him incalculable harm.

Not that we owe him less, but more. On its face, it is a hard thing we must say to these men who, for a great cause, have borne unimaginable hardships, who have come home exhausted in body and mind by pain and the horror of being maimed. "None of the hero business," we say; "no shrinking from life—it's up to you, *still*, to go on." But it isn't hard. It's the only possible thing for the sake of the men

themselves. For what we are really saying is this: "Yes, we owe you everything—and we'll pay, in honor, in gratitude, in pensions; but above all in sparing you the blight of idleness, in giving you the means of maintaining your own usefulness, your own self-respect, as nearly as possible your *normal* part in the community life."

One European writer, surveying the possibilities for the disabled, and fired by the vision, said enthusiastically, "There are no more cripples!" And the English Pensions Ministry has used for the process of reconstruction the striking phrase—"Recalled to life."

These are the



A French soldier who has been re-educated to earn his living. The grip "Lumière," by means of which he is mortising a block, is adjusted to an artificial arm apparatus. Each maimed man is provided with an arm or a leg for every-day use and a better-looking one for special occasions.



A class in carpentry—one of the standard trades that are taught to the war-maimed in all the belligerent countries.

ideals behind all the plans for the disabled soldier's rehabilitation. In the process itself there are several phases: first, physical reconstruction—a medical and military matter. In most countries no man is discharged from military service until he has been restored to as nearly full use of his powers as is possible. His treatment includes not only medicine and surgery, but physical re-education—gymnastics (there is a record of a swimming contest between two legless men); exercises to restore flexibility to stiff joints, to preserve the use of a maimed member; and, in amputation cases, equipment with artificial limbs and training in the use of

steel wires or rawhide cords in place of tendons. A world of wisdom is needed, by the way, in adjusting the type of artificial limb to the man's need. Generally an "every-day" arm or leg is provided for service—a simple "peg and bucket" leg or, for the arm, a chuck which can be fitted with a variety of tools; then a "dress" limb is issued for Sundays and special occasions.

The second phase combines cure with retraining for industry. Many of the curative measures in reconstruction hospitals are work, both manual and mental, which in addition to strengthening the body and stimulating the mind, start the man on his way back to wage-earning without loss of time. Even light forms of work not particularly desirable as permanent employment—such as raffia-weaving, basketry, toy-making, typewriting—are enormously valuable for their mental effect. One expert says "reconstruction should begin upon the return to consciousness," so dangerous to mind and will is idleness in that interval of despair between injury and restoration to health. This is a reason to hurry reconstruction work at the base hospitals in France, and to have even on board the transports "cheer up" officials and reconstruction aides.

In the most advanced of our own reconstruction hospitals, the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, D. C., agricultural and horticultural tools are provided and the necessary instructors for truck and other forms of gardening. There are also several curative workshops where artificial-limb making, shoe-repairing, etc., are carried on. In the hospital at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, technical basket-making and motor mechanics are taught; similar work is done in the General Hospital at Fort McPherson, Georgia, where a vocational officer is

charge of the curative occupations and prevocational training. In the hospitals assigned to curable insanity and tuberculosis—for, remember, mutilation is not the only form of injury—the same type of treatment is applied. At Roland Park, Baltimore, in a beautiful estate turned over to our war blind, training as well as treatment is to be provided. The best-known blind teach-

gium—the crippled man is free to accept or reject training; but, of course, every possible influence of persuasion is brought to bear for acceptance. All the work of physical reconstruction, up to the time when the patient is discharged from the hospital and the service, is under the care of the Surgeon-General. After that, he will be in the hands of Government educational au-

thorities for training, employment, and after-care. But while there is recognition that the entire responsibility must be national, at this time Congress has not yet provided that prime essential—a central organization.

Training has begun in the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, in New York, under the able direction of Douglas C. McMurtrie—the first specialized trade-school of its kind in the country. Here classes in the making of artificial limbs, printing, and mechanical drafting are already under way, with an employment bureau at work. Other forms of training will be provided through trade, agricultural, and commercial schools already established.

This is the general type of reeducation that is going on in all the belligerent countries. France and Belgium had already, before the war, begun saving maimed men to industry through special

trade-schools, and it was France that first of all made something like adequate provision for the war cripples. The beginnings came about through the scattering of a Belgian before-the-war school for maimed men—the one at Charleroi. When the German steamroller had passed, the school at Charleroi was gone; but its director, M. Azer Basèque, appeared in Lyons at just the psychological moment. The streets were full of idle wounded. The need for labor was acute. M. Edouard Herriot,



News Service, American Red Cross.

Supporting himself and helping provide France with food. In most countries a special effort is made to direct agricultural workers back to the land, and even badly-disabled men find on the farm their best chances.

ers in the country are enlisted for service, and the same results are expected here that have justified the term "Lighthouse" for the workshops in France and have given St. Dunstan's, the home of the British war blind, the name of "the happiest house in London."

The third stage of reconstruction is the continuation of reeducation in special schools, and the fourth is the retrained man's placement—the civil side of the problem. At this third stage in all the countries except Bel-

the mayor of Lyons, was trying to find a way to connect supply and demand. M. Basèque was the link, and the now famous "École Joffre" for war cripples was soon established. It now has an agricultural branch at Tourvielle, a suburb of Lyons, and there are in France over a hundred centers of reeducation in which the disabled are successfully trained in accounting, cobbling, bookbinding, shoemaking, woodwork, mechanical drafting, tailoring, gardening, farming, etc.

The work in England—not until the third year of war fully nationalized—is under the Pensions Ministry. Much of the training is done through the established trade schools where, however, the crippled men are taught in separate classes, not with the schoolboys. They learn all sorts of things—printing, polishing, metal work, building construction, electrical fitting, machine tool-work, carpentry. One interesting exception to the rule of separate teaching

France Service, American Red Cross.



Italy Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men

Italians ready for farm work. Note that the working apparatus in this case is attached to the hip.

A French soldier with a double forearm amputation who is equipped, by means of special hooks, to carry on gardening.

is a crafts-school for deformed children from the London slums, where every crippled soldier has a child similarly crippled assigned to him as an "orderly," and the teaching is by "co-education." In several countries a point is made of employing crippled teachers. Imagine the enheartenment to a newly maimed man of receiving instruction from one who was in his own helpless plight only a few months before. There is a similar value in employing limbless men in the manufacture of legs and arms—one of the favored forms of occupation. The limbs have to be fitted where they are made, and the crippled men gain hope and confidence when sent for equipment to men like themselves.

Canada has the distinction of having seen from the first that reconstruction is a clear national obligation. She has in her Government a Department of Soldiers' Civil Reestablishment, with its own War Minister, working through the Invalided Soldiers' Commission.

There are numerous training-shops: Toronto has a factory, three times enlarged, for the making of artificial limbs; Ontario, a well-equipped school for teaching massage to the blind; and in the west courses in the operation of agricultural tractors have put men back on to the land.

Even more definitely than other countries, Italy, in undertaking the care of her cripples, has done something brand new. In Italy a cripple has been only too generally a beggar. Under a national federation a number of volunteer committees have been united for this work, and in fine old Italian palaces the old Italian handicrafts—wood-inlay, carving, stamped leather, wrought iron, cabinet-making—are getting fresh life; while the modern training in agriculture is carrying modern ideas into communities where there hasn't been a new notion in farming since Virgil's time.

It is rather a surprise to find that Germany does not make trade education compulsory, and that the work is administered on the half-and-half system, part national, part private. Physical reconstruction was promptly met by the turning over of fifty-eight homes belonging to the peace-time German Association for the Care of Cripples. A great school at Düsseldorf stresses—as does England—electrical training, as well as machine tool-work and building trades.

Obviously it is important that the trades chosen for teaching shall be standard and stable; trades that are not on the down-grade; that account shall be taken of present boom conditions in certain industries. For instance, the British Pensions officials

have warned against training men as automobile drivers because, after the war, the motor-transport service will release thousands of trained able-bodied men to this work. Repairing for garages is a more suitable occupation in the same field.

The disabled man must make his own free individual choice, but under the direction of a capable vocational director. If possible, he should return to the field he has left; if not to the same job or kind of job, at least to one in which his former experience will count. A journeyman bricklayer who has lost an arm may take a course in architectural drafting and become construction foreman of a bricklaying gang. A crippled train-hand may become a telegrapher. But of course thousands have gone to war too young to have acquired a trade or a craft, and must be given complete education. It will be a fine thing if out of all this pain and despair shall come new chances for boys who have been forced out of school into unskilled, ill-paid work. It will be a fine thing if, as seems very certain, the reconstruction of war cripples shall give a tremendous impetus to the salvage of industrial cripples. It's on the way. As a hopeful sign, Canada has under consideration the inclusion of "industrial soldiers" in the war provision—munition workers, railway and shipyard employees.

After the training—running from three months to a year—comes the final stage—placement. Here is another demand for all the skill and tact and wisdom that social agents can summon. Patriotic enthusiasm and sympathy will get the man his first job. But they won't hold him if he is incompe-

tent or unfit—we aren't like that. And that is why, above all else, the training must be thorough, the placement careful and wise. There must be no more cripples. For the work they attempt, the disabled men must be—able!

How many?

No one can know. But Dr. C. A. Prosser, director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, has recently said: "Canada has sent about 250,000 men across the water. One per cent. of the 250,000 is 2,500. They have had about 2,400 men in training. That is where I get my coefficient that one per cent. of the men overseas will need vocational rehabilitation, and it agrees very closely with what we get from Great Britain."

It must be faced—by every one. By the Government—to give us a strong central organization, insure maintenance for the man and his family during training, and give preference to the disabled soldiers and sailors in Civil Service appointments. By all the social agencies fitted to cooperate. By employers, who must stand ready to sacrifice old states of mind and take extra trouble to help make adjustments. By the families of the men, who must endure the additional separation and who should be as proud to see their men courageously put themselves back into constructive life as they were to see them go out with the flag. By all of us—taking a sane, sound attitude toward the "recalled."

It must be faced by the men themselves who, when all has been done that can be done, when they have met every demand on their manhood, still have to bear for always a burden we can only help lift.



Courtesy Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men.

Disabled Canadian soldiers learning poultry-farming in the military hospital at Calgary. Many kinds of disablement are not readily visible—for instance, tuberculosis, "shell shock," and other forms of neuroses.

The DUCHESS of SIONA

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THE young and beautiful Beatrice is Duchess of Siona, a hill town of fourteenth-century Italy. The Sionese are heavily taxed by the Lord Malatesta, who had conquered the city when Beatrice was but a girl of fifteen. Her memory of that terrible conquest and the slaughter that resulted has made her cold and relentless. She hates all men and refuses to marry, although on his deathbed her father exacted the promise from her to allow any man who came courting her a month's grace before she gave him her answer. The rule she has laid down for her suitors discourage men from trying their luck and after three years no more suitors come to Siona.

But now, if ever, Siona needs a strong man's hand. Malatesta doubles his taxes and demands a levy of men. And there are threats of rebellion among the guilds. Meantime, Guilielmo, Malatesta's son, wanton, cruel, and a coward, sends a messenger to demand the Duchess in marriage. Beatrice is still quivering from her indignant refusal of this proposal, when a lover is announced, the first in a year.

The Duchess hastens to put on her court robes and in the company of her chancellor enters the room of state where already the court is assembled. However, the suitor who bears himself as a gentleman, proves to be no more than a man without title, by name "just Pedro". The Duchess is so enraged at what she deems his insolence that she gives him to the city mob to punish as they choose, although she forbids his death. While the mob without the castle are having their way with Pedro, Beatrice in great agitation meets a deputation of dyers under her Uncle Gonzalo.

CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)

"NOT another word. I have heard all I wish to. Now take my answer. Show me rebellion as you threaten—"

"No threat, Madam."

"Silence. Threat, I say. I can and will deal with all such without mercy. Last year's arrears of taxes must be paid within a month. Of this year's, a half within three months. The rest at my Chancellor's direction."

They murmured, looking at one another.

She went on: "For the outrage this morning I fine your guild two thousand crowns," the murmur swelled louder—"to be paid within two weeks. When all is paid, and not before, you may have audience with me again, setting out your grievances, giving me figures for the past five years of your trade. That is all for you, Gonzalo. You take advantage of my difficulties to plot against me."

"I work no plots. If I come as spokesman it is because I am pressed to do so."

"How came these men, coming to me on a matter of their trade, to choose you for a spokesman? What do you know of dyeing? I say behind all this I see you at work. You gull these men and work for your own ends. And are you their strong man?" Her lip curled. "Well, we'll see who's strongest. Take my warning. You and these men between you may well bring the whole city to disaster. That shall not be. I will watch you and on plain proof of further mischief-making on your part I will forget all relationship and deal with you as I would any other disturber here. Now beware."

She rose. The tradesmen still lingered, defiance not quite open hinting itself in glance, pose, mutterings. The

Chancellor beckoned them away. Still they stood. He clapped his hands. The door at the end of the hall opened and a tall pikeman stood, motionless. They moved reluctantly, Gonzalo among them.

The Duchess waited calm and unmoving. Gonzalo turned as he walked away.

"What luck," he threw out, "had ever city ruled by a barren woman?"

The insult was gross. She never moved, only her face paled a little. The Chancellor, scandalized, pushed at the group. It melted through the doorway; the door closed.

She came down from the chair; the Chancellor would have spoken but she made a little gesture to stop him. "Not now, not now." A little pause, then—"I could have struck Gonzalo. See to it that the fine is paid."

He bowed. "Expect trouble."

"I expect it, but we must meet it. We can not yield here."

She went out of the hall. The Chancellor stared very blankly in front of him for a second or two, then went his way. Out of that disorderly parley one sentence stuck in his mind and continually presented itself in the forefront of his musings. "It needs a man here."

When the Duchess left the hall she went her way to her garden. She was tired; this day had been packed indeed. The sudden revelation of rebellion brooding in the town, the fresh impost from Malatesta, the infamy of Guilielmo's message and present, the fantastic impertinences of the claim of this man Pedro, to be allowed to pay his addresses, his reckless defiance and boastings, the final insult of her uncle's—momentarily she wondered why she should take it as an insult, since it was true and a matter of her deliberate choice—and in front of all these—dominating every mental image in clearness

and forbidding reality, that horrible business of the punishment.

She saw again the tattered figure hauled along by the rope, heard the brutal jeers, caught sight of the bleeding body, saw the thing in the moat, herself stooping to look into the dying face so pitifully anguished. It was unbearable. As she entered the garden, passing through her bedroom, out on to the terrace through the great hanging of silk over the open doorway, and so down by the steps hewn out of the rock into the coolness of the garden, she struck her hands together and with a mental effort threw off the depressing thoughts that seemed to crowd round her like vultures about a sick and helpless man.

Under the cedar her ladies were grouped, stooping in sympathy round one of them sitting crouched on the seat, staring at nothing, her hands clutched to her breast. It was Giolina.

The Duchess hurried to them. "What is it—what is the matter?"

Giolina looked at her but made no answer.

"What is it, Adelaide?"

"She has had bad news."

"Of—of Francis?"

"Yes. The fight at Guerrada ford —"

"Was Francis there?"

"Yes."

"With whom—Foresi?"

"No, Malatesta."

Giolina spoke, dully, in anguish, her young face a-quiver. "When he left me it seems he went to Missona and took service with Malatesta. He was in the fight at Guerrada."

"Was he hurt?" The girl made no answer. Francesca spoke.

"They say he was struck down, in the river."

"Wounded?"

"I tell her, no more than wounded."

No, he's dead. Drowned. My

Francis! Oh, let me alone, I know it."

"No, no, Giolina dear, only wounded. He was saved, somewhere. He'll come back. Oh, believe it." Francesca held her, imploringly.

"They have no news of him. He's dead—the river took him. Oh God, and I was unkind to him." The girl spoke in a passion of remorse. She was tearless, and shaking.

Beatrice's heart filled with pain. "Go, dear, go, Giolina. You, Francesca, Ada, go with her. Take her to her room." She kissed the girl's impassive cheek. "Hope, child, believe!"

Wordless, the little figure moved away, Francesca and Ada by her side, looking at one another, helplessly. What could they say?

The Duchess seated herself among the remaining ladies.

There was some attempt at conversation, but before long it was evident to them and to her that she was not for company. They looked at each other, she caught the glance and answered it. "I know," she said, "I would rather be alone." They went away.

Evening closed, the sun dipped behind the pile of the west castle, the garden fell into cool shadow. Still she sat motionless under the cedar. She had fallen asleep.

She was wakened by a hand on hers. "Madam," Adelaide was saying: "Excellency——"

"What is it?" she sat up, half asleep still. It was almost dark. There were figures about her, many of her ladies, and others. "Excellency, the man—the man of this morning—the lover——"

"Stop!" She was full of anger. She would have no more of this. "Adelaide, you, all of you, understand, I forbid that you ever again refer to this morning. Nothing in word or look from any of you shall ever recall to me——" she hesitated, why were they staring at her? "Recall to me——" they were staring at something behind her, "the man who——" she turned.

THERE, a pace or so ahead of a group of her guards stood a man, alert, head held high, black-haired, black eye-browed, tanned of skin. On one side of his nose was a neat cross of sticking-plaster; another long strip crossed down one side of his forehead and ended below his cheek-bone. One eye gloomed at her from out of a blackened cavern. The rest of his face was swollen and discolored. That in spite of this disfigurement of his features the whole countenance was invested with something of dignity says much for the pride, even majesty, of his general deportment, which could so carry off a headpiece mishandled almost into caricature.

As he moved, there appeared to be something wrong with his left leg. A limp, painful, one judged, seemed to be repressed here. About his person a cloak of handsome color and expensive

material was draped in a peculiar style. It was looped and twisted about him in an arrangement of folds so evidently carefully planned that one guessed—one guessed—Beatrice guessed, and correctly, too. She guessed that thus were cunningly concealed rents and tatters in the underman that a hasty mending had not sufficed to render sufficiently inconspicuous to meet the critical eye.

She flushed crimson, she made a step toward him. "You!" she cried, "you—you—here again!"

He commenced a magnificent bow, checked it with a sudden groan of pain under his breath, lifted a brown and sinewy hand that deprecated at once the twin hostilities of her voice and manner.

"Excellency," he began.

"Be silent."

He bowed again—with more caution this time and a gingerly hand on his back. "In that case, your Grace, without further parley——"

"Parley!"

"I stand aside, begging your Grace to be so kind as to greet my young friend and master the Count Amati Grifonetto di Riccioli, son of the Hereditary Podesta of Astoretto, nephew of Taddeo Baglione of Perugia, who craves the honor of admission to that quest of your Grace's favor which it seems is reserved for gentlemen of his breeding."

He stepped aside, waving his hand expansively. From out of the eclipse of Pedro's cloak, stepped a young man, fair haired, slender, elegant in face, figure, and dress, who hand on heart, bowed in admirable fashion before her.

Beatrice caught her breath, began to speak—"Sir, I am amazed, I am most—I do not—Sir, you will be welcomed——" she could not collect her thoughts. She was flustered, angry, startled.

One attempt she made to assert herself. She stepped a pace toward the intolerable man of the morning, now so exasperatingly here again.

"You!" she cried. "You at least I will deal with——" He stopped her.

"Excellency, forbear. Spare yourself the vexation of giving utterance to threats impossible of execution."

"Impossible—you shall see how impossible."

He soothed her, provokingly. "I quite understand, your Grace, yet what you contemplate is impossible. I am no ordinary man."

She panted. "What, in Heaven's name, are you?"

He bowed again. "At the present moment, Madam, a herald."

"A herald! Whose herald?"

"My master's." He waved again in the direction of the elegant youth. "His Grace has been good enough to appoint me to that service in this important matter. In that capacity I address you, my manhood merged in my office, my person sacred!"

She made an attempt to speak, found

no words. She dropped the Count a courtesy, stamped her foot at Pedro, ran up the steps; across the terrace, pulled aside the silk hanging over the doorway, disappeared into her bedroom.

I warned you that she came badly out of this. The plain fact of the matter is that the Duchess of Siona on this occasion ran away.

CHAPTER FIVE

Pedro Lays a Plan

HIGH up on Monte Rossi, Siona's guardian mountain, below its almost perpetual cap of snow, grows a beech wood, a great necklet of trees. These trees are giants not so much in height as in girth and spread of branch, and in their monstrous roots which sprawl outwards and grip at the rocky ground like huge clutching fingers.

On that same day when Siona market bubbled so merrily for one glorious hour, it being August and but little after midday, the sun shone down almost perpendicularly on this beech wood, and burning spears of sunlight stabbed down through the gloom beneath the branches and made brilliant patches of color on the ferns and boulders lying among the tree roots.

At one part of the wood the death and downfall by lightning-stroke of one of the giants of the wood had left a clearing. The stricken stump left standing, riven and barkless, was no more than ten feet or so in height, and one or two withered branches projected upwards at a slant for a few feet higher. By this tree leant a handsome young man, not much over twenty one would judge, tall, slender and elegant in face, bearing and dress. This last was not complete. His tunic was lacking, and if you looked about you you could have seen that this, with his sword and knife, his hat and cloak, lay among the ferns not very far away.

With a fair shirt of linen, snowy white, opened to display a handsome neck, he leant against the blasted beech trunk and stared straight before him with an air of such arresting melancholy that any woman would have desired to linger to question him. He knew that; he felt indeed regret at the thought that here he was not in the least likely to meet with questioning from a woman or even a man. He had the wood he felt positively to himself, and though he told himself that this was exactly as he would have wished, nevertheless at the back of his mind he felt sorry, even aggrieved. As he stood, there was borne to him faintly the sound of the distant passage of feet among the boulders lower down the hill, a swish as of movement among the ferns, then, nearer, the noise of one who as he approached was panting, almost sobbing, and stumbling.



The Duchess hurried to them. "What is it—what is the matter?"

From among the trees appeared a man, coming toward him unsteadily. He peeped around the tree at the newcomer. He was a tallish man, some years older than himself, dark, with long black hair, an olive complexion, black eyes and eyebrows and with a very thunderstorm in his countenance.

But what caught most the eye of the young man was his terrible condition. He was soaked through as is the carcass of some drowned sailor, he was bleeding at the forehead, in addition to being badly bruised about the rest of his face. His clothes were rags, through gaping rents in which his body showed cruelly slashed and wealed as if with merciless handling. His nostrils quivered, his lips trembled, his brows were drawn up in agony; pain and rage had him for their own.

This formidable looking man came stumbling on, but as he neared the beech tree he stayed his steps, and turned to look back where, far below, from this open space in the wood you might see the city of Siona sweltering—its gray and white houses, the great circle of wall, and its grim castle, all

held in the loop the river makes there as it winds its way between the foot of Monte Rossi and the plain of Aquiloja.

A moment he surveyed the town, then, heaving up a clenched fist, "To hell with Siona!" says he, and again, "To hell with Siona, and its damned, thrice damned Duchess." And with that he turned away with a little catch of his breath, and walking on, his foot caught in a finger of the beech tree's roots, and as if without energy to recover his balance, he let himself half fall, half settle down on his hands to his full length, lying there face downwards, panting like a man at the last extremity of exhaustion.

With that the young man by the tree trunk leant forward to get a better look at him, but suddenly drawing back his elegant head as if offended, "My good friend," says he, "you appear to be in distress, and I have no wish to seem unsympathetic, yet candor compels me to tell you that you stink so abominably that I shall require you to shift yourself down wind."

At his first syllable the man on the ground stayed his audible panting, and rolled swiftly over on to his back, so

that he could gaze straight up into the face of the speaker. Then, deciding that an answer was needed, he spoke.

"Sir," says he, "whoever you are, if I offend your nostrils so much as I do my own I am sorry. Nevertheless I must tell you that having once decided to rest here it is my firm intention not to move hand or foot however civilly I may be asked. Therefore let me beg you not to put me to the pain of moving, but in God's name stir yourself, go up wind, and leave me alone." With this he drooped his head on one side and closed his eyes.

At this speech, delivered most aggressively but with a certain cold finality that might well irritate, the young man frowned.

"If I had time," said he, "if my mind were not fixed upon a matter of higher importance, I might delay to question your impudence as to how you came to be in this case. But inasmuch as I have chosen this spot in order to be alone, and as moreover I came here first, and as further your offensiveness to the eye, the ear and the nose in no wise diminishes on closer acquaintance, you must see that I do no more than is reasonable



With that the black-haired, bedraggled man among the ferns jerked himself up into a sitting posture, and stared very straight at the young man.

in requesting you to remove yourself from this vicinity."

A speech so polite merited a polite answer. Instead, the uncivil fellow in the rags, without so much as shifting hand or foot, nay, with not so much as opening his eyes, but merely the lips of him, made answer: "Yap! Yap! Yap! My good lad, go yap elsewhere. You annoy me."

Instantly he got an answer of the right spirit. "I warn you that if you—and your rags—do not remove themselves instantly, I shall give you a fellow-beating to the one you have already suffered—and for no worse reason."

Now with that the black-haired, bedraggled man among the ferns jerked himself up into a sitting posture, and stared very straight at the young man.

"Not so free with your promises of beatings. Moreover," here he gave a bitter little laugh—"I defy any one man to inflict upon another such beating as the one I have already suffered. Good sir, can you wield one hundred sticks at once? Ha! Can you fling five hundred stones at a time? Or bite like fifty cursed curs? And above all, can

you contrive to sicken the very soul of a man as with the accursed stink and taste of the damndest moat of all the damned moats in Christendom?"

He said this with such a queer mixture of rage and humor, as though he found something to laugh at in spite of his pain, and a joke in his rags and bleeding, that in spite of himself the younger man could not but feel interested.

"I know few moats that allure," he answered, "but which was this?"

"That pestilential pool," said the other, "that reeks round the castle walls of Siona."

"I do not know it," rejoined the young man. "It is probably no worse than another. But I gather that you were thrown in, and I can well suppose that some prejudice on your part is natural. But who gave the order for this?"

The man among the ferns, lying on his elbow, gave utterance to a sort of suppressed chuckle, which however he suddenly cut short with a vindictive snort. "From the alacrity with which it was done, and the eagerness displayed

to do the job thoroughly, you might have imagined that the order came from the Throne of Grace itself. But as a matter of fact the order was issued by her Excellency the Duchess of Siona."

"And why—what had you been at?"

The tattered man sat with his elbows on his knees, scowling at the ground between his feet. "Because I was a fool," he said, "and the Duchess knows how to deal with fools."

"Well, well," said the young man, "after all, if you were indeed a fool, as you seem to admit, and I may say there's a candor about you that likes me well—if indeed your own folly brought you to this pass, then the whole thing's your affair. Nevertheless I could wish that the Duchess had either reserved your ducking till to-morrow, or else sent you into her moat to-day with sufficient of stone around your neck to prevent your coming up here to make yourself a nuisance to me."

"In short, my good man," he continued, with a superior touch of lofty impudence, "in short, up with you and go your ways, you and your dog-bites and



Filipo blanched before the face of fury, stepped nimbly back, his hand swept to his sword hilt, half drew the blade, and then two hands, merciless, iron, had his throat.

your bruises, which I make no doubt you well deserve. But see, yonder as you go you will find something you may take with you—meat and wine I brought here with me but have no appetite for, my sword, my hat, my cloak, my purse with a stock of coins. I give them to you. Take them, eat, feast, squander the money, but away from here. Let me see no more of you.”

Now at this, not unnaturally, the other began to look astonished. First he stared where the young man pointed, and there sure enough were lying in the fern at the root of another tree the cloak and the hat and a mighty fine sword hilt showing out of a handsome scabbard, and a purse, and a package that meant eatables, and a flask of wine to round the little collection off. From these he looked back and up at the young man. “Sir,” said he, “all this is a little bewildering as you’ll admit. My brain is not so stiff as my body, nevertheless, give me a moment to think. This bequest—” at this word he broke off suddenly, and looked most curiously up at the young man.

“Ha!” says he, “bequest? Is that

it? Is this a will you make? Young man, give me leave to ask,” very earnestly—“you do not look like a dying man; what’s in your mind?”

All the young man’s good temper blazed out and away. “It is in my mind,” says he, stamping his foot, “to revoke my bequest, and bestow on you the beating I spoke of. Fellow, you disturb me. Rouse, take what I offer, quit this place on the instant, and keep your cursed curiosity to yourself.”

With that, the fellow among the tree roots, seeing by this proper haughtiness as well as by the young man’s dress that he had indeed a gentleman to deal with, was wise enough to make no more bones about doing as he was told.

“Sir,” he said, rising slowly, “have your own way. I am a soldier, and can obey orders, particularly when the pay’s so handsome.” He started to walk away, but no sooner had he taken a step than he clapped his hand to his left knee and stood still, his forehead wrung with pain. “Oh, my God!” he said as if to himself, “have they lamed me? What—lame? I!” He stared

blankly at the young gentleman as if slowly taking in the sense of a great disaster, then, stooping, and putting his left foot to the ground very gingerly, he limped across to the next tree. There he turned, and addressing the other, “Sir,” said he with something of a groan, “this knee of mine’s at fault. I can scarcely put one foot before the other. Let me to rest here—I am well down wind, and whatever’s your whim, never fear interference from me.”

You may judge for yourself whether after all the young man was very angry at having a second party thus thrust upon his purposes. At any rate he mused with himself openly, leaning against the blasted beech and looking afar with a rapt expression on his face: “If I were a man of smaller soul than I am, I should refuse this request, requiring for myself all the spiritual exaltation the undisturbed contemplation of such a majestic scene as this might bring to souls of the second order. Only among such scenes can ordinary spirits find strength and inspiration, depending as they do not on an inward greatness but on such strength as their

outward circumstances may impute. But these considerations I leave to lesser minds," he went on proudly. "Mine, lapped in its own serenity, can dispense with them, and even at this last can suffer, and ignore, the gaze of the vulgar. Therefore, fellow," he went on, turning with a sublime gesture to the cripple six yards away, who all this time was regarding him attentively, "therefore, providing you have sufficient self-control——"

"Sir," the other assured him, eagerly, "I have self-control enough for every occasion."

"Very well then," said the young gentleman, with a touch of disappointment in his voice, "remain here then, eat, drink and be merry, for shortly—I die." These last two words he said with a bitter little laugh.

"Sir," said the other bowing as he sat, "you make me indeed your debtor. I am very much obliged to you. To such a one as myself, accustomed to dive into the inner meaning of things, this tragic end of yours can not fail to be one of the greatest interest."

With that, lifting himself on his hands he began to pick out a comfortable seat for himself among the tree roots where lay the sword and the other things the young man had bequeathed to him. He pressed down the ferns, pulled away a small stone or so, leaned comfortably against the tree trunk, and lifted up the sword and the cloak, the purse, the packages of meat and the flask, which he put handily near him. Being now disposed as cozily as he seemed to think the circumstances permitted, "Truly," he said, with a smile of great gratification, "I am fortunate. Strangely enough I meet here with an experience that is altogether new to me. I have hanged men in my time with these hands and have seen many a man hanged, though not by me, and if it comes to that I have before now chanced on the bodies of men who had hanged themselves, yet never till this moment have I had the luck to witness this actual deed of a man's hanging himself. I suppose," he said musingly, "there's something or other inherent in this act of self-destruction that urges even the rarest minds to privacy."

ONE can well imagine that talk of this kind would not be the pleasantest to the young man, who, looking very black over his shoulder at the other, "Fellow," he says, "mark me well. I want no chatter."

"My lord," replied the dark man, amiably, "I will be silent. You must know that I am by nature cursed with a fluidity of diction that I control with difficulty, much as I regret it. Though mind you, with this quick habit of speech there goes in me also a rapidity of thought that would save me in your estimation, if you knew me better, from

the imputation of being a mere chatterer. Let me point out to you——"

"Good God!" said the young man in great vexation, "will you never have done? Understand me, you may wait and watch, but I command you in that case to be silent."

On this "dark face" by an effort ceased to speak, compelling his lips as it were to remain shut, crossing his feet as he sat, holding his elbows in his hands, and merely looking on. The young man now paced slowly round the tree, staring up at its few shattered and stumpy branches, and presently he selected one as being suitable to his purpose. This he straddled across, then slipping his hand into his breeches pocket he drew out a pair of horse-reins. He rolled back further the collar of his white linen shirt, and round his neck he threw the reins in a noose. This, slowly. And still more slowly he tied the other end of the reins round the branch on which he was sitting. Then, being come, in more senses than one, to the end of his tether, and having nothing now to do but let himself drop from the branch, he sat there looking decidedly distressed, and at last stared without speaking at the dark-faced man, who all this time had been watching him intently with never a trace of a smile.

But now he got to his feet, and walking over painfully to the tree till he stood almost under the branch on which the young man sat, "Sir," says he, "a moment."

To be truthful, one would admit that a gleam of something like relief passed over the face of the young man. Nevertheless, "I thought," said he, "that I told you to be silent."

"True," says the other. "But it suddenly occurs to me that it is customary in all such sorrowful scenes as this that there should be, if not a written document, at least a verbal message, confided to an attentive ear, which should make plain the reason for the act. Have you made this provision?"

"I have not," answered the young man.

"Then in that case you leave all to be guessed at."

"What matters? Those who know me may surmise that something of the sense of the futility of life, the uselessness of endeavor, the vanity of mere achievement, brought me at last to this contemptuous renunciation." He said this in the grandest manner imaginable, and it sounded very fine; nevertheless the other raised his eyebrows and made the queerest face.

"They may surmise that? Believe me, sir, they won't. It will be something altogether less sublime. A fit of temper, an affair with a woman gone awry, pique at a rival's success in some trumpery ambition, anything in short to raise a laugh."

"A laugh!" exclaimed the young man, greatly pained. "The devil! You are spoiling my morning. Why do you come here with these disconcerting suggestions? All this means nothing more nor less than that you want to reason with me—and I will not be reasoned with."

"Reason!" said the other; "you'll be accusing me of common sense next. No, I seek your confidence only that the world, through me, may become acquainted with the greatness of your motives."

"A wider freedom?" repeated the other respectfully interested.

"WHERE fresher, keener experiences, may engage a spirit that turns in weariness from the stale and vulgar commonplaces that are all this earthly existence has to offer."

"Profound—ah, profound!" said the other, wagging his head from side to side in admiration, and looking profound himself. He took a halting pace or two backward and forward, his head stooped, his hands clasped behind his back, then, looking up, he said, "the uselessness of endeavor, the vanity of mere achievement—I see. You have endeavored, you have achieved. You have ravaged empires, founded no doubt a dynasty or two, turned the philosophies topsy-turvy, made and unmade popes, and now, like all wise men, you come to the discovery that the fun of life's not worth the trouble. Good." He mused a little. "Young gentleman, how old are you?"

"I am twenty-three."

"Twenty-three—a ripe old age. And I can see that yours is not the temper to consent to cling to mere existence like a slug on a cabbage. Ah, youth, youth, the golden age that you and I have left behind! Now I am thirty-three, a century older than you, life's crest climbed and now left far behind me." He sighed deeply, hitched up his tattered tunic on to his shoulders, winced at the pain, rubbed his knee, leaned himself against a huge boulder half buried in ferns among the roots of the dead beech, and, more now at his ease, addressed the young man above him in firm and confident tones, accompanying his remarks with ample and expressive gestures.

"At much your age, I, too, had seen the vanity, the hollow mockery of an existence, the emptiness of life when once we pass the fatal—twenty—shall we say? I agree with you, sir, age is a melancholy thing. And if I have borne the burden more patiently than you, I must own that fate has been kinder to me than to you, for I am poor, with all my fortune under my hat—when I had a hat—and in my scabbard, while you, I dare swear, are sadly handicapped by fortune, for I guess you noble?"

Original from *Continued on page 109*

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A translation of the circular in full is as follows:

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

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BELGIUM

(Continued from page 28)

that he knew, and of which I was not aware. I turned the corner into the Rue Lambermont; I went around by the Palace and past the Ministry of Industry, where von der Lancken had the enormous German imperial flag with the black eagle floating from the staff over his window, and in the clear cold winter sunset there were thousands and thousands of starlings, a great aerial army of them, spread out like an enormous fan; they rose and fell in graceful maneuvers and whirled and turned round and round over the park. I am glad that there were no sentinels around the starlings. They could fly up and away.

There were always stories of boys and men who had succeeded in crossing the frontier, and stories of boys and men who had not succeeded but had been shot by sentinels or killed by the highly charged electric wires. Every mother in Brussels with a son growing up was trembling and dreading the day when he would be big enough in his own eyes to serve, dreading the night when he would go away. Besides these lads, whose patriotism was so beautiful, there were soldiers of other armies. After the battles of August near Mons hundreds of English and French soldiers were left behind in retreat, and all winter they hid in the woods, enduring untold miseries, and now they were escaping, too; one man was said to have shown two hundred the way across the frontier into Holland.

There was another movement, coming in the opposite direction, groups of men in utter misery—the Belgian civilian prisoners who, having been sent to prison camps in Germany during the atrocities, were now being sent back. They came, pale and spectral figures, wasted beyond recognition, having subsisted in those German camps on but soup; tattered demalions in the rags of the summer garments they had worn when they were herded into cattle-cars for their exile in that terrible August, and, as a last indignity, with one side of their faces shaven, the other heavily bearded.

LXI

THERE was but one Belgian at the concert at La Monnaie that evening, though there were enough Germans then in town to fill the theatre; and if the Kaiser was not present the Governor-General was there to represent him, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and all the boxes were filled with officers. Le Jeune, the barber, who had an all-wise air of knowing everything, confided to me that they had committed all kinds of indecencies, and though in this, of course, he was

wholly mistaken, he did represent the attitude of his class toward the auditors of that music, which a year before all Brussels would have crowded to hear. The one Belgian who was present was a professor, curiously enough, of moral philosophy, a great lover of music, who had perhaps forgetfully gone that night, and the day after he paid for his thoughtlessness, if it were that, by having his position in a school instantly taken from him by the directors.

It was about that time that M. Lemonnier, the acting Burgomaster, was having some of that trouble which was so constantly his in the hard position he had to fill as the successor of Max. He filled it gallantly, simply, and well, even if there were always many of those critical persons, numerous in all human agglomerations, who felt themselves better qualified to discharge public functions than those invested with them. It was difficult enough, of itself, to be the successor of Max, whose popularity grew each day of his absence, and at the same time successfully to resist the incessant encroachments of the Germans, and to assure the continuance of that independent communal life which was the pride of every Belgian. But M. Lemonnier bore that unequal burden patiently and bravely, bore it for two years and a half, until, broken in health, he, too, joined that patriotic colony in German prisons.

The trouble M. Lemonnier was in just then had no relation to the concert; it concerned Belgians who had left the country. The German authorities had imposed a special tax on all the English citizens who had left, and the College of Aldermen had protested against the measure. The Germans, of course, would not yield, and had ordered the Burgomaster to prepare and to deliver to them a list of all the absent, which he had refused to do.

Then, too, the question of the salute to be given by the policemen to the German officers had come up again. In ordinary times the Belgian policemen do not salute anybody except their own superior officers, not even the Burgomaster, though they always saluted the American flag when it passed by. On the demand of the German authorities, instructions had been given to them to salute German officers, but the Germans complained that when they did salute, they did not salute properly, the hand was not held in the proper position, or something of the sort; the policemen did not understand the technique of the matter at all.

Life indeed was made up of such vexations, whether one were Burgomaster or policeman or minister; and if one were minister, one could scarcely go to

see a friend without being called out from one salon, where there was discussion of the troubles of the day before or those that were anticipated for the morrow, into another to hear the latest trouble of that very moment. It was usually some one who had just been arrested, and wished aid before he should be taken off to Germany. Perhaps it was a banker, as in the case of Mr. Goldschmidt, who was sent away without a trial or any judgment—other than that the secret police pronounced before they seized him; or perhaps it was only the boy from Dinant who had his foot shot off during the horrors there, and had been arrested for telling what he had seen.

THERE was little one could do, and in most cases nothing, but in the endless succession of little tragedies, there was a constant call on the sympathies that I should like to think was not often failing. There were always ladies whose country homes had been occupied; their stories were chiefly a repetition of the same acts of boorishness, but there was one about that time whose husband had been arrested by the Germans for some petty offense, and had been taken away; after many days of ignorance and uncertainty, they reported to her that he had committed suicide in prison, which she did not believe, but suspected a darker tragedy.

There was, too, the Chevalier Van A—standing there in the hall one morning, just released from the *Kommandantur*, where he had served a six weeks' sentence for having written letters to some one at Havre. He had come to thank me for the effort I had made in conjunction with Villalobar to have him released.

The poor little Chevalier was much shaken by his experience, and he had had, from all accounts, a terrible time. He was confined in a room where there were no comforts or conveniences, with all sorts and conditions of men, many of them with loathsome diseases. After some weeks of this, he complained, and was then confined with those who had what are called "nervous diseases," which he said meant that they were half mad; and that was even worse, so that he nearly went mad himself.

"And all that," he said, "for a trifle."

I was very sorry for the little fellow. The *Kommandantur* was a terrible place, and long years will not suffice to assemble and recount all its horrors and injustices; and some of them will never be told, but will be lost in that dark oblivion where it hurried so many scores and hundreds of its victims.

LXII

THE new Governor-General had not only reaffirmed all the assurances given by von der Goltz Pasha regarding the relief work, but when the Baron von der Lancken returned from a visit to Berlin, he brought welcome news. On the day of his return, when I conferred with him there in his office in the Ministry of Industry, he told me that the Governor-General would enlarge the assurances given by his predecessor. Not only would none of the imported foodstuffs be seized, but no foodstuffs of any kind that would have to be replaced by imports would be requisitioned, even for their horses and cattle. The Governor-General had already issued orders to that effect; he was ready to put it all in writing for us, and the Baron concluded, spreading his hands wide in a gesture that seemed to comprehend every facility:

"You may establish any sort of control you desire."

I said, of course, that the word of the Governor-General would be sufficient, without any written agreement.

The new assurances came at a fortunate moment, for there was criticism of the work outside, and constantly reiterated statements that the Germans were seizing all the food brought in, and that the work ought to be stopped. Over in London, as the telegraph was constantly informing us, Mr. Hoover was having as great difficulties as we were in Brussels. There were a few petty souls who were saying that it was wrong to feed the starving Belgians, because if they were allowed to go hungry long enough they would revolt against the Germans, and they were saying that it was an unneutral act on America's part to feed them, since by so doing we were rendering a service to Germany, not only by removing the danger of Belgian revolt, but by relieving Germany of the responsibility imposed by the conventions of The Hague.

If the Germans considered the relief work as in any wise an aid or comfort to them, they never said so; in fact, every one seemed to hold to the view that in some way it was a great favor to the Americans to let them do the work; that is, every one save the Belgians.

The Germans were already beginning to show feeling against the Americans. They resented the selling of munitions by Americans, which they always insisted upon representing as the sale of munitions by America; and they did not hesitate to bring up the subject with almost any American they met, although none of the Americans then in Belgium were, so far as I know, manufacturing any munitions. If this feeling against the Americans was not allowed to show itself in the attitude of the diplomats, it was shown by others to the delegates of the C. R. B.; if they were not treated as spies, they were

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often made to feel that they were suspected of being spies, or at least potential spies. The German officers with whom they were oftenest brought into contact seemed not to understand or not to appreciate the work America was doing; perhaps it was because they had an obscure sensation that somewhere in the vast scheme there was involved a certain reflection on them, some vague reproach, though the Americans, in their carefully guarded neutrality, tried to let no such sentiment appear. Mr. Hoover himself, in one of those frequent visits he made to Belgium, visits that involved the uncomfortable and dangerous voyage across the North Sea, went to see the Governor-General himself, and came away outraged in feeling, threatening to withdraw from the work and to leave the onus on the Germans. That interview concerned passports—it was before the question was settled—and about the same time he had an interview with a certain captain at the *Pass-Zentrale*, who said to him, point blank:

"What do you Americans get out of this, I should like to know?"

Mr. Hoover looked at him an instant, and his eyes flashed, but he said only this:

"It is absolutely impossible for you Germans to understand that one does anything with pure, disinterested, humanitarian motives, so I shall not attempt to explain it to you."

There was nothing to be done, of course, but to try to realize somehow, and if possible to ignore, the vast gulf that yawned between two irreconcilable points of view, two antipathetic attitudes toward life, and to keep on with the work of feeding the Belgians.

THE control which the Governor-General had so generously offered to permit us to establish as we pleased was to be exercised by the delegates of the American Minister for that purpose, but they could not make their inspections without the passes necessary to enable them to travel about.

The trouble about the passes seemed likely never to end and one of the men of the C. R. B., having occasion to meet the Governor-General, took advantage of the opportunity to raise the subject, saying that the passes given them were often disregarded. The old General pooh-poohed the idea, said it could not be possible; his passes must be and were respected.

"Very well," said the American, "I am going to Bergen-op-Zoom to-morrow; if your Excellency would send a man with me to see."

His Excellency said of course, and the learned *Herr Doktor P*—was detailed to go in civilian clothes. The American and the *Herr Doktor* were furnished with the latest thing in passports, and near the frontier they were promptly halted by soldiers, who ordered them

out of the car, while they began to search it. The *Herr Doktor* protested, showed the pass, but the officer only said, in German:

"Shut up!"

The *Herr Doktor* protested more strongly, and told the officer in more explicit detail who he was, but the only effect of this was to cause the officer to strike the *Herr Doktor* in the face with his fist. Then the *Herr Doktor* was arrested, and when at the *Kommandantur* he began once more those explanations, the officer in charge there shouted:

"*Heraus!*"

The *Herr Doktor* was sent into Antwerp, where after more explanations and more insults he was finally forwarded to Brussels, where at last he was not compelled to hold his mouth. The authorities were furious and threatened all kinds of courts martial and punishments. I never heard whether the courts martial were held or not, or what was done to the truculent officers, but things did go better after this illuminating, if trying, experience of the poor *Herr Doktor*. Every one in the C. R. B. was ultimately provided with great passes of the Governor-General himself—"G-G's" they were called, and much sought after for the sedative effect they exercised on sentinels.

Ere long we learned that it was not enough to feed the Belgians; the French in the invaded portions of their own land were in a condition worse than that of the Belgians. One day a gentleman with white hair and a squarely trimmed gray beard, all dressed in black, came to the Legation; he told me of their pitiable condition. The gentleman was Monsieur Louis Guérin, the *député* for Lille in the French Chamber. He sat there at my table with a dignified sadness in his face, speaking with sympathy of the sorrows of his people, and now and then leaning forward in his eagerness to help them; they were near starvation in his district. Could we help them to obtain food?

It seemed impossible; the task of feeding Belgium was almost beyond human power, and that work seemed to be hanging by very slender threads, with almost insuperable difficulties surrounding it. Even the C. R. B. could not follow in the wake of the German army as it passed over the land, and victual the citizens left behind it! And yet—there was this dignified, saddened *député*, pleading for his people! I could promise no more just then than to discuss the question with the others, and I advised him to see Villalobar and M. Francqui and Mr. Connott, of the C. R. B. I spoke to them all myself and they all, of course, were most sympathetic, but the problem seemed at first insuperable.

When I went, on second thought, to have the assurances lately given by the

Governor-General made precise and reduced to writing, it was to learn that there was some difference of opinion as to just what those assurances were. The Governor-General had been offended because Mr. Hoover had himself gone to Berlin, and hence was not disposed to give official recognition to the Commission for Relief; he recognized only the *Comité National des Secours* and the patronage of Villalobar and myself. Furthermore, he wished me to know that a ship called the *Aymeric*, flying the American flag, loaded with provisions for the Relief, bound from New York to Rotterdam with the flag of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, had put into a British port and there discharged arms and munitions. And, if this were not enough, the wife and daughter of our Consul-General at Brussels, Mr. Watts, had made statements against the Germans, in consequence of which Mr. Watts, just then in Holland, would not be allowed to reenter Belgium; that the Commission for Relief in Belgium cars were flying too many American flags in the faces of German soldiers, etc.

THEN it was that the steamship *Doria* of the Commission for Relief, en route from Halifax to Rotterdam, had debarked arms and ammunition in England. Also the steamship *Calcutta*, likewise from Halifax to Rotterdam, had stopped at an English port and there discharged arms and ammunition. These were a few of the obstacles in the way of a precision of the new guarantees. I had the conviction, even then, that these reports were all erroneous, but I could only assure them that my Government would make an investigation, and observe that it would be easier to feed a lamb confined in a cage with a lion and a tiger, than to try to feed the Belgians with the Germans and the English supervising the task. I told him also that I should not be surprised at any moment to hear that the English had stopped the relief work altogether. "Why?" I was asked.

"Because," I said, and I put it bluntly, "because there are those who say that it is your duty, under the Hague conventions, to feed the Belgians, and that if you allow them to go hungry, they will revolt and rise against you, and thus make your task all the harder."

The Baron von der Lancken raised his hands in horror.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quelle sauvagerie!*" (Heavens, what savagery!)

"Precisely," I said, and left him with this thought to mull over.

In the end, however, the matter of feeding the north of France was arranged, very largely without our direct mediation. Monsieur Guérin had been allowed to make the long journey around from Lille to Paris, and the relief work for the districts in distress

There proved to be, as I had anticipated, no foundation for the belief that the Commission ships were carrying ammunitions; investigation soon cleared up that point; and the members of our Consul's family were duly exonerated of the charge of speaking against the Germans, whatever they may inwardly have felt, and Consul-General Watts could return to Brussels to resume the duties he so bravely and ably discharged in the midst of such trying circumstances.

The Commission even added another to the list of services it was rendering. Lace in Belgium means lace, "real" lace, as we have to say in lands where there are cheap imitations made by machinery, and most of the real lace of the world was made in Belgium, and before the war Queen Elizabeth had interested herself in the plight of the lace-makers. They were Flemish women who worked at home in odd hours, each wearing out her eyes in making one design over and over again. She knew only a monotonous repetition of one single star, or leaf. These parts of designs were collected and assembled by the patron who exploited these women.

They made, perhaps, a franc a day, and when the war came on and no more thread could be obtained, and no lace could be shipped out, there were forty-four thousand lace-workers nearing starvation. The Queen was gone, but the ladies of the committee which her Majesty had organized asked my wife to accept the honorary presidency; assurances were obtained from the Germans, the C. R. B. was authorized to import thread and to export the lace, and the lace industry was placed on a basis it had never before known. It not only saved the lace-workers from their plight, but it released them from their old thralldom to the patrons. The artists of Brussels, under the inspiration of the Comtesse Elizabeth d'Oultremont, the Vicomtesse de Berghem and Madame Josse Allard, who directed the vast enterprise, made new designs, prettier than any lace known before, and each woman was allowed to make a whole piece—which meant emancipation. And not only were the lace-makers given employment, but, what was not less important in its ultimate result, a new esthetic appreciation of this rare and beautiful art was created in America.

LXIII

THE winter was over and spring had come, and, to adapt a phrase from that wonderful first paragraph of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," spring was spring, even in Belgium. In the Place de l'Industrie the young leaves were a vivid green, the soft buds were falling on the damp pavement. The flower-market in the Grand' Place was once more blooming in its brilliant colors. Walk-

ing one morning in the Rue de la Paix, I saw a pretty boy—he could not have been fifteen—playing a guitar; he played it loudly and triumphantly, and it was the prohibited "*Marseillaise*" that he played. Windows were flung up suddenly all along the street, there was delighted laughter and clapping hands, a sudden shower of coins on the sidewalk, and then all the windows were as suddenly closed. Along the Avenue Louise under the budding chestnut trees the whole population seemed to be taking deep inhalations of the spring air, basking in the sunlight after the dreary winter. German soldiers sat before the open cafés drinking beer as though they were quite at home, but the people went on their way calmly as though the soldiers did not exist, a way of sending them to Coventry—the only place, apparently, to which they could send them.

In the Bois the people were rowing on the little lake, youths and maidens were courting, and children playing hide-and-seek among the noble trees. In the Park, old von Bissing, in his bluish-gray coat, with the broad white collar and the red revers, the cap with the red band, and an enormous saber clanking against his boots, accompanied by his aid, was taking the air, walking slowly, stiffly, like an automaton. The spring seemed to have affected him, too, and he was just out in a new *affiche* about the pigeons. In view of the excellent conduct—either of the Belgians or of the pigeons; the *affiche* was not quite definite—the pigeons might fly from three o'clock to six, but at that hour they must all be snugly in their cotes once more. It was a fact, abundantly recognized by all, especially on sunny mornings, that the war would not last another winter; there were innumerable reasons, military, political, financial, dynastic, social, and hope was high; the Allies might arrive at any time!

It was impossible to resist the temptation of the fields, the wistful haze, the warm air, the sky without a cloud—without even the usual ugly German captive balloons to mar it. Every one felt the need of movement, the longing to get away, but since the Brussels folk could not go far—there was always the question of passes which spring itself, alas! could not amend—they would invade the *forêt* in bands on Sundays, and explore all the lovely land toward Tervueren. A few friends and I even ventured out to Ravenstein for a round of golf; true, the course had not been kept up; the two professionals were gone—Prunell in the British army and now a prisoner at Ruhleben; the members were scattered, the grass was long, and few had the heart to play any more. But the old château was a peaceful place of an afternoon; the larks were soaring and singing again, and there were other songs, or one afternoon there was another song, from the road that

lay across the fields toward Tervueren: a procession of children was winding along the road far in the hazy distance; their clear, sweet, childish voices came to us, borne in the breeze—in the strains of "*La Brabançonne*." My companion turned away, biting his lip.

To be sure, we of the legations were shamefully privileged; we could motor where we would, as long as we stayed in the occupation district. Villalobar frequently drove to Namur to inspect the Château de Dave, belonging to his aunt, who had fled before the oncoming tide of war and was in Spain. And now and then I was called by some duty, or if not by duty, by some whim, to Dinant or Louvain or Mons, and the drives never lost their charm. Much of the country about Brussels showed no physical effect of the war, though one could never escape its presence, the grim fact of it, or rid oneself of the depressing preoccupation that all was not well with the world.

ONCE under its influence one can never escape the spell of Belgium, nor wish to do so. It is not only picturesque, but—a detail that picturesqueness in certain other lands too frequently lacks—it is clean; not a fallen twig that is not picked up; the people are scrubbing and polishing all the time. The great Forêt de Soignes, which once had covered with its noble splendor all that land between the city and Tervueren, and south to Waterloo—the Park and Bois in Brussels are remnants of it, and it remains in pristine glory there about Tervueren—had all the enchantment of the Forest of Arden, which was not, after all, so far away; and I recall a sunny day when there at the eight crossroads we turned and went thence on through the woods, with their tender greens and blossoms, and their birds. Far off, falling trunks crashed with a solemn boom. The wily peasants were surreptitiously felling the trees. We went on deeper into the woods of Tervueren, along an avenue of noble pines, low-hanging and cool, like our woods in Michigan, and then out into a new clearing where whole acres of pines had been felled, a sad spectacle; it takes so long to make a tree! The trunks lay in windrows on the ground, the air was laden with the odor of their balsam. The old Flemish woodsman, his hands black with resin, stood a moment to rest, leaning on the ax with which he had been lopping off the boughs, and he explained that the trees were being cut out at the order of the Germans. Where were they to go? He shook his wise old head.

As one drove from Dinant, all along the road from Brussels to Namur and over all the fields were new barbed-wire entanglements and new trenches with little steel turrets, and German soldiers, in the dirty gray uniforms, their guns slung over their backs, bending by the

wayside picking buttercups! The steel turrets were the latest thing in trench warfare, it was said, and they were not altogether unpleasing to the natives since they suggested the possibility of retreat, and gave rise to constant rumors that the Germans were about to fall back along the line of the Meuse. There were ruins, too, at Namur, especially in the Grand' Place, and Dinant was another and a worse Louvain. The charming little village was quite gone; the curious spire, something like a minaret, so familiar in the pictures of the town, had disappeared and in the main quarter the poor people were digging among the ruins, pathetically hunting some souvenir of their broken lives, or, with a courage that was remarkable, perhaps trying to clear away the ruins in order somehow to remake their lives.

We drove on through the town, through the cleft of the Rocher Bayard, and on up the hill. The Meuse flowed below, and two little Walloon children stood staring at us. They were just like the children who were shot that terrible August evening near that very spot, on the shore of the river that flowed by so tranquilly. Fortunately there was some candy to give them.

THERE are many inexplicable injustices under the sun, but none, to my mind, so inexplicable as innocent suffering, the cruelty inflicted on children and animals. I knew a man near Givet, a rocky wooded country beyond Dinant where many of the earlier atrocities were committed by the Germans. On the night of the twenty-third of August from his home he saw twenty-seven villages in flames, the flames of Dinant rising higher than any other in the sky, glowing red as from an inferno. And of all the civilians who were stood up against the walls to be shot, not one asked for mercy. But yes, there was one: a little boy of twelve who, just as they placed him against the wall, began to whimper and beg piteously. The bullets stilled his crying.

But Nature, like man, though not quite so cruel, since there is impassivity, an impersonality, in her cruelty, forgets. Already the ruins of Dinant had taken on an ancient and detached, almost an heroic, air, so that we viewed them with hardly more emotion than one viewed the ruins of the Abbaye Villers, on the road homeward, a point for tourists before the war, when there were no other romantic ruins to see in busy Belgium.

German soldiers were guarding the ruins there in that gloomy ravine, lest some one remove them, perhaps; but they allowed us to wander about among the ruins and to try to decipher the inscriptions on the stone tablets, taken from the graves of the old abbots and the nobles who once were buried there.

The rooks cawed from the dripping mossy walls and flapped heavily over the high nave and transept that was open to the sky. And all this ruin was wrought in the name of democracy during the French Revolution, as ruin is wrought to-day in the name of monarchy. Is the folly of the human race after all quite incorrigible?

LXIV

THE eighth of April was the fête-day of King Albert. There were extra guards placed to prevent any manifestation, and the display of the national colors was, of course, forbidden; there seemed to be nothing that his people could do to testify to their love, their admiration, one might almost say their idolatry, for the most heroic figure, I suppose, in the modern world, and more heroic than most figures in the ancient world. But while he was down there in the little corner of his kingdom that remained to him to protect, it and not only it, but both France and England and America and all others whose lives and liberty were equally involved—the dramatic anomaly of a king fighting for democracy—it was decided, no one knew how, that gentlemen were to wear high hats and walk on the boulevard that day, there being as yet no *verboten* to that effect. It was not a very good day for high hats; there were showers, a flash of sun one minute and rain or hail, or snow, or perhaps all three, the next, but every man in Brussels who had a high hat wore it, and that honored symbol of respectability received a new consecration.

It was about that time, though the two events had no relation, that the Germans took over the Red Cross. One afternoon while the Red Cross officials, the Countess de Mérode, the Prince de Ligne, and others appointed by King Albert, were having a meeting, the Prince Hatzfeld suddenly appeared, and, on behalf of the Governor-General, notified them that they were removed from their posts, that the Governor-General proposed to take over the *Croix Rouge* himself and have it conducted by a delegate named by him, and that "at the disposition of this delegate there would be placed the armed forces." The Belgian delegates were advised to make a written protest to von Bissing, very politely of course, and to prepare a protest to the International Red Cross at Geneva. The protests were dully made and filed, but thereafter Prince Hatzfeld directed the Red Cross in Belgium.

This sensation occurred concurrently with another that created some excitement at German Headquarters. Cardinal Mercier had written a letter to the Bishop of Paris, which was published in the French newspapers, a letter excoriating some of the deeds of the Germans in Belgium, and when von

Bissing heard of it, or read it, furious with rage, he dictated a terrible letter and, consulting no one, sent it at once to Malines by a German priest who was in the German army as a chaplain. When Baron von der Lancken heard of this, it seems that he at once went to von Bissing, told him he had made a mistake, that such a letter was precisely what the Cardinal would like, that he would at once find means of publishing it in the outside world to the detriment of Germany. The wrath of the old Prussian had cooled somewhat and all afternoon they kept the road between Brussels and Malines hot with aids and orderlies trying to overtake the almoner and to recover the letter before it could be delivered to the Cardinal. I asked at the Political Department the next morning whether the speeding almoner had reached Malines in time, and with a droll expression of relief the Baron replied:

"No; Heaven sent him a lucky accident on the way, and we caught him before he could arrive at Malines."

I do not know whether the state of the road between Brussels and Malines was responsible for the lucky accident or not; the roads in Belgium are not famous for their smoothness, since they are paved with stubborn Belgian blocks, and these had been displaced by the cannons that had been hauled over them for half a year. It was about this time that the German authorities ordered the City of Brussels to reconstruct the road from Malines to Brussels.

The municipal authorities at once refused, saying that they had no power under the Belgian law to use the city's moneys for works outside the city's limits, which was of course incontestable, but that besides this objection there was another, namely, that the road would be used for military purposes by Belgium's enemies. After menacing Burgomaster Lemonnier with arrest, and I know not what else besides, the German authorities imposed a fine of five hundred thousand marks on the city. The authorities protested again on the ground that the convention providing for the original levy on the city had stated that it was to be "in lieu" of all contributions.

The German authorities replied to this protest, defending themselves on the charge of having broken their promise not to levy any more contributions on the City of Brussels by saying that this was not strictly a contribution, but a "military necessity," and that while they recognized the fact that the municipality of Brussels had not the right to use the money of the city for the purpose of building a road beyond the limits of the city, they would have to do so because people elsewhere in Belgium refused to work for the Germans. This *non sequitur* may have served as well as any other excuse for what they wished to do.

It may have been something that they made any excuse at all, since it was the fourth time that the Germans had broken their original convention. The theory, or the phrase, "military necessity," was invoked in any exigency, in the naive confidence that it carried the same convincing weight with the rest of mankind that it did with Germans. When the German troops entered Brussels, the city and the communes of the agglomeration, as I have said, were summoned to pay, as a contribution of war, the sum of fifty million francs. This amount, after discussion with the municipal authorities, was reduced by the Germans to forty-five millions, and the twelfth of October a convention was drawn up, signed by the Military Governor in the name of the German authorities, and by the City of Brussels, in which it was stipulated: "The indemnity thus paid by Greater Brussels being forty-five million francs, it is understood that there will not be imposed any new contribution on the inhabitants of Greater Brussels. In case, however, that a criminal attempt should be made against the German troops there will be imposed on the communes of the agglomeration, in the territory where the attempt was committed, a contribution, or some other punishment."

THIS convention was negotiated between M. Lemonnier, the acting Burgomaster of Brussels, and Herr von Schwabach, as the representative of the German authorities. In discussing the clause relative to the criminal attack, M. Lemonnier remarked to Herr von Schwabach that this clause should not be made to cover any deed of violence except one undertaken deliberately by a considerable portion of the population, that is to say, that if an insane person, or some assassin, should strike at a German soldier, it would not be considered as justifying the application of this clause. Herr von Schwabach stated that he was absolutely in accord with this view of the matter, that the clause meant an attack on German troops, and nothing else. A few days after, however, in that same month of October, a German detective or policeman in civil attire tried to arrest a newsdealer, and, the newsdealer resisting, there was a scuffle. Two Brussels policemen ran to the scene and in the scramble the German detective was injured. Thereupon the two Belgian policemen, de Ryckers and Ceghers, were arrested, tried before a German court-martial behind closed doors, without any one to defend them, and condemned, de Ryckers to five years and Ceghers to three years' imprisonment. The Military Governor, announcing this condemnation to the city authorities of Brussels, wrote that de Ryckers had been condemned for an assault on a German functionary, and for having at-

tacked a German *soldier*. Therefore, because a soldier had been attacked, said the Military Governor, the punishment mentioned in Article II of the Convention of the twelfth of October applied, and the City of Brussels was fined five million francs.

By a somewhat too evident coincidence the five million francs was precisely the amount by which the original contribution had been reduced, and as a final touch, almost artistic, Burgomaster Max, some weeks before, having asked how many detectives the Germans were maintaining in Brussels, had been officially informed that there were no German policemen in plain clothes (to use our American expression) in Brussels. The soldier, or policeman, was not in uniform.

The City of Brussels of course protested; an inquiry had revealed that the policemen had not injured the German secret agent, and the city cited the original convention, claimed that even if the German agent had been wounded, and by Brussels policemen, it could not be said that German troops had been attacked, because the agent was not in uniform. The German authorities, however, insisted, and the fine was paid. M. Lemonnier appealed to Herr von Schwabach, who could only reply:

"I regret it, but my personal conviction can alter nothing."

This was the first violation of the convention of October. The second occurred on the sixteenth of December, when the Germans imposed a war contribution of four hundred and eighty million francs on the provinces of Belgium, to be paid at the rate of forty millions a month from that day. The convention of the twelfth of October had stipulated that no further contribution should be imposed on the inhabitants of Brussels; Brussels is in Brabant, and of the fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants of Brabant, seven hundred and fifty thousand lived in Brussels, and were obliged to pay their share of the four hundred and eighty millions, which was, as it would seem to most minds, an indirect method of fining once more the City of Brussels.

The third violation of the convention of the twelfth of October occurred on the sixteenth of January, 1915, when the Governor-General imposed on those Belgians who had left the country, that is, on the refugees, among whom, of course, were many inhabitants of Greater Brussels, a tax equivalent to ten times the personal tax they paid.

The fourth violation was that of the twelfth of March, 1915, when the City of Brussels was fined five hundred thousand marks for refusing to repair the road from Brussels to Malines. And all this in addition to those contributions that were so frequently imposed on the communes under the form of condemnation for damages which it was said German citizens had sustained when war was

declared. To do this easily and readily the Governor-General issued a decree changing the Belgian law which made communes liable in damages for the work of mobs, but that is another story.

THERE were many other contributions. When the German army arrived at Brussels, it demanded each day, for the troops, eighteen thousand kilograms of wheat, ten thousand kilograms of sugar, seventy-two thousand kilograms of oats. And similar requisitions were made in every city through which German troops passed. At Louvain the Germans requisitioned a quarter of a million francs' worth of preserved vegetables; at Malines, four million francs' worth. In Flanders and in part of Hainaut they seized nearly all the horses and beasts of burden belonging to the farmers, and the little wheat and flour that remained to them.

The little village of Middelburg, notably, which had only eight hundred and fifty inhabitants, after having furnished fifty cows, thirty-five pigs and one thousand six hundred kilograms of oats, was forced to deliver up in January and February, 1915, one hundred pigs, one hundred thousand kilograms of wheat, fifty thousand kilograms of beans or peas, fifty thousand kilograms of oats, and one hundred and fifty thousand kilograms of straw.

Everywhere the splendid draft horses, that were the result of more than a century of careful, scientific breeding, were seized. Not only did the German army requisition the horses necessary to draw its wagons, to mount its troops and to serve in its artillery, but it took away the best of the Brabançon stallions, which were wholly useless for military service, and sent them off to Germany.

German quartermasters at Ghent and at Antwerp seized over forty thousand tons of oil cakes used for breeding cattle in winter; they seized also several hundred of tons of phosphates that still existed in Belgium. They cut down all the walnut-trees, not only in the state forest but even in private grounds, and used them to make the butts of rifles. All raw materials used for Belgian industry were requisitioned and sent to Germany: leather, hides, copper, wool, flax, etc. Besides this, nearly all the machines and tools were seized and sent to Germany, there to be used, as the German authorities said, to make munitions which Belgian factories had refused to manufacture.

Enormous quantities of materials and products were requisitioned at Antwerp. Notably, there were seized: eighteen million francs' worth of cereals; about five million francs' worth of oil cakes; over four million francs' worth of nitrate; animal and vegetable oil to the value of two million francs; petroleum and mineral oil worth three million francs; six million francs' worth of wool; cotton in enormous quantities—there

was taken from one firm more than one million three hundred thousand francs' worth; rubber to the value of ten thousand francs; up to December 1, 1914, copper valued at more than twenty million francs was seized; horse-hair worth one million five hundred thousand francs; ivory worth eight hundred thousand francs; wines, one million, one hundred thousand francs. The total amount requisitioned amounted approximately to eighty-five million francs.

There was also requisitioned a large amount of merchandise stored in the warehouses, which had been consigned to various exporting and forwarding houses. It is impossible to place even an approximate valuation on this property, which was of many different sorts, but its value was enormous.

LXV

THE German administration had no sooner taken over the Red Cross than it was intimated that it was about to take over the Department of Charity of the *Comité National*. At the time the work was organized it had been agreed by the German authorities that the *Comité National* might receive and distribute certain sums in the form of direct aid or charity. The details had been discussed by representatives of the two sides, and an understanding reached, Villalobar and I having had nothing to do with that arrangement. There were in Belgium vast numbers of employees of the Belgian Government, all the men who worked for the state railways, telegraphs and postal services, etc., and these, refusing to work for the Germans, were paid their wages by the *Comité National*; they were the *chômeurs*, or unemployed. The sums dispensed were of course enormous, and it all excited the suspicion, perhaps the cupidity, of the military influence which was always paramount.

The fears of interference were not groundless. One day the *Comité National* received a letter from Dr. von Sandt, chief of the Civil Administration, complaining of two incidents that had occurred in the Department of Charities; that first, the section of agriculture had sent out a circular in which there was some covert criticism or, if not criticism, a phrase that might be construed as criticism of the Germans. The other complaint was of the department which furnished aid to the wives and children of officers in the Belgian army; Dr. von Sandt said that this aid could be given henceforth in kind, not in money.

In an organization so thorough and so complicated as that of the Germans it was not surprising that the Civil Administration should not have known that the section of agriculture had been organized by General von Bissing himself, and that it had sent out the offending

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circular itself in December, before the section was taken over by the *Comité National*, and that the *Comité* therefore could not be held responsible for its criticisms; and as to the wives of the Belgian officers, "We can't say," remarked one of the *Comité National*, "to the wife of a Belgian general, 'Madame, if you need a chemise, you need only to come and ask us.'"

WE DID not, however, go into these details; theretofore all communications had been addressed to the Committee through the intermediary of Villalobar and myself, and this fact was called to the attention of Dr. von Sandt with the observation that evidently some mistake had been made. This had the effect of limiting the discussion of all such questions thereafter to the Baron von der Lancken on the one hand, and the two patron Ministers on the other; that is, theoretically it had this effect; there was always some one somewhere in the amazing labyrinth of the German organization who wished to have a finger in the pie.

The work was a beautiful one and the organization superb, as the Germans indeed, privately, though I think never publicly, admitted. The National Committee had taken all the existing charitable organizations in Belgium and united them under its ægis and this seemed to excite the suspicion of the Germans, or of some of them, who said that these charitable organizations were political organizations in disguise. Nothing of course could be further from the truth, but there was no way of arguing with those who had this idea once in their heads, and no way of dislodging it. The Germans were always haunted by a fear that the *Comité National* might develop into a rival, become a government within a government, wielding a powerful influence all over Belgium. They made no objection whatever to the feeding. This they found satisfactory and were prepared "loyally and honestly" to respect all assurances given in that regard. But what the Governor-General wished to do, apparently, was to take over this relief as they had taken over the Red Cross, and to this Villalobar and I objected, reminding them of the various assurances they had given. There was much discussion as to the extent of the engagements the Germans had taken as to the funds to be used by the *Comité National*. They had indeed been negotiated chiefly by Mr. Heineman with the *Geheimrat* Kaufman, and they seemed ample to cover all forms of relief, but when the subject was again under discussion and these assurances were recalled, the *Geheimrat* Kaufman cited as applicable to the situation the old, and it would seem a

very characteristic, German proverb: "You never eat your food as hot as you cook it."

Baron von der Lancken was reasonable and helpful, and when the Governor-General went to Berlin for a few days, the atmosphere somehow seemed conducive to compromise and settlement, and it was arranged that the German authorities should have the right to be informed as to what was done by the Department of Secours.

We had the impression indeed, at that time, that the Governor-General did not wholly understand the work of relief; certainly he did not understand the organization and the work of the C. R. B., for just as we were beginning to draw a sigh of relief over the settlement of the difficulties in the *Comité National*, there came a long telegram from Mr. Hoover saying that an interview with von Bissing had been printed in the *Staats-Zeitung* of New York, to the effect that the work of America in Belgium was not a charity at all, but a business, if not something worse. Mr. Hoover threatened to stop the whole enterprise unless I could see the old satrap and have a denial made.

We had only extracts of the offending interview of the Governor-General, and when the newspapers from home had time to get across the sea to Belgium nearly a month had elapsed. A month can accomplish wonders in the way of allaying anger and irritation, and when at last we had the amazing statement in its fulness before us, we were rather glad that we had had only extracts, and that, after several conversations with the Baron von der Lancken, I had been able to obtain a satisfactory expression from the Governor-General, and the incident was already closed. What had offended Mr. Hoover was the reference to the C. R. B. What seems even more remarkable in the interview was the assumption running through the whole statement that von Bissing was trying to "revive the economical life of Belgium."

There were not only interviews, but pictures of him benevolently standing in the Art Museum beside a marble statue of Heracles and the Hermes of Praxiteles, or piously listening to the preaching of some German pastor in the Belgian senate. In the interview he told how he was ruling Belgium, referring to it as a country that had been badly governed—Belgium, with its communal system, its democracy, its liberty, its peace, contentment, and prosperity! And he spoke of his efforts to "revive" the country, to open the museums, to encourage agriculture, etc.

The museums had been opened, it was true, but by German order and

against the will of their directors—*le Musée Moderne* the first three, and *le Musée des Beaux Arts* the last three days of the week; German sentinels with guns and bayonets were at every door, and the vast halls were empty, for never a self-respecting Belgian would enter them so long as he had to pass German sentinels and rub elbows with German soldiers within the museum.

THE interview spoke of the resumption of life in Belgium. The people would long since have starved if America had not organized the Commission and got food over the seas to them. Von Bissing had very little to do with that; he had not greatly helped it, save as he confirmed and enlarged the former guarantees, and at that time he did not seem even to understand it.

He had printed notices stating that industry should be resumed, and the interview stated that it had been resumed; but there was no industry in the country. The Germans indeed were having all the machinery taken out of the factories and sent to Germany. There could be no imports because of the blockade, and nothing could be exported unless it went to Germany. Industry was literally impossible because there were no raw materials. Forty thousand men working in the gun factories at Liège had refused to work; the mines had been seized by the German authorities because they wanted the coal. Belgium, in fact, had tacitly declared a general strike as a protest against German aggression.

As for agriculture, Belgium was already the most densely populated country in the world, and the most intensely and scientifically cultivated; there was nothing that von Bissing or any one could teach the Belgians in that department. The seeds that were being used were sent by the American Commission. They were planted by the patient peasants in their fields and, after the order of nature, spring had come, these seeds were bursting, unconscious that an elderly German general of cavalry was the cause of the phenomenon. The sap was pulsing in the trees; Nature, in her august indifference to forms of government and the quarrels of men, was serenely carrying on her mysterious processes.

The Germans were cutting down the trees, denuding the forests, using the wood to make roads for cannons and covers for trenches, and stocks for rifles. The boughs of the fir-trees also served; they made, it was said, an excellent camouflage. The Germans had taken much of the live stock in the country, most of the fine horses and the fine breeds of dogs, and sent them to Germany.

In the September instalment Mr. Whitlock tells of the relentless tightening of the German yoke, and gives a vivid picture of a day in the German trenches.

The Tears of Rheims

By Howard Wheeler

THIS is the third of a series of short sketches recording impressions received during a recent trip to the French and British fronts. I found high inspiration in these impressions, awful depression. I came home with the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice. The purpose in these articles is simply to pass on what stands out most vividly. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what they gave me.

I RECALL very distinctly that there came an impulse to remove my hat as I stood beside the equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc before the Cathedral at Rheims. I wish now that I had. I can see now a little of what was back of the impulse to uncover, there in Rheims.

Rheims came at the end of a long trip along the French front. Before this I had been out on the line that the British were holding. I had seen the guns at work and I had seen the work that the Germans had done at Arras, Baupaume, Albert, and elsewhere. Only the day before I had been at Verdun. Even then, from underneath a feeling of horror and impotent rage at the sheer brutality, the utter cruelty and stupid bestiality of the monstrous thing which a stupid autocracy had committed—there came, here and there, lightning-flash impressions of the human soul triumphing beneath it all. Somehow those impressions penetrated the consciousness and stayed there.

The cathedral at Arras, with the exception of partly standing walls, was a ruin. The crypt where prelates past and gone had been laid to rest, had been broken open and violated in a filthy manner. Not the smallest part of a window, not a piece of statuary remained intact. Yet the recollection of my trip to Arras centers around a little chapel in the war-torn outskirts. This, too, was a ruin—only a heap of stone and mortar with an angle of the walls remaining. But in this angle there stood a small marble statue of Jeanne d'Arc—unscratched.

I spent the better part of a forenoon in all that was left of the cathedral at Verdun. There the quaint chairs of the worshipers still stood on the broken floor, each with its card bearing the name of the person to whom it had belonged. (What a story, if one could follow those names through!) But the historic monument, dating back to the days of the Romans, was in ruins. The organ, the statuary, priceless glass—all was gone. Only in a little alcove, the tri-color in the right hand where it had been placed on some fête-day, there stood a white marble statue of Jeanne d'Arc—unharméd.

Back in Paris I had asked a French officer about the battle of the Marne. I had been reading Hilaire Belloc's "Elements of the Great War," in

which he explains that the Germans lost the battle of the Marne through von Kluck's blunder in drawing too many troops from the German center to reinforce his army on the right in order to overcome what he believed to be a tremendous concentration of French. It was through the weakened center that Foch drove.

On the British front I had asked certain officers to explain von Kluck's error. It wasn't yet clear to me. I knew, of course, that the French had had no such concentration as von Kluck apparently imagined. So I asked this French officer. He holds a high rank. He is a cool, deliberate, practical fighting man. He smiled when I put my question.

"We of France have an explanation for it. Perhaps you have heard?"

I told him that I had not.

"There are some," he said, "who profess to believe that Kluck really did see an immense army there before him, or that others saw this concentration and reported it to him. These folks say that when the life and soul of France hung in the balance, and when there seemed to be no way that human endurance could stay the German flood, Jeanne d'Arc gathered a celestial host, and that it was this which the Germans were permitted to see for a little while, that the heart of France might go on beating."

The story took but a couple of minutes in the telling. But the sheer beauty of the imagery, the brief glimpse of something which I had not seen, or if I had seen had not comprehended, left me without words. Finally something impelled me to ask:

"That is a general belief? Do you believe it?"

The officer hesitated only a moment. Perhaps it occurred to him that he was talking with an American, not a Frenchman. But when he answered it was very gravely:

"Yes." And adroitly he turned the conversation.

WE HAD motored almost all night on the way to Rheims. It was raining hard and very cold. The morning was a little brighter. We were almost five miles out when we got our first view of the cathedral—"La Glorieuse Mutilée" the French call it. The towers stood out clearly against the

sky—certainly a wonderful mark for the barbarian gunners. As we entered the dead city and turned into the avenue leading to the cathedral, at a little distance it seemed to me that the reports of the damage had been exaggerated. But as we came closer it was plain that the church was just a shell.

We stopped at some distance and walked toward the entrance. There were great holes where pavement had once been, and the whole area around the cathedral was a waste from glancing shells or misaimed shells which had been fired at the historic structure. And from this débris, from the fallen stone that will always stand as a monument to the Hun, there rose that wonderful statue of the Maid of Orleans, untouched; not even a nick in the upraised sword.

The story told me by that French officer in Paris came back to me. I wondered.

Inside it was the old story over again. There were great holes in the roof, demolished statuary, torn pavement. Even on the spot where Jeanne d'Arc stood near the main altar while Charles VII was being crowned King of France was obliterated forever. The same terrible story—with one difference. A portion of the roof had been of wood covered with lead. At the time of the first bombardment interior repairs were under way. The bombardment set fire to the scaffolding and the flames caught the roof. The lead sheathing melted, dripping on the floor or running down the walls. In many places it still hung in long, slender festoons. The guide explained the cause very slowly so that I should understand.

"We have come to call them," he concluded, "the tears of Rheims."

THE world has marveled at the courage, the endurance, the undaunted spirit of the French. In the officer's story there in Paris, in the guide's explanation there in the cathedral of Rheims, I think I got a little of the explanation, just a glimpse of the soul of France.

A ruin—just a dreary, dreadful ruin of a noble, ancient church.

"La Glorieuse Mutilée!"

Lead—just fire-blackened festoons of lead.

The tears of Rheims!"

Khaki Klippings



O'Dooley's ultimatum on the seventeenth of March: "I'm glad I don't like slumgullion, for if I liked it I'd be 'ating it all the toime, and I hate the damn stuff!"

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

Doughboys' Dictionary (Continued)

MUFFLER—Something wished on you by the dear ones at home which you would like past anything to wish on to the bugler's mouth.

MULE—A hardy and thick-skinned quadruped which must be approached with the same caution and trepidation with which one approaches a dud bomb.

OFFICER OF THE DAY—A lieutenant troubled with sleeplessness and possessed of a bad habit of coming around between midnight and dawn and asking embarrassing questions.

SAILOR—A person wearing a non-camouflageable blue uniform, commonly supposed to be having a helluva good time sailing 'round and marrying pretty Irish and French girls in every port, and to be getting better grub than is obtainable in any army mess.

SOCKS—Foot-coverings composed of a substance represented to the Government or the Red Cross as being wool, and possessed of the same capacity for contracting holes as is a machine-gun target at fifty yards.

UNDERWEAR—The favorite ration of the goat, sheep-tick and flea.

Army Etiquette (Continued)

The bread-slab may with perfect propriety be used as an auxiliary plate, and on it may be superimposed such articles as jam (if there is any), cheese (if there is any), butter (if by any stretch of imagination there is any), or olco (as there is pretty apt to be if there is anything at all). The bread-slab plate may also be used for supernumerary beans that will not fit into the mess kit, and for strips of breakfast bacon that would be highly offended at

contact with the humble rice in the mess pan proper. This use of the bread-slab, however, is a bit rough on the under side of the bread if the mess-hall table happens to be dirty. (Medical officers are requested to skip this paragraph.)

The large and only spoon may be used for any viand that lends itself to the shoveling process, regardless of the etiquette dictates already learned by the doughboy. That means that the large spoon does not need to vanish from the table at the conclusion of the soup course. It remains for action all the way through the engagement, from oysters to recall. In case the fork becomes a casualty, or is missing, or is detached from active service for use as a candlestick supporter, the spoon may with perfect propriety be employed as a meat steadier while the knife does the uglier cutting work. In general, it may be set down that, for eating purposes, the spoon is far easier on the inside of the face than is the knife.

Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

Mother Goose at Sea

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, our son John
Goes to bed with his trousers on,
Campaign hat and hob-nailed boot—
Ain't his swimming costume cute?

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
And show me the way a life-belt's worn,
Fasten my mattress fore-and-aft
And sing me to sleep on a bobbing raft.

Hey, diddle, diddle, the fish showed his
middle,
The siren began to roar;
The Soldier Boy laughed to see such sport
But he put on his Ostermoor.

The Hatchet,
Published on the High Seas.

A New Version of the Golden Rule

Captain Walter Palmer, of the Remount, insists first, last, and all the time, upon kindness to the animals under his charge. The following timely verse is posted on the bulletin-board at the Wagon Company and Pack Train:

Would you have a gentle mule?
Then apply the Golden Rule;
If he's full of pep and vim
He'll do to you as you do to him;
Cuss him less and curry more,
He'll repay a hundred score;
Pet him more and pound him less,
He'll return each fond caress;
But kick him—and his Muleship waits
To land you through the Pearly Gates.

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

If you don't like your beans and hardtack,
If you don't like your slumgullion stew,
No matter what you eat, the table's always
neat,

There's no kick a-coming from you;
If you don't like your thirty monthly,
If you're sore at your mess attendant, too,
Just remember, my boy, it's not mama,
It's Uncle Sam that's feeding you.

Norfolk Naval Recruit.

When the Day Is Done

I have eaten a bale
Of spinach and kale,
And I've never raised a row;
I have swallowed a can
Of moistened bran
And I feel like a brindle cow;
I am taking a snack
From the old haystack
In the evening shadows gray,
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
To the end of a meatless day.

Did you
Ever eat up
Your "firsts" and
Then decide you
Wanted "seconds"
And when you
Saw the cook looking
At you, you
Kept on
Going?
So did we.

Sheridan Reveille,
Camp Sheridan.

When you haven't had a letter in more
than three weeks—
And you look over the mail expectantly
and hopefully—
And, finally, a letter addressed to you
comes along—
And you take it away in a corner—
And open it, alone and unobserved—
And it contains a package—
From your congressman, containing some
seeds
Labeled *Pennisetum Ruppelianum*—
Ain't that a grand and glorious feeling?
Or ain't it?

Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

Essay on the Joy and Beauty of Reveille

Chapter I

Chapter II

Chapter III

End of Essay

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

"If we had only seen the thing through in 1918!"

This is the terrible moral of a powerful article by Eugene P. Lyle—

"The War of 1938"

Twenty years from now Mr. Lyle sees the middle-aged men of to-day fighting by the side of their grandsons. But hopelessly—with black night just ahead. Because back here in 1918 we made a premature peace; because we left Germany to build up again *the same* Germany—only a thousand times stronger.

It is a warning to make you think—and to make you act!

In the September
EVERYBODY'S
On Sale August 23d

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE



For Those Who Seek a Place

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, welcoming what it considers a distinct opportunity for service to the country, will open an information bureau for the guidance and advice of all people who are anxious to serve their country in the present emergency but do not know how or where to offer their services.

There can be no patriotic American to-day who is not anxious to do everything in his power to help bring the victory that is to come. For many the way is clear—they can serve in the front line of battle—and they are to be envied. Many others have found work to do with some of the auxiliary lines of service—the Red Cross—the Y. M. C. A.—the Knights of Columbus, and their activities are no less essential than the efforts of the soldiers and sailors they are supporting.

Then there is a host of people who respond gladly to any occasional call for help—in the sale of Liberty Bonds, in securing Red Cross subscriptions, etc.—and they, too, are doing a very necessary work. But there is many and many a man and woman, with the highest patriotic impulse, who can find no way to help, who is, perhaps, distant from the principal centers of activity

and whose letters to some busy department at Washington, offering services, are unanswered. These people long to *do something*. "They also serve who only stand and wait" is a category in which they are not content to be numbered.

We can not, of course, undertake to find patriotic employment for all such, but we will aim to keep in touch with the various war activities so as to advise our correspondents of the different avenues of usefulness that may be open and to whom they may apply.

"EVERYBODY'S GUIDE" will be glad also to be of assistance to men in the service or their families in connection with any questions growing out of their new relationship to the Government.

In the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of March 8, 1918, the United States has guaranteed to fighting men what is said to be the "most complete and generous system of safeguards and benefits ever provided by any nation in the history of the world."

If you are confused as to your allowances, allotments, insurance, legal rights, etc., we will do our best to straighten you out or tell you where you can get proper advice *gratis*.

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Do you expect compensation? Can you leave home if necessary?

Can you give all your time? If part only, how much?

What language other than English do you know?

State any qualifications you have, such as knowledge of stenography or typewriting, any specific trade or profession, ability to write, or to speak in public.

State what previous service of a public character you have rendered

State military experience, if any

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The EYES of the BLIND

(Continued from page 35)

Graffe introduces to us a worthy aspirant for knowledge. He is outside. His name is Curtiss—William Curtiss."

"Why does he not apply through the regular channels of admission?" demanded Jamison.

The secretary shrugged his shoulders. "If Graffe thinks him worthy of a special introduction—shall we have him in?"

A murmur ran around the table. The secretary pressed a bell. To the waiter who reappeared he ordered that Mr. Curtiss be shown in.

The secretary met the newcomer at the door. He shook hands warmly.

"A friend of our fellow-bibliophile is very welcome here, Mr. Curtiss," he said. "And how is Mr. Graffe?"

"**Q**UITE well," replied the newcomer. His manner was diffident, and before he advanced fully into the room, his glance had rested on the face of every man there.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Curtiss," said the secretary.

A jumble of pleasant greetings followed. The secretary pulled a chair close to his own.

"Mr. Graffe tells us that you wish to join our club. He makes rather a point of it; doesn't want us to wait until the semi-annual election of members, but prefers that the board of directors elect you at once."

The newcomer nodded. "We thought that perhaps it would be better that way," he said.

The secretary looked a question. Quite evidently he waited for Curtiss to explain.

"Things are focusing rapidly in Washington," said Curtiss.

The secretary looked blank. The board of directors took their cue from him; their faces were non-committal.

"Publicity is needed," went on Curtiss. He looked about him a trifle defiantly.

"Yes?" encouraged the secretary gently.

"There is talk in Washington to the effect that the President will ask Congress to pass a draft law."

"Yes?" said the secretary again.

Curtiss shrugged. "Publicity men might be extremely useful just now."

"In what way?" asked the secretary.

"In molding public opinion—and the opinions of members of the national legislature." Curtiss looked around the room. "Against the draft," he added.

The secretary picked up the letter of introduction. He read it carefully through again.

"You are an American citizen, Mr. Curtiss?" he asked.

"Straight revolutionary stock," was the answer.

"And your—er—interest in this matter?"

"You're interested, aren't you? And these gentlemen here? Why shouldn't I be interested, then?"

"This is a society of men interested in rare editions," said the secretary. He looked again at the letter of introduction. "You have known Mr. Graffe a long time?"

The board of directors seemed to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the secretary. Curtiss met his glances coolly.

"As his letter says—two years and a half."

"A personal friendship, or——"

Curtiss laughed. "Financial, also. A man who keeps his word can gain my personal friendship. Graffe has always made good."

"In what way, please?"

"Well, his checks have never come back from the banks," grinned Curtiss.

"And those checks?" queried the secretary.

"The Miners' Protective Fraternity of Montana; they struck, as you will remember; England needed copper badly, too. A great many thousand acres of rice were destroyed in Arkansas last year. The negroes refused to work. The I. W. W. got the credit, but—Heinrich Graffe knows who got the money. There have been many other matters."

The secretary looked thoughtful. "But—you spoke of publicity. Those matters—a little bit more devious than publicity, weren't they?"

Curtiss looked a trifle bored. "Erin's Loyal Sons got into the newspapers quite a bit this past winter."

The secretary whistled. Around the table faces lighted up.

"You did that?" asked Jamison.

"Well, I wasn't responsible for the editorial attitude assumed by most of the press, but—I got them the space for their meetings. I can't change editorial policies for you, but I can get news into the papers. Even when it isn't exactly news," he grinned.

"And you worked for Heinrich Graffe?" asked Jamison.

Curtiss lowered one eyelid. "I never ask too many questions," he replied. "Graffe paid me—that's been enough for me."

"And you come to us because——"

"Because Graffe sent me here." Curtiss broke into the secretary's question.

"You knew of—us—before Graffe introduced us?"

Curtiss shook his head.

The secretary looked at the board of directors. He seemed to read the

answer to his unuttered question. He turned to Curtiss.

"Graffe is well-known to us," he said slowly. "And he would not have talked, as he must have talked to you, unless he knew you were worthy of trust. You will hear from us, Mr. Curtiss."

His tones were those of dismissal. Curtiss rose to his feet.

"My address is——"

The secretary shook his head. "It is quite unnecessary, Mr. Curtiss. When we want you we shall find you."

He was smiling, and through his round spectacles his eyes beamed; his voice was friendly, gentle almost; but the man to whom he spoke sensed the subtle threat. But his manner was cool as he bowed and left the private dining-room of the Café du Marechal, where the board of directors of the Booklovers' Club was holding its weekly meeting.

HE WAS still cool, although a trifle more serious of expression, when he entered the bookshop of Heinrich Graffe, on Lexington Avenue.

A few elderly men roamed about the shop, thumbing worn volumes that they took down, without protest from the one clerk, a rather stout, middle-aged, Teutonic-seeming woman, who appeared more interested in stockings than in trade.

Curtiss inclined his head toward the woman, swept the prospective customers with a glance, and advanced to the rear of the store. There, in a sort of cubby-hole, reached by a short flight of stairs, was the office of Heinrich Graffe. From his higher perch the bookseller could watch his customers, and his face had wrinkled in a smile from the moment of Curtiss's entrance.

"Well," he greeted the young man, "you went, you saw, and you—what, young feller?"

Curtiss sat down on a shiny chair. He looked down upon the store, its customers, its drowsy woman-clerk, its book-shelves. He turned to Graffe.

"I don't know how you do it, Rogan, old top," he said, with apparent irrelevance.

The bookseller passed a hand over a smoothly shaven chin. "Do what?" he asked. He grinned amiably.

"Well, among other things, what you did just now—rubbing your chin. It wasn't so long ago that you wore a beard, and——"

"But Heinrich Graffe has always been smooth-shaven. Ever since he was born—about three years ago," grinned Rogan. "When Heinrich went on a vacation three months ago—the first thing Heinrich did was to grow a beard. Then—when he decided to

return to New York and his bookstore—he shaved. I kinda flatter myself, young feller, that it would take a mighty sharp pair of eyes to detect that I've shaved only recently. I ought to be white, but a week's automobilizing spreads such a tan that's it's pretty hard to tell what's new and what's old about it."

"I know," said the young man, "but—well, you're getting away with it, and I suppose that's answer enough."

"Not getting cold feet, are you?" inquired Rogan. "Want to pull out? Excuse me; I know better than that." He eyed the young man. "It is risky, but—a man that doesn't want his country Germanized—he takes the risk, Deems, my boy. That gang—that smooth bunch of traitors—did they fall?"

"I guess so," replied Deems. "They'll let me know, I take it. My alibi—will it stand investigation?"

Rogan shrugged. "If they go very far into the details of Heinrich Graffe—I've planted myself as far as I can, but—oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. But about you—the Arkansas and Colorado matters—the man really responsible for those troubles is in a Federal jail. He was about your general build and looks. You're fairly safe. But not very safe. Does it matter?"

Deems shook his head. "Not very much. I love my skin, like any man, but—a chance is a chance, and I like to take it. Especially—Rogan, in God's name, why? That crowd there—not more than three of them, if I'm a judge, are German-born. And they've been—or they should have been—Americanized. What have they against this country? Is pacifism a disease—r—"

"Ask some one brighter than me," said Rogan. "By the way, nobody fussing around the place you're living?"

Deems shook his head.

"Haven't run into any one from the *Record*?"

"No, fortunately."

"'Fortunately' is right," asserted Rogan. "I guess—well, de Grecque thinks, maybe, that you tipped off the Government, and——"

"Wouldn't de Grecque have disappeared in that case?" demanded Deems.

"Flight is confession," replied Rogan, "and de Grecque isn't the confessing kind. He wouldn't beat it; he'd stay and fight."

"But if you are right, and Miss Gryce has the paper, and her father stands in with de Grecque—wouldn't de Grecque know by now that he has nothing to fear, that the girl or her father have the paper?" asked Deems.

Rogan looked shrewd. "Suppose," he said, "that old man Gryce is willing that de Grecque think the paper lost?"

He's getting into deep water, Gryce is, but if de Grecque has nothing on him—he can pull out, can't he? And if de Grecque, suspicious of his good faith, should ask him to sign another paper, Gryce could refuse on the ground that de Grecque was too careless. Something like that may be in the minds of the Gryces, eh?"

"Then that paper—it was something that Gryce had signed?"

"Maybe," said Rogan.

"And if de Grecque had it—you must have taken it from de Grecque," cried Deems.

"Never denied it, did I?" grinned Rogan.

"And yet—you dare continue—and de Grecque belongs to that Booklovers' Club?"

"You might have met him there to-day. I warned you."

Deems nodded. "I know. But Rogan—to use me—if de Grecque should see me—you'd be suspected, known, too."

"That's why I want you to be careful, son," said Rogan. "I've got to use you. I mean—" he paused uncertainly.

"What do you mean, 'got to use me'?" questioned Deems.

"Why, well—it didn't seem quite fair—having got you into something by being ill in your rooms—made your newspaper job dangerous—murderers running around—I didn't exactly mean 'got to', but—you see how it is."

"Y-e-s," admitted Deems doubtfully. "Still, when it's a matter of national security—you could get me a job elsewhere in the Secret Service, couldn't you?"

Rogan didn't meet his eyes. "Sure I could," he answered with bluff heartiness. "I get it. The Gryce girl—you don't want to land her."

"I think we can leave her out of this, Rogan. She—you're mistaken about her. She—she's one of the best."

"We'll leave her out," said Rogan. "But just the same, if she comes around to see you—call a cop."

Deems shrugged his shoulders. Rogan was a coarse brute in more ways than one. But, he was one of the Secret Service, and Deems, by helping him, was serving his country. And if Rogan could cheerfully run the extra risk entailed by using Deems, with the dangers of Deems's recognition by so many, as his assistant, why he, Deems, could run the risk, too. Furthermore, if Lydia Gryce had been foolish enough—it was no embryo treason on her part that had brought her into the affair—to risk her own security in order to save her father the consequences of his more than embryonic treachery—well, by trailing along with Rogan he might, at the finish, help her. Also—he hadn't forgotten his compact with the girl. She would believe in his honesty when he found the paper that Rogan had

dropped in his room, or found the person who had taken it from Rogan. By sticking with Rogan he'd find out, perhaps, what she wanted to know.

His face darkened. The evidence was too strong. Rogan had had the paper when he entered Deems's rooms. The girl had taken it, and had lied to him when she denied having it.

He had been gloomy enough during the week that had elapsed since he had had his interview with the girl. Not even the excitement of preparing a new identity, or facing peril, had banished gloom. Rogan and common sense told him that Lydia Gryce was dishonest, an embryo, if not an actual, traitor. But instinct told him quite the contrary. He wondered, as he walked to the rooms on Irving Place, where, as William Curtiss, he had been living for the past week, which was right.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Bombs

EARLIER, undoubtedly, than the instinct of love is the instinct of the chase. Deems, of course, was not certain of his regard for Lydia Gryce. He knew that he had hated, more than he hated anything else in the world, the ever-insistent thought that the girl had lied to him, was disloyal to her country. Yet he also realized that he had conversed with her but twice, and had seen her, really, only once. A man couldn't be in love on such short notice! And yet—It was as he rounded the corner from Gramercy Park into Irving Place that the earlier instinct banished the latter. Some one was unobtrusively following him. He knew it as certainly as he knew that he breathed.

He mastered the impulse to stop, to turn. When the secretary of the Booklovers' Club had told him that "when we want you we shall find you," the secretary had undoubtedly meant exactly what was happening now. That it would have been more simple, inasmuch as the members of the Booklovers' Club trusted the pseudo Heinrich Graffe, to have inquired Deems's address from the Lexington Avenue bookseller, was something that did not enter into Deems's calculations. He realized only that the men who composed the society into whose inner workings and purposes he hoped to insinuate himself were not fools; that before they gave to the new applicant for admission their trust they would investigate him thoroughly.

Well, he was ready for investigation. He struggled with a grin as he mounted the short stoop to his lodging-house.

It was early evening, and he might as well eat now as later. Besides, if the person—or persons—who had been following him intended to visit his rooms—and they must so intend to—it was somewhat of a shame to keep them cooling their heels outside. He sur-

veyed his room carefully and left it.

There was an excellent restaurant on a nearby side street. There, treating himself extremely well to fried chicken and waffles, he picked up an evening paper. The news was exciting; America was quite definitely in the war, and the prospects of a draft law looked not too remote. He pursed his lips; a good, healthy youth like himself, with no obligations, might well obtain a commission. However, for the present that could wait. He turned to the editorial page.

A virulent attack upon Gryce, his erstwhile employer, caught his eye. Gryce was opposing the passage of a draft law, evidently; was, according to this paper, endeavoring to hamper the Government in its hardly-begun preparations for war, and was advocating the reelection to the Senate of Randall, an ardent pacifist.

Deems put the paper down. The chase of which he was the object had obscured, for the moment, the vision that he carried behind his eyes of Lydia Gryce. This attack upon her father brought her back into his mind. There was no doubt of it; Gryce was a potential traitor, at the least. What his daughter might be— Well, he would think of her no more. He would stick to Rogan; help Rogan with his work of espionage, and then, when that was over—well, there would be officers' training camps, and— He had a sense of humor. By the time that he had reached a stage in his mental progression where he beheld himself leading a charge over the top, and saw Lydia Gryce dazed and white as she read his name in the list of casualties, he began to grin.

He grinned a lot; not an inane grin, but a grin of health and good humor. The absurdities of life were so many! But to a person with guilt upon her conscience the Deems grin might readily seem sardonic. His landlady, encountering him in the hall as he let himself in after his dinner, colored slightly.

ORDINARILY she was a most loquacious person. Deems had been resident in her house barely a week, but in that time she had managed to inform him of her three marriages, her daughter who was in the "movies," and something of her social status as a girl. So her hasty brushing-by of her new lodger, without a word of greeting, formed, in addition to her faint flush, a bit of evidence that one glance at the table in his room enabled Deems to verify.

He had not presented his letter of introduction this afternoon without making anticipatory plans. One of those plans was a half-written article that lay upon his table. It was an article strongly condemning the United States's entry into the war and calling all who read it to resist in every possible

manner any attempt of Congress or the President to send troops to Europe.

It was, Deems realized with shame-faced pride, a well-written article. If any member of the Booklovers' Club happened to read this manuscript that member would be absolutely convinced that Deems—or Curtiss—was at least truthful in his pretensions to being a literary man. The article was pro-German to a degree; if they believed in the sincerity of its author, then Deems's effort to insinuate himself into the club could be furthered.

And some one had been in the room. Of course, it might have been his landlady. Garrulous persons are nearly always curious. But Deems did not think so. Enviably ignorant, so that no tragedy greater than the defection of a servant could possibly interest her, the world war was outside the scope of her thought. If she read Deems's article she would not understand it. And he was quite certain that she would never have progressed beyond the first stage. But whoever had tampered with the arrangement of the pages had not stopped at the first paragraph. That person had placed in their proper order the third and fourth pages, which had not been in order when Deems had left his room for dinner.

But it did not need all this deep reasoning. Some one from the Booklovers' Club had followed him to the bookshop on Lexington Avenue, thence to his lodgings and, most certainly after he had departed, to his room.

His landlady knocked at the door. "Got plenty towels, Mr. Curtiss?"

"Thank you, yes," replied Deems.

His tone was one of polite dismissal. But she lingered. "Don't you want no soap nor nothin'?"

Heretofore Deems had had difficulty in obtaining towels in sufficient number to gratify his desire for ablutions, and his soap he provided for himself.

Also, she did not meet his eye. The spirit of mischief, never entirely dormant in him, became wide awake. There was something so consciously-unconscious in her manner that it tickled him. She had, beyond the shadow of doubt, permitted the person who had been following Deems to enter his room during her lodger's absence. Like the child who hovers, with an appearance of extreme innocence, in the vicinity of the window that it has broken, so the landlady could not tear herself away from Deems.

"Ain't nothin' at all I can do for you?" she insisted.

Deems became possessed of the desire to break through the wall of innocence.

"Why—yes," said Deems. "How long did you let him stay in my room?"

"Not more than—" She gasped; the color that she had worn entirely vanished. "I mean—she didn't go in here—I dunno what you're talking about."

Just one word in her incoherent speech startled Deems. It was the word "she."

"A woman? What did she look like? Don't bother to deny it, now. How much did she give you? I'll double it. It's all right; don't be frightened, I don't mind at all."

His hand had gone into his trousers pocket; it came out clasping a roll of bills. The woman stared at them.

"Twenty dollars, Mr. Curtiss, but —"

Deems thrust some bills into her hand. "Describe her," he said.

He stood a long time, staring out of the window, after she had taken her flustered but rich departure. A woman's eyes are very keen. The description given by the landlady of the visitor to Deems's room answered Deems's visualization of Lydia Gryce.

OUT of sheer mischief he had surprised the landlady into confession that she had admitted some one into the room. But the spirit of mischief was gone from him now.

He had flattered himself that he had absolutely disappeared from his old haunts; that no one, save Rogan, knew that William Curtiss was really Bob Deems. He had prepared for an invasion of his apartment by some one from the Booklovers' Club. He had, indeed, rented the room on Irving place partly because the landlady had seemed so thoroughly venal. He had not thought for a minute that she would refuse, on being properly—or improperly—bribed, to let any one search his effects.

But that Lydia Gryce should have been the one to pay the bribe! The evidence was cumulative. Lydia Gryce nocturnally had visited his apartment; Lydia Gryce's groom had killed Clancy; and now—Lydia Gryce had been in his room.

But why? Rogan was convinced that the Gryces held the paper that Rogan had obtained from de Grecque only to lose. Why should Lydia Gryce— But, her groom had killed Clancy in mistake for Deems! Could it be that the girl meditated—he hated, even in thought, to name the word. One murder had already been committed, but that she should meditate another—

To the south lay Fourteenth Street. He could see the west corner, where Irving Place had its conflux with the cross-town street; he looked, his eyes close to the window-pane, to the north. He could see, through the gathering gloom, the trees of Gramercy Park. Somehow the trees spelled solitude. There was no solitude for him in this room, this room so recently visited by Lydia Gryce. He could be more alone near the park, peopled though the streets surrounding it might be by the hundreds who, on a spring evening

like this, would be tempted to that rarest of recreations to a New Yorker, an evening stroll.

He could not stay. As a matter of fact, it came to him as an afterthought, it was dangerous for him to remain here. That the Booklovers' Club members might know his address—he had courted investigation from them. But that Lydia Gryce should know it spelled imminent danger. De Grecque! If Rogan were right, de Grecque was an ally of Gryce, and Lydia Gryce stood with her father. Then—if Lydia Gryce knew that William Curtiss was Bob Deems—and she must know it—de Grecque would soon know it, and the Booklovers would know it.

Solitude, after all, was not what he wanted. He needed to see Rogan, to obtain advice from him, to warn him how near was danger.

It was not in the fashion of one pondering, one seeking solitude for the clarification of the mental processes, that he walked up Irving Place and around the park. It was at a rushing walk that approached a run.

He was a block away, crossing Twenty-third Street cat-a-corner, when he saw a woman emerge from the door of the bookshop. Even at that distance, and in the gathering gloom, her lithe walk made him think of Lydia Gryce. So acute was the notion that he stood on the curb and watched the taxi into which she had stepped swing down the street toward him. As it passed he strained his eyes. His impression was more vivid. He could make out not a single feature but—he seemed to feel the presence of Lydia Gryce in that taxi.

So, then, she had discovered Rogan's *nom de guerre* and residence. She knew that Rogan had not died in Deems's

apartment. And as he stared after the machine he became conscious of cries to the north of him. The fat German woman, whom he had known as the clerk in the bookshop, had run out upon the sidewalk. She was pointing down the street, toward Deems, shrieking:

"That taxicab; she went away in that taxicab."

At break-neck speed he dashed up the street.

People were gathering, looking curiously at her; in the distance a lumbering policeman approached at a jog-trot. Deems ran into the store. On the floor stood something that he recognized.

Once he had visited the Bureau of Combustibles, that branch of the police department that handled the bombs formerly deposited by Blackhanders in tenements, but now seemingly distributed by sympathizers of Germany in places more economically important than the dwellings of the poor. It was a bomb that stood upon the floor.

The hysterical woman clerk evidently gathered her senses. For the policeman entered the shop. She had managed to tell him, realizing that the absence of the person who had left the bomb here was less important than the presence of that which she had left.

The officer was a competent man. The bomb deposited in a bucket of water, he telephoned to Police Headquarters. Then he entered the names of the persons who had crowded into the shop in his note-book. Then he dismissed them.

Deems was glad to leave. The woman clerk was too upset by fright to recognize him. He was just as well pleased that the officer did not know that he was a friend of the proprietor of the place. It might have entailed

Deems's remaining. And, before he talked on any subject to the police, it was as well that he confer with Rogan. He would telephone the Secret Service man later.

Meanwhile—there were one or two little things in his Irving Place room that he would like to have. If Lydia Gryce knew his address, that address was an unsafe place for him. He had known that before he left his room, but now—with the evidence of his own eyes he had seen the girl—at least he thought so—and he had seen the bomb that would have wrecked the building.

There was no longer room for doubt. She had inspired the murder of Clancy. How she could have inspired in her groom such devotion that the man was willing to sacrifice his own life— But the man had been a German, and the Germans were insane. It had been, so he believed, for the Fatherland, the Fatherland that Lydia Gryce preferred to serve, rather than the country from which she sprang.

Hurriedly he passed around the park and down Irving Place. And then, a block away from his lodging-house, he reeled to the curb. He seized a lamp-post to regain his balance, while he stared at the place where his lodging-house had been. For it existed no longer. Its whole front had been dissipated in an explosion that shattered windows for blocks around. And, as nearly as Deems could tell, the explosion had come from the front-room on the second floor. His room. And Lydia Gryce had just left another bomb in Rogan's shop.

She had been in Deems's room earlier this evening. She— The sidewalk began to heave up and down, like the surface of the sea after a storm, as he stared at the smoking ruins of the house.

The next instalment of "The Eyes of the Blind" will appear in the September number.

The Boys of the House

By Katharine Tynan

YOUNG martyrs of the War,
Who with your bright eyes star
The shadows gray;
Who steal at dawn and gloam
In each beloved room
So pale, so gay.

Boys who will not grow old.
Peach cheek and hair of gold
Smile and are flown.
You will come back again
In the darkness and the rain,
In the dusk, in the dawn.

Remember, O dear Two!
Two who came after you,
Love as you loved
The gray house and the woods,
All the sweet solitudes
You loved, approved.

Dear martyrs of the War,
Remember where you are,
Boys who have still
To do, to bear, to attain
To your glory and your gain—
By what steep hill?

AFTER THE WAR—

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?

What will the war do to man?

What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?

What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations? Write us your opinions.

The Elements of Public Opinion

EVERYWHERE, above the struggle that drives on with mounting vigor and determination, there sets a wind toward the future, now and then parting the battle-clouds, a wind into which men everywhere are casting the straws of their theory, hope and vision to read the future and guide their preparations for the day of peace. The eyes of the world are fixed upon the shifting line in France that is now the pulse of the world's heart, but everywhere men are watching it in the light of their hopes and plans for the future, for everywhere behind that line of the world's destiny fields are being plowed and stones laid for rebuilding the life of men.

No one can estimate the strength, importance or correctness of the public opinion which is being formed by this after-the-war discussion and action; but there is no question that it is one of the real factors in the situation which confronts the world. Our object is to gain, with the assistance of the readers of *EVERYBODY'S*, a clear and comprehensive idea of what this public opinion is, and, if possible, to see if there is any stable and common element in the various elements that compose it.

It is possible to distinguish in the general public opinion about the problems of reconstruction the following more or less distinct factors:

- (1) The views of labor.
- (2) The views of employers and owners, or generally, business men.
- (3) The views of the Governments and individual statesmen and public officials.
- (4) The views of women.
- (5) The views of academic students of the question.

These are the factors concerning which we have a large amount of information from the discussions and activities in the various countries; and they are the factors generally considered most important.

Other factors about which we know less or nothing, because there have been few organized expressions of opinion

from them, or for other reasons, are:

- (6) The views of the soldiers.
- (7) The views of the so-called professional classes.
- (8) The views of farmers.
- (9) The views of Tom, Dick and Harry—the residue of unorganized general opinion and feeling.

BOOKS TO READ

IN THE FOURTH YEAR. H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
 THE END OF THE WAR. Walter E. Weyl (Macmillan.)
 AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND ASIATIC CITIZENSHIP. Sidney L. Gulick. (Scribner.)
 THE WORLD-PEACE AND AFTER. Carl H. Grabo. (Knopf.)
 THE WAR AND THE COMING PEACE. Morris Jastrow. (Lippincott.)
 THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE. Charles Ferguson. (Dodd, Mead.)
 WOMEN AND WAR WORK. Helen Frazer. (G. Arnold Shaw.)
 THE RESTORATION OF TRADE-UNION CONDITIONS. Sidney Webb. (Huebsch.)

In the course of this discussion in these pages we have invited and are going to print representative statements of views on after-the-war problems from all these groups, as well as reports of the definite preparations for dealing with these problems that are being made by organizations of all these groups and by Governments here and abroad. There are abundant indications that by far the largest and most thorough thought and preparation for the future is among the industrial leaders, business men, financiers and in the related departments of government activity, and there is a general feeling that the most important part of reconstruction will be that concerning the economic life of the world.

As a preliminary background we sum up here briefly the outstanding views of reconstruction that are expressed in the utterances and actions of the first five groups mentioned, here and abroad. In each group discussion has brought forth wide divergence in details, but the following are the common elements in the opinion of each group:

- (1) Labor has declared that the first

element in a reconstruction program is the attainment of the following war aims: Freedom of small nationalities, a league of nations, and an international court or commission to control disputed territory and colonies not able to govern themselves; democratization of all countries; open diplomacy, limitation of armaments and control of war manufactures; free access to sea and raw materials; free trade, and other international arrangements for the utmost development of the world's resources.

The treaty of peace must concern itself with more than cessation of war and territorial adjustments. In view of the shortage of food, raw material, and transportation facilities, and in order to prevent universal famine it will be necessary to make systematic international arrangements to distribute these according to need and not according to purchasing power, and within each country the Government must control the most indispensable commodities.

According to the declarations of the leading labor groups, the second element in a reconstruction program must be detailed action by the Government to prevent unemployment, in view of the demobilization, shortage of capital and raw materials, and insecurity of commercial enterprise, by extensive building of public works, houses, schools, roads, afforestation, reclamation, and the opening of the land.

The third and most important element of reconstruction according to the expressed labor view must be a reorganization of industrial control making for increased production, better working conditions, and greater interest and freedom of labor. This they plan to do by national, district and local organization of labor on the basis of interest and function, which shall have a voice not only, as now, in settling wage and working-hour disputes, but in discussing the methods and processes of production, technical training of workers, designs and standards of workmanship,



and even in the buying and marketing of material and product. In line with this there must be a reorganization of the present system of political representation and gradual substitution of representation by occupations and interests for representation by geographical divisions.

The productive and political life of the nation, they believe, must, in short, be controlled by representative groups concerned about the problems of each industry and brought together to consider economic matters of national interest in some sort of national economic chamber. The scale of industry must be national to secure maximum productivity. Hence there must be some kind of effective international control by the producers to prevent national conflicts of interest over raw materials and markets.

This movement, which is an outgrowth of the trade union, syndicalist, and guild movements in England and France, is very strong in those countries. In this country our only accomplishment thus far has been the creation of national and district control of industrial disputes only, and for the war period only.

Labor insists further that the now existing provisions for regulation of hours of labor, protection of workers, employment of women and children, workmen's compensation, health insurance, etc., must be extended and nationalized; that war debts must be paid off by special tax levies upon capital and land, and by increased income taxes.

(2) and (3) The central point in the reconstruction views and preparations of business men, commercial industrial leaders, and bankers is the same as that implied in the preparations of the Governments of all of the belligerent countries and expressed in the utterances of their representative statesmen. It is the conviction that the period after the war will be marked by the most intense trade competition between individual nations completely organized internally for maximum production at lowest cost, and organized externally into groups bound together by arrangements for control of their mutual natural resources and markets. Every advantage in this struggle that can be obtained from government aid, government control of industry, and from the social welfare programs of labor will be needed and used. They foresee that the gigantic machinery of the military struggle will be converted with close government cooperation into the machinery of trade competition. The ruling idea in national

policy is that of national syndication, the idea of grouping and amalgamating industries on a national scale in order to make them scientific, thorough, and progressive, defeat foreign competition and keep the peace with labor.

This group has predicted that all international adjustments will be made on the basis of this prospect and all internal political and social policies after the war carried out in the light of it. The feeling is that the alternative to such a reconstruction boldly and openly carried through is national decadence and international chaos.

(4) and (5) Women, besides believing that their pre-war demand for equalization of industrial and political privileges and rewards will be intensified by the needs of the reconstruction situation, look forward to radical changes in domestic life. Though few of these have as yet affected this country, the food situation abroad has altered the old domestic organization and brought such changes in domestic industry as the communal kitchen; the situation with regard to population has brought movements to recast the present state regulation of marriage, and to extend state support of children up to school age, and the like.

In the larger industrial questions and in those of international relations the points of view of women as a class tend to coincide with those of labor and with those of the academic students and publicists. Without going into detail, the common element in the views of these three groups is the expectation of a new and transforming spirit in international affairs and in industrial relations which, while making for greater productivity, shall above all promote the welfare and release the creative energies of the individual worker, foster the spirit of humane cooperation in all phases of modern life, and remove the underlying causes of international conflict.

Is there, beneath the emotional approaches to the problems of reconstruction, beneath these radical and comprehensive plans of structural reorganization of our life, and these steady preparations among business men and Governments for a realistic future, any element that promises a common footing of constructive action in meeting the problems of the future? We shall be in a better position to judge after we have examined in detail a number of views representative of the chief elements in reconstruction opinion.

Next month we shall present some of the detailed views of business men and industrial leaders.

Write us fully, frankly, fearlessly your ideas on the world after the war. Tell us what the war has done to you, what changes it has made in your outlook upon life, and in your ideas about our economic, social and political institutions.

Be as clear, be as concrete, be as definite and as sincere as the great question demands. Everything you say will be weighed and studied. As much of it as space permits will be printed here.

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POINT—SET—MATCH!

(Continued from page 44)

been excusable enough. He took it without a word, and he didn't make any effort to stop her when she left, abruptly, with a smothered "Good night, Larry," a minute later.

He walked up and down the veranda, looking out over the Sound, trying to puzzle out just what she had meant, and, because he felt he needed it, he got a cigaret, though he didn't smoke when he was in training. Mr. Sanford, coming out about half an hour later, found him still pacing up and down, and looked at him curiously.

"Better turn in, Larry," he said, kindly enough, but with the curious edge he could never quite keep off his voice, lately, when he was talking to Larry.

"Right!" said Larry. "I'll do that."

"Oh—by the way," Mr. Sanford went on. "I don't mean to interfere, Larry, but I happened to hear about the proposition the Hay-Closser people made you on that shell contract. If you want to raise money for new equipment and that sort of thing—better come to me. The banks might gouge you a bit—"

"I haven't decided about that yet, sir," said Larry. "It's—well, the whole thing's a bit out of my line, you see. I'm not so sure it's good medicine to jump fences that way—"

"It's your affair, of course," said Mr. Sanford, hastily. "But I'll be glad to help if you need me—"

"Thanks," said Larry. He was faintly resentful, and he didn't know why. And soon afterward he turned in, and, rather to his own surprise, slept pretty well. In the morning he found a smiling, laughing Margaret, who seemed to want to make him forget that she had been less than kind the night before.

"Forget about everything but beating Jimmy Thurston to-day, Larry," she said. "That's all that counts now—"

THE day was blazing hot, but there was a little wind that came in uncertain puffs and gave a little relief, now and then, as it chased wisps of white cloud across a sky that was incredibly blue. In the big stands on two sides of the stretch of championship turf there wasn't an empty seat half an hour before Larry and Thurston went out; in the makeshift stand at the western end, that served as a windbreak, people who had been too late to get seats were standing, and the clubhouse veranda was full to overflowing.

Larry grinned nervously as the linesmen went out to sit down, solemnly, in their camp-chairs. And then Thurston, who had been delayed by a broken shoe-lace, came down, and the former

champion who was to call foot-faults explained, in detail, his interpretation of that much-disputed rule.

"Not that either of you goes in for foot-faulting!" he said with a laugh. "But you might as well know what I'll be looking for."

Then they went out together, each carrying three rackets, and at the sight of Thurston's shock of light hair a ripple of applause started on the porch, and spread like a fire through the packed stands, until it was a veritable roar. Larry won the toss, and elected to serve first, and then he and Thurston volleyed for a few minutes, and each tried out a few serves. Larry, watching Thurston's ball, saw that he was going to have to work—saw and admired again the extraordinary break of that terrific, smashing service. And then old Eddie Burgess, in the inevitable white suit, looking cool and immaculate, despite the blistering heat, was up in the umpire's chair, and there was a pause while he named the contestants and abjured the crowd not to applaud during the play. And then:

"First set—Mr. Gardner serving—Play!" he called.

Larry dropped his first ball into the corner of the court, breaking sharply in—and Thurston, with his weak backhand, returned it feebly into the net. The next was a sharp rally, and Larry, forced out of position, had to try a lob. He knew as soon as the ball left his racket that it was too short, and he grinned as he saw Thurston raise himself to his full height for the kill. The ball was absolutely unplayable; he made no effort to reach it, and grinned again as it bounded high over the backstop and into the crowd, while a delighted yell came from those who were there just to see Thurston make that stroke.

But Larry won the game, and made little effort to handle Thurston's terrific service in the next. It wasn't time yet to try to break through service—these first games, for both of them, were bound to be more or less tentative. He hadn't met Thurston before, this season—he had to gage his game, get used to Thurston's stroke. And he guessed that Thurston felt much as he did. Each had a wholesome respect for the other; neither was prepared to try forcing tactics just yet.

And so they went along, the games following service. It was brilliant, showy tennis—showy, at least, on Thurston's side. He got his chance for fireworks while he was serving; Larry, handling that lightning service, was popping up a good many of his returns, and so affording opportunities for the ruthless smashing that so delighted the crowd, and won it so utterly. But, all

the time, Larry was developing his campaign, planning out the tactics of the match, looking ahead to the crisis that was coming, refusing to waste an ounce of the strength that he would need later.

In the ninth game, with the score four-ll, two double faults by Larry, following a netted return, made the score love orty, and gave Thurston an opportunity to make a furious attempt to win on Larry's service and so make reasonably sure of the set, with his own service to follow. But Larry, calm, steady, had recourse to the smashing serve that he kept in reserve. He scored two aces with that and brought the score to deuce with a gorgeous passing shot down the side-line that caught Thurston flatfooted and won him the first spontaneous cheer the crowd had given him. And then, in the next game Thurston weakened unaccountably, and Larry took it, and with it the set at six-four.

THERE was a gasp of disappointment from the crowd before it gave Larry the tribute of applause he had earned. Thurston grinned at him, and shook his mane of hair. And, Larry, confident now, but fully awake to the task that still lay before him, went after the second set.

But in the very first game luck broke against him. Twice Thurston won points on net-cord strokes that dribbled down, hopelessly beyond Larry's reach; a close decision, that brought a sharp protest from Thurston, went against Larry and cost him the game. And after that, try as he would, he couldn't overcome that disadvantage. The games followed service; Thurston, for once, played cautiously. Again the score was six-four, but this time it was Thurston's set. The points must have been almost even for the two sets; those who had predicted a close, five-set match seemed likely to be vindicated.

Both were tired in the third set; it contained about all the bad tennis the breathless crowd was to see that afternoon. And Thurston made more errors than Larry, so that it was easy for Larry to run out the set at six to three—easy, but not greatly to his credit. As they went off to change into dry clothes, Thurston passed his arm through Larry's.

"Thank Heaven we got that set out of our systems!" he said, with a grin. "Now, I'm going after you, old man!"

"Tell me something I couldn't guess!" laughed Larry.

He couldn't get near enough to Margaret to speak to her as he came out, soothed by the inexpressible luxury of dry clothes and a quick rubdown. But he saw her smiling at him, alert, her

eyes shining with confidence, and he smiled back. Thurston was still smiling, grinning, rather, as they walked across to the court. But as he stood poised, waiting to serve, there was a new, grim tenseness about him. He had passed into the fighting phase of the match. Larry had seen him so before, and gathered his own resources to meet the challenge. And the crowd, too, seemed to sense what was coming. It had broken out into a vociferous shout of welcome as Thurston had appeared—a hoarse, half-articulate appeal to him to justify its faith in him, rather than ordinary applause.

Some men might have been disconcerted by the crowd's obvious preference for Thurston. Larry wasn't, nor was he resentful. He could understand the appeal of Thurston's personality, vivid, compelling; he knew that he lacked that, himself, and he didn't let the lack of it worry him or depress him, or confuse him. After all, if he could beat Thurston it wouldn't matter about the crowd.

From the very beginning of the fourth set Thurston played like a demon. He was all over the court. He had ceased experiments with his backhand; he ran around, now, frankly, to get every ball on the forehand if it were at all possible. He had tossed to the winds all he had been trying to learn of a new method of producing ground strokes, and gone back to his old system, the one that had carried him to the crest of the game during the summer of his first, unforgettable Eastern trip. For the science, the cool skill of Larry he substituted sheer, brute strength and a ferocious determination. And he sacrificed everything to get to the net, that he might bring into play the volleying strokes in which he was supreme.

Before that savage assault Larry gave ground. He didn't quit; never in his life had he been further from quitting or any thought of it. But he felt that Thurston couldn't keep up that pace; that no man could. And he knew that no man could stop Thurston while he was playing at that speed, and that to try to do so would mean only that he would lose the set anyway, and be played out for the next as well. So he contented himself with making Thurston work as hard as possible, the while he saved himself; he played every ball safe, took such points as came to him on Thurston's errors, and made Thurston work twice as hard as he did himself. He lost the set at two-six, and could smile unconcerned while the stands rocked with the riotous cheers that greeted Thurston's final smash.

To Thurston, with the beginning of the fifth set, came the reaction that Larry had counted upon, had known to be inevitable. He grew cool. Like Larry, he ceased trying to make impossible gets—gets he had been achieving in the previous set, despite their impos-

sibility. Again the games were following service, but now the advantage that had been Larry's at the beginning, by virtue of the toss of the coin, had passed to Thurston. Thurston served first—as soon, therefore, as the games passed four-all, he was constantly in the position of being able to win the match by breaking through Larry's serve, since Larry was obliged to win his service each time to bring the score back to deuce.

It was marvelous tennis they played now, both of them. Larry showed flashes of brilliancy when he had to—Thurston was brilliant every minute. And yet, very slowly, very gradually, Larry was acquiring the conviction that he was going to win, and the same conviction was being borne in upon the crowd. There was a shrill, nervous quality now in the cries that broke out at some brilliant play; people were sitting forward, tense, hushed.

At eight-all, with Thurston serving, Larry was within a point of breaking through. Thurston served; stormed into the net, expecting a weak return if Larry were not aced. But Larry had divined the placing of the ball; he tossed up a lob and Thurston turned and raced back. The crowd was breathless; Larry, watchful, ready, moved up to the net. Every one expected a defensive return. But Thurston's speed had carried him back quickly; he turned, under the falling ball, and smashed it. Not one man in a hundred would have dared to attempt that stroke. But—he brought it off, Larry's chance was gone, for the moment.

Perhaps the revulsion of feeling unsteady Larry for the moment. At any rate, as he took up the service, after Thurston had run out that seventeenth game, he faltered. He lost the first point and the second; he saved the third and the fourth, but one of Thurston's rare passing strokes from the backhand made the score forty-three. Point—set—match! Only a point stood between Thurston and victory now. And yet that was a great obstacle. Larry was still supremely confident as he stood waiting for Thurston to be in position. It was time to try for a service ace—for a lightning swift ball to the backhand, breaking away—the sort of service Thurston had proved himself unable to handle all through the match.

Larry flung up the ball. His racket rose from his feet in his swing, came down on the ball. And then there was a sickening crunch of breaking wood; the ball flew off at a wild tangent, and he stood still, looking at his broken racket, as he heard the umpire's voice intoning—"Fault!"

From the crowd there rose a gasp of sympathy. Then a hush fell upon it, so that Thurston's voice rang out as he ran toward the net.

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"Oh, hard luck!" he cried. "Rotten—simply rotten! Say—take two serves——!"

Larry shook his head, even before the umpire spoke.

"He can't, Jim," said Burgess. "Decent of you, but he can't."

Larry picked up a new racket, tried it in his hands.

"Hit a couple, anyhow—get used to it," said Thurston.

And for a moment they volleyed. Then Larry nodded, and took up his position for the service. A fault, a service that Thurston could kill on the return, would lose the match. Larry's nerves were shrieking as he set himself. He could see Thurston, crouching within the base-line, tense, ready.

He knew what he had to do—what every one around the court expected him to do. With the match and the championship depending upon a single point and a single ball, he could take no chance. He must serve easily, playing it safe. And then, suddenly, he knew that to do that would be to throw away the match. The time had come when he must back himself—back himself to the limit—or give up utterly. There was only one thing to do—to serve as if this were the first service of the match instead of, perhaps, the last—to serve for an ace that would score the point at once.

And he knew, suddenly, that he could do it; that the accident of that broken racket couldn't beat him, Larry Gardner! He had to serve an ace—and so he could. He tossed up the ball; the gut of the racket crashed into it. And this time the ball flew straight and true. Thurston lunged for it desperately—and touched it as it shot past him. He

had been cleanly ached. And from the crowd there came such a roar as only Thurston, before, had ever been able to evoke. But even above its din came Thurston's clear call.

"Oh, you Larry!" he cried. "That was immense!"

Larry caught his breath. He was grinning as he turned to take the balls from the boy who held them out to him. He had backed himself at last—backed himself to the very limit. He had been supremely sure of himself and he had made good! No one could beat him now—not Thurston, nor any one alive. Twice more he ached Thurston cleanly on his service, and then, in the very next game, Thurston broke and lost his service. One more desperate rally there was, at the very end, as Thurston tried to stave off defeat.

But Larry had come through—there was no stopping him. And he won the match and the championship on a superb drive that Thurston had no chance to touch. For a moment the reaction left him dazed, incredulous, trembling like a leaf. And then Thurston was over the net, rushing upon him, his hand outstretched.

"You wait till next year!" he said. "If you hadn't broken that racket——!"

"I know—I know!" said Larry. And then, suddenly, he flushed. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "You thought I'd serve an easy one—and you'd have pasted it out, or something!"

"The deuce I would have!" said Thurston, growling. But then he grinned. "Well—no one in the world could have touched that serve of yours, set or not set!" he said. "Come on! I want about a gallon of lemonade!"

Larry searched for Margaret as he

and Thurston fought their way through the throng on the veranda. But he couldn't find her, though he did see her father struggling to reach him. And then he was borne up the stairs, and he stripped off his dripping clothes and yielded himself to the sheer delight of a shower, listening, all the while, to congratulations, submitting to those who were trying to shake his hand off. All the while, though, he was trying to get hold of an obsessing thought that persistently eluded him. And then he got hold of it, just as a committeeman cut him out.

"What's that?" he said, absently. "Oh—the cup! Sure—any time you like—I'll be dressed in a minute. Old Jim ought to be keeping it, though."

It was half an hour before he could get to Margaret. But when he saw her face he knew that it had been worth the waiting. She was—oh, she was utterly shameless! No one who saw them, and there were hundreds of people all about them, could have had any doubts about that engagement! She gave him both her hands, but she was strangely tongue-tied.

Still, he seemed to understand, even though she couldn't speak. He was ineffably content. And he didn't have much to say, himself, until Mr. Sanford came up.

"Thanks," he said, to the congratulations. And, "Oh, Mr. Sanford! About that shell contract. I don't see why I can't handle that all right. Can we talk about the financing to-morrow—in your office?"

"H'm!" said Mr. Sanford. And the edge was off his voice. "I thought so! Found out something about yourself when you broke that bat, didn't you?"

The Heart of Night

By Bliss Carman

WHEN all the stars are sown
Across the night-blue space,
With the immense unknown,
In silence face to face,

We stand in speechless awe
While Beauty marches by,
And wonder at the Law
Which wears such majesty.

How small a thing is man
In all that world-sown vast,
That he should hope or plan
Or dream his dream could last!

O doubter of the light,
Confused by fear and wrong,
Lean on the heart of night
And let love make thee strong!

The Good that is the True
Is clothed with Beauty still.
Lo, in their tent of blue,
The stars above the hill!

OUT OF THE DEEP

(Continued from page 19)

side. Its engine noises became louder and altered in character.

"What's that?" Marion whispered.

"They're recharging batteries to be ready to run below again."

A few minutes later, a shell arrived. The fire in the afterhold was blazing so steadily that it undoubtedly made the ship bright to the submersible; and the German guns raked the wreck, methodically, from stem to stern. As the shells continued to smash, Garry started to lead Marion to better protection; but the shelling ceased and Garry brought her back toward the rail.

"That's the final strafe," I guess," he whispered. "They'll be coming aboard now."

"Yes," she said. They lay side by side on the deck over a great hole in the *Ronca* somewhat forward of the beam; they could look down through the flame-illuminated fog to the water but they themselves were in the shadow and well hid. Garry could see Marion's face only dimly; her fingers clasped his wrist, pressing tighter and tighter till the tension was too great and it broke and she took new hold and clasped tighter and tighter again. Nothing that either of them might do could save her or further sacrifice her now if the Germans got aboard. The alternatives before her were being found—a young girl—aboard this deserted ship by a squad of Germans; or death by her own hand, or by his, or by the sea when the Germans had taken their loot from the *Ronca* and placed their bombs and sunk the hull. She surely had the right, therefore, which he could not deny, to refuse longer to merely suffer; to refuse to content herself with succoring the dying and burying the dead; she had the right to strike. She had more, indeed, than he: for he had lost, as yet, not even a close friend in the war. What he had gone through with this girl to-day had brought to him his deepest experience. Yes, she surely had as much right as he to try to kill them all. He rehearsed with her again the simple pin mechanism of the grenades.

The sound of rowing was detaching itself from the noises of the engines recharging the batteries and out of the opaqueness, where the red of the flames ran umber in the fog-dun, a low, squat boat thrust itself, bearing a half dozen men. They had little doubt, Garry saw, that the wrecked hull before them was deserted, except for the dead. The men in the bow and stern gazed keenly along the ship's side; but they were at ease and without concern. As the flames at the stern burned brighter, the nearest man turned toward them an interested, amiable face; another sniffed and

grimaced at the smell of the burning rubber wafted to them. They were coming to the hole in the *Ronca's* side which Garry had believed they would choose; they were coming, therefore, directly below where he and his companion lay; the men swung their boat side to and brought it in slowly; and Garry, pulling the pin from his grenade, touched Marion's arm quickly.

He heard her gasp as she pulled the pin from hers. He tossed his grenade; but her arm had not moved. He snatched and tore her grenade from her fingers and tossed it after his. That instant, his burst in the boat; hers detonated two seconds later. The upturned, amiable countenance had disappeared; the grimacing man was gone; the boat was all asunder. They who had been in it were dead or dying, but two who were able to swim and were splashing in panic away from the ship's side, diving and ducking, as though they feared to be shot in the back as they swam.

Garry held the third grenade without pulling out the pin; he grasped Marion's arm and drew her away. For the U-boat shelled the wreck again. They gained the forward hold and went down where the bales of the cargo protected them.

"I didn't do it!" she accused herself, incredulously now. "I didn't do it. They—they were men, men—just men, they were!"

"Yes," Garry said. "They were men—they are just men who do all those things."

She shrank to him. "Yes; of course. I knew—or I ought to have known they were just men; but how horrible—how much more horrible!"

"I got four of them, I think," Garry said.

She stooped in the dark and suddenly he felt her lips on his hand which had thrown the grenades. He raised her up quickly; then they sat down side by side, upon a bale. The shelling was continuing savagely. It would continue now until the *Ronca* sank or until the *Sprite* or some other Allied vessel arrived. The first contingency seemed altogether more likely; but the other was possible; and there was a chance, though she and Garry were so close as to touch each other, that Garry might go and she be saved.

He felt inside his coat and drew out the little covered frame from his pocket; things were pretty quiet between the detonations of the shells and they could speak.

"This is yours, Marion Searles," he said, pressing it into her hand. It was a moment when it was easiest to tell her what he must; it was a moment when she would scorn soft preparation.

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"What is it?" she asked.

"Your picture is inside; he—he who had it, Marion Searles, is gone. He was wounded in Palestine—perhaps you knew that much, did you?"

She made no reply; so he continued. "They were taking him home when his ship was torpedoed. I found him on the sea; and I found that picture of you in his pocket. I kept it to trace you—there was no other mark to tell who it might be."

Shells smashed above before she replied:

"He was an Anzac—one of my Anzac boys, I suppose," she said.

"One of your—" Garry stopped.

"I gave a battalion its colors when I was playing in Sydney, two years ago; and I reckon most of the boys had my picture then. You've been calling me Marion Searles; she's some one who was on this ship; but my name is Helen Vail. You don't know me; so I'll tell you. My work's on the stage; I was going to France to play in the theatres behind the lines."

"Then you weren't his wife—you weren't even—" Garry's arm about her finished for him; and she, as she let herself be clasped, replied to him—

"God, get us out of this! Get us out of this!" Garry prayed and kissed her.

They moved after a few minutes; for the ship was listing so that the cargo was shifting too dangerously; the space where they went was more exposed to

bits of the shells, but a little glow from the fire came in. They could see one another somewhat; and they kissed again and prayed when the shells came.

The shells ceased; whether because the Germans were satisfied that the *Ronca* was sinking or because they were sending another boat now for rubber or what the reason was, Garry could learn only by going above. He had made her promise to stay where she was and when he returned to her, his manner was very much changed.

"Tell me truly—tell me with the truth of one who's not just going to die soon but who's going on living maybe a long time—tell me, will you love me, Helen Vail?"

"I do, that's all I know, she said.

"But will you?"

"Why must you know, Mr. Laird?"

"Oh, my dear; my name's Garry for Garritson; you didn't even know that; and you don't know about Joe and any of the rest. But never mind, you're going to find out, dear. For God's getting us out of this. Come on; that's mostly smoke up there now; the fog's clearing, and there's moonlight and the *Sprite*, or one of her class, is right in the middle of it. The sub's gone; and I saw both our boats; and, if we get forward of our own smoke, it'll be just like spring at sea."

So, hand in hand, they climbed up together and went forward through the smoke to their spring night at sea.

The Free Woman

By Theodosia Garrison

WOMEN who do not love are free—

All day their thoughts go carelessly;

I know they do not fear at all

When the nights come and the snows fall.

But those who love—their thoughts must trace

All day the well-beloved face,

And they are fearful and grow chill

At the snow's fall and the night's ill.

And they would fire their hearts to burn

Like a bright light at the road's turn,

And flay their souls to keep him warm

In the cold night and the white storm.

Surely I may be glad that I

Softly a night of storms may lie,

For I have watched a woman's face

A black night at a window's space.

Surely I should be happier,

Nor envy—envy—envy her:

But I have heard the word she spoke

In her man's arms as the dawn broke.

PATRICK LEARY'S SON

(Continued from page 56)

their inner feelings. But there had grown up in both of them a sense that each was made for the other, and that indubitably together their destinies must hang—his joys would be her joys and his sorrows hers.

"When we get married," he would dream, "we'll have a little apartment somewhere down-town about One Hundred and Tenth Street. In a little while I can set up for myself and later on perhaps another place—"

BUT all these were dreams and he knew it—and she knew it too, the little serious woman with the brown hair and the gray eyes and the mouth that was red, like the feet of doves.

For him, there would be nothing but the hard grind of work in the smithy, the home-coming to the disapproving mother and the sisters whose ambitions were limited to a cheap copying of gaudy styles and marriage to a ribbon clerk who might wear a high silk hat on Sundays.

There was his father, too! What would become of the old warrior were he to go? And into that grumbling and unhappy household he could bring no bride.

"Perhaps," he was always saying to her, discussing his state vaguely, "something will happen." But there was a hollow ring to his voice, as though it were an impossible thing. And, indeed, what could happen?

"Perhaps," she would echo, and then, loyally: "Something must, Dan!" although she felt that before her was the tragedy of the poor—to wait until threads of gray appeared in her wealth of brown hair and little shadows came about her eyes, and youth grew cold in her, and the years of glory gone. And what would life be then, she thought, but a burning log, half consumed with gray and bitter ashes on the hearth! But she would be true to him until the stars dimmed and died in the sky, until the moon was eaten clear by the decay of untold age.

She said nothing of this to him. But she knew he was thinking of it all the time. But what was there to do? It was unfair, mighty unfair, but ill-fortune dogged that family like a baneful star. She had no liking for the mother and the sisters—they had no gratitude for the boy, nothing but shame for their brother who worked by his hands to help support them. The old man she could understand; she admired him, she loved him for the love he bore the son.

"If ever anything happens—" she thought in that vague phrase, and she would think of the old fighter contented and happy at last, by the hearth of his son and daughter-in-law. There

would always be room for him—always attention, always kindness.

There was nothing for her to do but wait, and with the outbreak of war she offered herself to the naval recruiting bureau, who straightway enlisted her as yeoman, and placed her as helper in the station at Forty-second Street. Very proudly she exhibited herself to the man she knew she would some day marry.

"Aren't you proud of me now?" she asked him, her eyes shining.

"I am," he answered her. But there was a catch in his throat, and a flush of shame on his cheeks.

Because she had little or nothing to do with men, and because in her frank and fearless soul there was little womanish knowledge of subtleties, she could not understand that she had dealt him the most severe blow of his life, had raised a barrier high as mountains between them. She had never heard him speak of enlisting now that the war was on, but in that dumb intercourse of theirs she knew that he was itching to be up and off, to sling his leather apron down, to slam his hammer on the anvil, to bundle and go.

The big surge of youth was rising within him. Outside the dim horizon line was man's work and glory. The glamor of the sea called to him—the wide Atlantic spaces blowing wind fit for his giant's lungs; the great steel behemoths were the natural home for him whose business, after all, was iron and flame. In fancy he could see himself at the great guns, patting them, loving their smooth oiled surfaces, standing by them in clean sea-battle while the flag broke gallantly from the masthead.

"Oh, my God!" he would groan aloud to himself when nobody was by.

If there were only money enough in the place, he thought, he could leave without a qualm. His mother and sisters would feel better off for their laboring relative's absence. And as for the old man—he would never go wrong while his son was away at the war, he was too much of a sportsman for that. Proud, too, the old ring general would be that his son was fighting in a ring that embraced oceans and continents and whose prize was people's freedom. Jeannette, the gallant little yeoman, she would be proud, for that was what she was born to be—the wife of a fighting man.

For weeks now he had been going around sullen and down in the mouth. Somehow a vague shame kept him from the girl's side. Shame suffused him as he walked through the streets. Behind his back he imagined the people to be sneering at him, to be demanding angrily why such a body as he should

be walking the streets and war on. His father, too, seemed downcast and pitifully embarrassed. He knew what the lad was suffering.

He had been reading the sporting news mechanically in the evening paper. A great boxer had died. An old-time wrestling champion had had his leg broken in a bout. There was a column of chat about a new comet in the ring world—an Oklahoman, Jim Sands, who had beaten all the second-raters in the sport and half of the stars. There was talk of a match with the champion.

A paragraph further down caught his eye. It was more about Sands, the Oklahoman. A big middlewestern sportsman had been unfairly treated by the new boxer—a matter of running out of a contract. The middlewesterner had sworn vengeance. Money was little object to the big promoter but he hated unfair play. "Any man who can stop Sands," the sportsman had promised, "earns fifteen thousand dollars off me. I made the man. I found him fights when he hadn't a penny. When he reached success, he went back on me. I made him, I said, and I'll unmake him. That fifteen thousand goes."

He turned to his father an instant with the paper in his hand.

"Father, is Colonel Jack Warner of Denver a square man?"

"Square as they make them," the old boxer answered.

"Do you know him, father?"

"I know him well."

"He's coming to New York. I wish you'd go and see him." He looked at his father full in the eye for an instant. "I wish you'd go and see him," he repeated, "about me." And he handed him the marked sheet.

THERE was something of a menace in the dull roar of the audience—a snarl, vicious cursing. It buzzed through the big arena like the angry droning of wasps. It hummed stormily like the humming of a high wind. The announcer, bald as an egg, red as an apple, raised his megaphonic voice again:

"—and the management, on account of the defection of Dave Gwynn, have decided that any one dissatisfied with this bout can receive his money back at the door. The next exhibition will be for ten rounds between Jim Sands, the Oklahoma Cyclone, challenger for the championship—" he pointed to the grinning figure in the corner, "and—" he paused for an instant and a hush fell over the house—"and Patrick Leary's son!"

For an instant the house was dumb. Then a faint cheer rose. A cackling of conversation followed it, like the

cracking of innumerable sticks. Feet thumped on the ground like the muffled crash of light artillery.

The boy was looking about him, a little aghast, at the great sea of faces that spread on every side of the ring. Above them the white rectangle seemed some minute island in troubled waters.

"Never mind the crowd," old Leary was telling the boy. "Forget them. You're sparring at MacFadden's with me."

A faint knocking at the timekeeper's bench. In the opposite corner the boy could see Sands stand up and whip off the bathrobe—a powerful blackish figure, heavily muscled. There was a grin on the twisted mouth, and a look of contempt in the small black eyes. The heavy jaw was pushed forward truculently. Old Leary laughed.

"And they call that a challenger for the championship," he said. But it was more to hearten his son he said it. He knew the man for a dangerous whirlwind fighter.

"Good luck!" the old boxer said. He whipped the stool from under his son. The second crowded out of the ring. The boy rubbed his shoes on the resin board, and grabbing the ropes, hefted the strain of them. The gong crashed out a reverberating note. Leary strode to the center of the ring.

The audience sat quietly in their seats and held their breaths for an instant. The green searching arc light overhead shone on the men, bringing out every muscle, every feature, with the clearness of sculpture. Sands, the great Oklahoman, moved about, heavy, truculent, like a hawk about to pounce, his guard held close, his head sunk between his shoulders. Upright his opponent stood, moving about rhythmically, his hands cutting the air in rapid feints. The four brown gloves played like the paws of cats. The boards creaked as the men moved about, advancing, breaking ground, stepping suddenly to right or left. The referee swooped about in circles like some restless bird.

LIGHT leads blocked and countered. An ineffectual clinch. The men broke. A short rapid spar, and young Leary's left cracked home to the temple. His right hooked into the body. Another clinch, and the men stepped apart again.

"The kid's good," some one vouchsafed patronizingly from the ringside.

The Oklahoman broke ground rapidly. His hands snapped in and out in quick vicious feints. He stepped back and rubbed his nose with his right glove. Like a whirlwind he jumped in, both hands swinging.

"Good-night, Leary!" a bystander howled.

There was the stunning impact of both hands to the boy's head. A vicious right beneath the heart that

caught him with a grunt. Swift uppercuts hammered into his diaphragm like a storm of bullets. About the ring the crowd was in a frenzy. They had risen to their feet suddenly, with a sound as of waves breaking on a rocky shore.

"He's out. He's out on his feet!" they were yelling.

Blindly, with the instinct of the ring, Leary had clinched, holding for grim death. He felt the referee panting as he tried to force a way between them. "Break away!" he was calling frantically.

For an instant, as his head cleared, he caught a glimpse of his father at the ringside. His jaw was set. His hands were sparring viciously at an imaginary opponent. His eyes were blazing.

"Let me go!" the Oklahoman was muttering.

The boy swung him around like a sack of meal. For an instant they broke. Young Leary's hand crashed over on the neck like a trip-hammer. His left hand whipped in an uppercut. The crowd shouted in a fierce frenzy of excitement. The bell rang.

He had tripped back to his corner after the third round, and as he lay back on the ropes, the air coursing over him from the flapping towels of the seconds, he could see Sands opposite him. The contemptuous grin had left the Cyclone's face, and already on his temple and jaw were showing the mottled marks of the crashing left-handers that had stopped his rushing tactics in the last two rounds. A vicious look had crept into the man's face. He was beginning to think he had been trapped.

When the fight had been suggested to him, he had laughed. When Gwynn, the Californian, had run out of the match, and this unknown had been offered as a substitute, the Cyclone had brushed the offer aside.

"The house won't stand for it," he had objected.

"We'll guarantee you five thousand," had suggested Colonel Warner's agent.

"Oh, that's different," the Oklahoman had grinned. "Five thousand for fighting an amateur, and amateurs are my favorite fruit!"

But he had received an unpleasant surprise. Certainly, in the last two rounds. Those rushing vicious tactics had been offset by the snapping long-range lefts the unknown had smashed to his head. He was up against a master boxer and he knew it.

"Keep him off all the time!" old Leary had counseled. "And I'll give you the word when to wade in."

The gong announced brazenly the fourth round. The men sprang to the center of the ring. Carefully Sands circled about, the old sneer on his face.

"Come on, you kid-glove boxer," the Cyclone was muttering as he sparred. "Come on in and hit a man and see

what it's like. You dirty little yellow sharpshooter, you're afraid to mix it for a minute. You cowardly big stiff. You'd never take a chance in your life. You've got as much grit in you as a cow has feathers——"

But Leary had sprung in, his face flaming, his hands swinging, leaping from the hips.

The muffled breathing from the audience resembled somehow the hissing of a great furnace as the men crashed together in mid-ring. The Oklahoman had come in, covered up, his arms wrapped about his head, his vital points protected as by armor. Viciously Leary hooked and uppercutted. His flying hands met arms and the thickness of an iron skull. He panted viciously as he drove. In a whirl the Cyclone laid his head against the lad's chest and dug home viciously with both hands. Upward his long right jarred to the neck and jaw. The ropes creaked as they battled about the ring. The referee rushed to and fro like a hunting dog.

"BREAK! Break away! Break!" rang the monotonous high chant. The timekeeper arose, watch in hand, ready for the count.

A quick break and again a flying clinch and a fury of gloves. Punches went home with sharp resonant cracks. The ring beneath their feet creaked like a spring-board. The arc-light overhead hissed and sputtered like an engine. From the ringside came the frenzied admonitions of seconds, high-pitched, raucous.

The smashing blows the Oklahoman was driving to heart and jaw were taking effect. Leary's legs were weary, and life seemed to have been sapped from him as blood might run through a number of gaping wounds. His arms were heavy. And he held dazedly to the ropes. He saw the Oklahoman step back. He saw the left feint for the jaw. The right smashed to the plexus like a trip-hammer. He knew he was sprawled on the floor.

"One—two—three—" the referee was counting, his hand moving in measured strokes.

Vaguely, through the glaze in his eyes, he could see the Oklahoman standing back, satisfied, his arms by his side, his grin renewed. Faintly to his ears came the thunder of the audience's excitement, now like the humming of brown bees, now like the rumble of a great train.

He dragged himself up to his knees by the aid of the ropes. The Cyclone stood poised on the balls of his feet, ready to deliver the final blow.

"Six—seven," counted the referee. The house's roar of excitement became the howling of a great storm—"eight—"

Then the bell crashed the end of the round.

In his ears, like gunshots, rang the

cracking towels. Down his spine shivers went, as the ice was applied back of his neck. His head shook to the slashing douche of water in his face. Mechanically, he rinsed his throat. His legs revived under the vicious slapping of MacFadden's hands.

The referee came over to the corner.

"He's all in. Better quit."

Old Leary looked at his son. He said nothing.

"I won't quit," the boy growled.

The referee went back and leaned against the ropes.

Dan was oblivious to everything. Mechanically, he bit on the slice of lemon thrust between his teeth. Through his head like the whirring sections of a cinema picture, thoughts ran with the swiftness of lightning. He could see himself emerging from the ring, a beaten man, unworthy of the old ring general's loins. He could see himself returning to the cold and comfortless home. He could see himself still sneaking through the streets, feeling that every eye was on him, accusing him, sneering at him.

The tap of the timekeeper's mallet rang out dully on the boards.

"Keep him away, son Danny," the old boxer was saying. "Keep him away, or you're a done man."

He advanced to the center of the ring.

For him no longer, as his thoughts ran on in inexorable sequence, the howling multitude existed; no longer the posts and cordage of the ring; no longer the hovering, restless, white-shirted referee; no longer even the boxer before him. As in a training quarters, he led mechanically with his left hand, getting shoulder behind it; he crossed the right or uppercutted to the body; moved back from the punches infinitesimally; wrestled in the clinches. The climax of his problem was here, and he viewed it impersonally, coldly as though it were a new thing. Here he was, in a prison garden, as it were, high-walled, unclimbable. Outside were the things he wanted—love and glory and ambition—the brown-haired, frank-eyed woman who was waiting for him; the great battle-ships where he would prove his worth as a man; and afterward, if he came back, the world in front of him, with her by his side, and if he did not, a clean death and a sweet reputation, ambition higher than power in the land, or the might of riches. He leaned back from a swinging lead, and snapped home both hands to the jaw.

"Good boy!" the ringside roared to him. He wasn't listening.

So here was his prison, and the door to it was the fifteen thousand offered him if he could even up the score of the disappointed sportsman, and this man before him was the guard. Well, that was simple.

The Cyclone was boxing at long range now. Easy, swinging blows that

were hard to guard. Starting at the hip, winding tortuously through the air, gaged to land on jaw or ear. Leary took them, rolling his head to them, robbing them of force and sting. They swished through the air like flails; they whistled like bullets; they flashed in long, brown streaks.

"He's getting Leary," the house shouted. "It's all over." But the old man at the ringside smiled.

The boy broke ground cautiously. The roar of the audience took form and force again. The Cyclone stepped back, rubbed his nose, fiddled with his left hand.

"Good-by, Leary!" the crowd howled.

Coolly, as though he were calculating the curve of a horse-shoe, Leary drew a line between wrist and jaw, and as the man jumped, his right snapped home, knuckles to nerve center, with the clean force of a sledgehammer striking steel. The Cyclone stopped blindly, wavered on his feet for an instant, pitched forward on face and hands.

The white-mustached old gentleman in the naval uniform caught the elder Leary as he followed his son to the dressing-room.

"I want to speak to you a moment, Mr. Leary."

"I can't just now," the old boxer muttered, but the old officer's voice had the impelling power that was in the ancient mariner's eye.

"I am Commander Perkins," the naval man went on. "I've been at all your great fights, and I wanted to get hold of you. I want you to do us a big service, to come up and instruct the naval recruits in boxing. Paid, of course. . . ."

The old ring general looked at him silently for a minute. He gulped twice. The big fight promoter hurried up and touched him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Cap," he apologized to the naval man. "Pat, where's that son of yours? I want to make him world's champion."

"Go away," the old boxer told him incoherently. "He's gone to enlist and get married to the recruiting officer. He's down—"

The promoter shook his head sadly and walked off. He caught the referee talking to the reporters. He drew him aside.

"Say, Johnny," he whispered. "Old Pat's gone crazy. The jail did it. I knew it would."

"You don't say!" the referee gasped.

"Sure thing!" the red-faced promoter shook his head again. "I saw him a minute ago, the tears running down his face, talking to somebody in uniform. And when I asked about his son he said something about him going off to kiss the colonel. The jail did it. I knew it would. Say, Johnny! Ain't that fierce!" He raised his troubled eyes. "Ain't it hell!"

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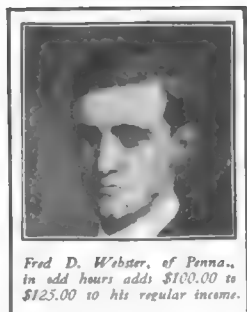
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And the Cock Crew

By Amelia Josephine Burr

"I HATE them all!" said old Gaspard,
And in his weather-beaten face
The lines of bitterness grew hard,
For he had seen his dwelling-place
Laid waste in very wantonness,
And all his little treasures flung
Into that never-sated press
From which no wine, but gall, had
sprung—

And not his heart alone was sore,
For in his frail old limbs he bore
Wounds of the heavy ruthless hand
That weighed so cruelly of late
Upon the people and the land.
It was not hard to understand
Why old Gaspard should hate
Even the German lad who lay
His neighbor in the hospital,
The boy who pleaded night and day:
"Don't let me die! don't let me die!
When I see the dawn, I know
I shall live out that day, and then
I'm not afraid—till dark—but oh,
How soon the night comes round
again!

Don't let me die! don't let me die!"
The old man muttered at each low,
Pitiful, half-delirious cry,
"They should die, had I the say,
In hell's own torment, one and all!"
And then would drag himself away,
Despite each motion's agony,
To where the wounded poilus lay,
And cheer them with his mimicry
Of barnyard noises, and his gay
Old songs of what life used to be.
One night the lad suddenly cried,
"Mother!" And though the sister
knew—

He was so young, so terrified,
"You're safe—the east is light," she
lied,
But "No!" he sobbed. "The cock must
crow

Before the dawn!" They did not hear
A cripple crawl across the floor,
But all at once, outside the door
In the courtyard, shrill and clear,
Once, twice and thrice, chanticler
crew.

The blue eyes closed and the boy
sighed,
"I'm not afraid, now day's begun.
I'll live—till—" With a smile, he died.

And in that hour when he denied
The god of hate, I think that One
Passed through the hospital's dim yard
And turning, looked on old Gaspard.

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER



CITIZENSHIP

A Plain Tale from Alabama

IT COULD be duplicated anywhere, this story of how sheer enthusiasm and grit in a single citizen of a large Southern city gave its high-school boys and girls a corps of Volunteers that is now the pride of the whole community. It has been duplicated many times since a certain young Army lieutenant, by the same sheer enthusiasm and grit, carried conviction of the value of his idea to labor unions, parents and school authorities of Wyoming against endless obstacles and thereby started the movement that has grown into the High-School Volunteers of the United States.

There is nothing that Lieutenant Steever did in Wyoming, nothing that Mr. V. V. Evans did in Birmingham, Alabama, that can not be done in every state and every community in the country. The High-School Volunteer idea once fairly grasped has the same appeal everywhere.

Mr. Evans, a young Birminghamite, was among the first twenty men to volunteer from Birmingham when war was declared. He was honorably discharged after two months of training, because of a minor injury. He returned to his home, where the trouble began to subside. Meanwhile he organized a company of more than one hundred Birmingham men who intended to become candidates for the second officers' training camp. In the same year he entered the second officers' training camp, and was again discharged because of physical disability.

Disheartened to the extreme, he nestled into the corner seat of a Pullman smoker en route home. He had purchased a copy of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and was reading of the work done in Wyoming and other states by Captain Steever. He read carefully the history of the H. S. V. U. S., becoming more and more interested. At the next station he mailed a letter to the H. S. V. U. S. Headquarters for more information on the subject, and thus began the movement for military training for the high-school boys of Birmingham.

Immediately thereafter, however, Mr. Evans called on Dr. J. H. Phillips



Birmingham Volunteers at work

Superintendent of Education, and after describing the plan fully he was told that the school had no facilities for handling military training and was not in a position to consider it. Simultaneously there sprang up both opposition to and indorsement of the idea throughout the city. Mr. Evans then offered to start the military training apart from the school, and take full responsibility. To this the Superintendent agreed, and reiterated in specific terms that there should be no connection with the schools. After some effort permission was gained to make an announcement in the Auditorium of the plan and a date set for the beginning.

On the first day little less than one hundred boys responded. Drilling was commenced immediately, and day by day a few more joined the ranks. One

month later more than half of the entire male student body was drilling, scaling walls, learning the first principles of discipline and walking straight. They were fully uniformed and were equipped with the 1870 model Springfield rifle. (Thanks to the Alabama Boys' Industrial School.) These rifles were too long and heavy; but a fund was raised and the long barrels were cut off, making the rifle regulation length.

There was steadily developing a strong opposition on the part of some of the school officials to the military plan. Mr. Evans saw this and for a

time it seemed as if the life of the H. S. V. U. S. would be cut short. As a last effort a public competitive exercise was arranged. All the school officials were invited to attend, as well as the parents of the boys. Meanwhile the press of Birmingham had lined up solidly in favor of the H. S. V. U. S., and wide publicity was given the event. The drill was a great success.

One week later the entire battalion, fully uniformed, passed down the main street of the city in platoon formation. It was the biggest parade held in Birmingham in years. With heads up, perfect step and a straight alinement the Central High School Battalion of the H. S. V. U. S. carried the admiration of the city with them, and just two weeks later the Board of Education passed resolutions indorsing military

(Continued on page 104)

TAM o' the SCOOTS

(Continued from page 61)

The sound of airplane engines which had almost died away was again audible.

"They're not coming back?"

Blackie listened with a puzzled frown.

The noise rose from throb to buzz, from buzz to angry purr.

"'Uns," said the sergeant-major, sapiently. "That's a circus—look, Sir!" He pointed eagerly. Twelve thousand feet above, the rays of the yet invisible sun caught the white wings of the enemy squadron. Tiny flecks that glittered in the dawn light and unmistakably hostile.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Pang! Pang! Pa-pa-pang!"

The sleepless Archies were at work and the skies were full of wailing.

"Oh, damn!" snapped Blackie, "every one of my machines up! Bomb-proof shelter for us, I think, Sergeant-Major."

But the sergeant-major was staring at the skies. The big German formation so perfectly alined had suddenly broken. "The leader's in trouble, sir."

No need to say as much, for the leader was sweeping earthward in wide circles.

"Tick-a-tacka, tick-a-tacka!"

"Machine gun—what the dickens is wrong with 'em?"

A second machine fell out of formation, disastrously blazing. The formation was now confused and scattered. Three machines had banked over and turned for home. Another three—obviously fighting machines—were circling and the fierce chatter of their guns was eloquent of their annoyance.

"But what are they fighting—one another?" demanded the mystified Blackie. "None of our people are up—glory be! There goes another!"

One of the attackers crumpled and broke in the air and spun earthward.

Then Blackie saw.

High above what had once been a formation was poised an airplane of microscopic size. It was a pin-point of light in the skies, so tiny that Blackie could not believe the evidence of his eyes until the circus turned homeward, one machine, obviously damaged and losing height with every yard it traveled, lagging in the rear.

Then did the midget in the blue descend to give the ground observers a closer view of himself. He dived steeply on the tail of the damaged machine. They heard the splutter of his gun and saw the lame duck crash.

"But what is it—Sergeant-Major? Good Lord, it's as big as a large-sized hat-box."

The tiny stranger wheeled round, poised for a moment and then began a glide for the aerodrome.

As it drew nearer Blackie saw that his estimate of its size was not an extravagant one. It might be stowed in a big packing-case and might with no discomfort take shelter under the wing of a Handley-Page.

The midget lit lightly at the far end of the aerodrome, and Blackie ran to meet the visitor as he stepped down the few feet which separated the mascalles from the ground.

"I say, I'm awfully grateful to you, but from what toy-store did you dig out this contraption?"

The pilot shed his furry gloves and lifted the mica-eyed mask that hid his face before he spoke.

"A'll be thankin' ye, Major Blackie, sir, if ye'll no speak disrespectfully of ma wee frien', 'Annie Laurie,' the pride o' Scotland an' the terror o' the Hoon."

"Tam!" yelled Blackie, and gripped the scout by the shoulders. "Tam! You melodramatic humbug! You villain! Back again!"

"From ma honeymoon," said Tam, shaking his head, "an' just as I were gettin' used to it—mon, war's hell—have ye a seegair in your pooch—A'm travelin' wi'oot ma baggage!"

H. S. V. U. S.

(Continued from page 103)

training, adopted it as a part of the city's school system, and offered a full credit for the work. A drill ground was donated by the city and walls erected for the wall scaling contest and practise.

Soon after, this drilling was begun in every high school in the city. Red Cross units had been organized and real work was being done. Contests were arranged for, and the spirit of competition came over the boys and girls.

Three weeks later the H. S. V. U. S. had the greatest setback imaginable. The Central High School building, with all its contents, including a great deal of military equipment, was burned. The flames were of incendiary origin. Exactly one week later the Boyles High School in the northern section of the city was also burned mys-

teriously. Within the next week, two more attempts were made to burn the two remaining schools.

It looked as if the H. S. V. U. S. had met an early end. However, the Birmingham Medical College nobly came forward, offering one of the buildings of that institute, and school was resumed as well as drilling.

A short time later the school and city authorities departed for Atlanta to gain permission from the board of the Sixth Federal Reserve District to float one million dollars in bonds for the rebuilding of the schools. None of the officials held any hopes that the request would be granted, in view of the fact that the Government needed a clear road in bond selling. As the meeting neared an end it was easily apparent that the request would be turned down. At this point the Commissioner of Edu-

cation arose and explained to the members of the board that the Birmingham schools had the H. S. V. U. S. plan for military training for its boys. The board granted the city of Birmingham permission to sell one million dollars in bonds to rebuild the burned schools.

The H. S. V. U. S. was a reality in Birmingham; mothers, fathers, officials and public had indorsed it, and were backing it. Realizing this, Mr. Evans turned the actual work in Birmingham over to Mr. Tom Akers, veteran of the Spanish-American War, Philippine insurrection and Boxer rebellion, while he turned his attention to the state, and from present indications another year will not pass without seeing the entire state of Alabama imbued with the spirit and benefits of the work of the High-School Volunteers of the United States.

The High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of, by, and for high-school boys and girls, aiming to promote better citizenship by specific training, competitions and games and in other ways. Membership is open to any high school interested. For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

POETRY of the WAR

Blessé

By Helen Topping Miller

GOD! but it's still to-night, here on the hills of home,
(Quiet that hums and aches and crackles in your head.)
Like a solemn load of clay shoveled in around you,
I know how those poor guys feel—the game blokes who are dead!

Such a lot of country 'round—all still and green and peaceful,
(Sheep feedin' on the grass and not a soul in sight.)
And me with a lung gassed out and half a leg to go on.
Nothin' to do but sit and look at nothin'—day and night!

Lord, but I'd like to hear a big old black one crumpin',
(Spittin' out the gritty shrap that spatters off the comb.)
Hear the Heinies squealin' as the red barrage goes lickin',
Me out here—and nothin' doin'—on the hills of home!

God! but it's tough to miss the mixin' and the millin',
Sittin' here with all this silence throbbin' in your head.
(Me with a lung gassed out and half a leg to go on.)
I know how those poor guys feel—the game blokes who are dead!



World's Series Opened— Batter Up!

THE outfield is a-creepin' in to catch the Kaiser's pop,
And here's a southpaw twirler with a lot of vim and hop!
He's tossed the horseshide far away to plug the hand-grenade;
What matter if on muddy grounds this game of war is played?
He'll last through extra innings and he'll hit as well as pitch;
His smoking Texas leaguers'll make the Fritzies seek the ditch!

He's just about to groove it toward a ducking Fritz's bean;
His crossfire is the puzzlingest that ever yet was seen;
His spittle is a deadly thing; his little inshoot curve
Will graze some Heinie's heaving ribs and make him lose his nerve.

Up in the air he never goes; he always cuts the plate,
No matter if the bleachers rise and start "The Hymn of Hate;"
And pacifistic coaching never once has got his goat.
Just watch him heave across the top the latest Yankee note!

The Boches claim the Umpire is a-sidin' with their nine,
But we are not the boobs to fall for such a phony line;
We know the game is fair and square, decisions on the level;
The only boost the Kaiser gets is from his pal the Devil!

The series now is opened, and the band begins to play;
The batteries are warming up; the crowd shouts, "Hip-Hurray!"

The catcher is a-wingin' 'em to second, third and first,
And if a Heinie tries to steal, he's sure to get the worst.

So watch the southpaw twirler in his uniform O. D.
Retire to the players' bench the Boches—one, two, three!
He'll never walk a bloomin' one, nor let 'em hit it out.
Just watch him make 'em fan the air and put the Hun to rout!

—Reprinted from the Stars and Stripes

Somewhere in France 1918

By Almon Hensley

LEAVE me alone here, proudly, with my dead,
Ye mothers of brave sons adventurous;
He who once prayed: "If it be possible
Let this cup pass" will arbitrate for us.
Your boy with iron nerves and careless smile
Marched gaily by and dreamed of glory's goal;
Mine had blanched cheek, straight mouth and close-gripped hands
And prayed that somehow he might save his soul.
I do not grudge your ribbon or your cross,
The price of these my soldier, too, has paid;
I hug a prouder knowledge to my heart,
The mother of the boy who was afraid!

He was a tender child with nerves so keen
They doubled pain and magnified the sad;
He hated cruelty and things obscene
And in all high and holy things was glad.
And so he gave what others could not give,
The one supremest sacrifice he made,
A thing your brave boy could not understand;
He gave his all because he was afraid!

A Little Town in Senegal

By Will Thompson

I HEAR the music throbbing down the lanes of Afric rain:
The Afric spring is breaking, down in Senegal again.
O little town in Senegal, amid the clustered gums,
Where are your sturdy village lads, who one time danced to drums?
At Soissons, by a fountain wall, they sang their melodies;
And some now lie in Flemish fields, beside the northern seas;
And some to-night are camped and still, along the Marne and Aisne;
And some are dreaming of the palms that bend in Afric rain.
The music of the barracks half awakes them from their dream;
They smile and sink back sleepily along the Flemish stream.
They dream the baobab's white buds have opened overnight;
They dream they see the solemn cranes that bask in morning light.

I hear the great drums beating in the square across the plain.
Where are the tillers of the soil, the gallants' loyal train?
O little town in Senegal, amid the white-bud trees,
At Soissons, in Picardy, went north the last of these!

A Star of To-morrow

By Karl Schmidt

IT WAS back in the "glad" season—that period of our theatre in which Polyanna and all her sisters of sugary joy and sweet tears had their inning—that Fay Bainter demonstrated the astounding fact that an ingénue need owe nothing to Billie Burke in the manner of speech, nor to Mary Pickford for guidance in the matter of hair-dressing. The insurgent Miss Bainter further proved that the acting of character need not be confined to eccentric types or old persons. Though her personality was fresh and totally unknown to New York theatre-goers she was not content when cast for the ingénue rôle in the play, "Arms and the Girl," merely to be herself. Of that American girl, stranded without a passport in Belgium at the outbreak of the war, she made a real figure—interested, alert, afraid, game, not a simpering and becurled damsel in weeping distress. Of course, success was hers.

Later, the same season, Fay Bainter appeared in two parts in "The Willow-Tree," that story of a Japanese garden, by Harrison Rhoades and J. H. Benrimo. She had arrived.

The way had been long, for back of her début in "Arms and the Girl" was an apprenticeship of nearly twenty years of acting, beginning as a stage child of four in Los Angeles. Actresses who come from California are as certain to come from a Morosco theater as good coins from a Government mint, and Fay Bainter was no exception. Morosco saw her in a Brownie chorus in a Kermis and sent for her mother. After some appearances with the Morosco stock company there were performances up and down the coast with Nance O'Neil. At six, Fay Bainter was a champion cake-walker, competing with adult performers in that now all but forgotten art. At fourteen, perhaps because, like George M. Cohan, she wasted no time in school, she was head of the house, in that she supported her family.

Shortly there began a tour of the stock companies: Los Angeles, Sioux City, Albany, El Paso, Toledo. At eighteen Fay Bainter was a leading woman. In stock she played everything—Leah Kleschna in the play of that name, Goldie Gates in Cohan's "Little Johnnie Jones" and Juliet.

"I played Juliet when I was eighteen," reminisces Miss Bainter. "I know a lot more now, and yet I would be much more frightened in playing the part. I'd keep remembering some of



Fay Bainter.

the actresses who had played Juliet and the study they had given to the character. Truly I'd be frightened."

During her days in the stock companies Miss Bainter came in every year, as the phrase of the theatre is, and hunted for a job with a New York company. Of these days she says: "I discovered finally that there is no use looking for a job when you are unknown and look hard up, and I decided that I'd stay in stock companies 'till I got enough money to come into New York, live at a good hotel, and be well dressed. I had been living in a theatrical boarding-house, washing handkerchiefs and drying them on the mirror. I suppose women out of work always do that, just as in stories and the movies they cook on the gas jet. Well, I stayed in stock eighty weeks and once more I started siege to Broadway—this time from a good hotel. Three days after I came to town I got the part in "Arms and the Girl."

Fay Bainter believes that the way to act is to keep on acting. Accordingly, as a vacation this summer, she has been appearing in a Broadway musical comedy. And in her own words: "I just love it!" The part was that of a musical comedy Grand Duchess who loves American cabarets,

jazz and dancing. It was really no part at all; but it was put over with a good deal of go. For an actress schooled in the very different work of straight dramatic productions it was no little triumph; in fact, the singing and dancing were good enough to withstand comparison with the work of many performers regularly in this field. Just as Miss Bainter in "Arms and the Girl" proved that an ingénue part could be done differently, so in musical comedy she demonstrated that it is not necessary for performers to forget what they know of the more serious stage. To a silly rôle she brought full experience and charm. Of course the combination was an obvious success.

In the years that Fay Bainter spent waiting outside, it was her ambition to have a repertoire by the time that she was twenty-five; for the reason that there are no young actresses with repertoires, and she wanted to be the first. Now the hope has been renewed with thirty as the time by which it is to be accomplished. With this has come another ambition—to play pantomime, because it is the greatest of dramatic arts—"And I will do it one day too," says Miss Bainter, with the conviction that persons have who are accustomed to see their wishes come true, largely because they themselves know how to shape, fashion and plan to a certain end.

Fay Bainter is not pretty and she is tired of being told that she is not. She has youth, charm, magnetism, love of the theatre, vitality, natural talent and the experience to make it tell, the ability to see a character and to create it boldly. As that sage of the obvious, Claude Elmer Humphries would have it, these are the things that count. So let Miss Bainter protest if she must.

Two seasons ago a very long play, it was too long when first produced, reached its first performance after endless rehearsals. The leading part, that of the image which lived for a while in a Japanese garden, was also very long; but the actress who played it was not content and played the rôle of the young English girl in addition. This doubling up of the two characters necessitated reckless changes of costume. Toward the end of that first performance of "The Willow-Tree," first-nighters, kept up too long, if that is possible, became a little tired of it all and left for home, but the young actress went out to dance most of the night.

Fay Bainter is like that.

Barrack Bits

By Harold Titus

Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A.

OVER there" is a new world in the making.

"Over here" is a nation coming into definite shape.

The war is the thing for us all, soldiers and folks back home, but for most of the latter the trenches, the fighting, the horror of action are all of war. Because of this it is easy to lose sight of the barracks and their significance.

For the first time in our brief history large groups of Americans have been forced to know about other Americans who have never before particularly interested them. Hundreds of thousands of us who heretofore have lived more or less freely in the United States are being housed together and worked together in the accepted interests of the whole. Redistribution is taking place all the time, and although this week a camp may be populated with men from a small corner of the country, next week it may be filled with troops representing all the states of the nation. We are coming to know scrapple and frijoles; the language of the Great Lakes; the speech of the cotton states. Whether we like it or not, our sectional noses are being rubbed together, our provincial skulls cracked, and we are beginning to understand and learn the things the other fellow dislikes and likes and believes.

This is the manner of shaping an American point of view. It is yet too early to determine what this point of view will be like; but those of us who are in the process know that it is coming, and, no matter how great the consequence of what will happen over there, it is unwise to overlook the development over here, because it is very probable that the barracks are to be a greater factor in this coming America than the trenches.

In barracks, surely, the relationships are not, for the time, so close as they are in the field, but they are wider in scope, concerned with detail; the interests of men in men are broader, because during those dreary lapses that interlay bursts of interest roused by new phases of training they must have diversion; in men in the same fix they find that diversion.

The Mixing

AS I WRITE, a boy from New York stands beside me in cool, clean pajamas and swagger lounging slippers, while across the table an Oklahoma cowboy laboriously spells out the legends on

cartoons of a Sunday comic. The lad in the far end of the barrack told me this afternoon that he, a boy soprano, sang in Chicago's Orchestra Hall a scant half-dozen years ago. An actor who enlisted in Milwaukee is talking to a young California attorney, and an electrical engineer is playing checkers with a Pennsylvania brewer. They stood formations together to-day, they drilled and went on fatigue detail together; shortly, lights will go out and they will sleep together. One of them, I know, used to hear a professor of philosophy in a Mid-Western university quote and repeat and dilate upon, "I am a part of all that I have met." And what a variety he is meeting in barracks!

The Culinary Nomad

TYPES stand out.

This man, you would say, was the homeless. He keeps his clothes about him in that paradoxical orderly disarray which comes from living on the move for long. He is a cook, a circus cook, he boasts, but now and then he tells of cooking on a coasting schooner and again he mentions feeding the crew of an irrigation project in the southwest. He has worked in hotel kitchens and knows something of the lumber woods. A culinary nomad, rounding his experience by cooking for soldiers.

Probably he is a Bohemian, for his face is big and Slavic and kindly, and his little gray eyes twinkle with the rather stodgy good spirits of that people. His hair is clipped close to his round head, standing up in a brusk pompadour. His great forearms are gay with the tattooing of some side-show artisan. He takes to his cot as soon as he comes from his mess hall and lies there under rumpled blankets, articulate at both ends. He talks with lips and feet. The lips tell of diverse things; they chant a labored patter while he does tricks with coins and cards; and the feet, which are wide-soled and thick-toed, move continually, stretching and twisting, reveling in the luxury of relaxation until they have worked from beneath the blankets and leave him protruding in two places, face beaming as those who listen laugh, feet working slowly, eloquent of contentment. He is so completely established in such a temporary place as barracks that he is distinctive among the others. He seems to be emancipated from the luxuries the

others had been reared to accept as necessities.

They were so absorbed in becoming accustomed to doing without homes that he was regarded as—for the emergency—the *fortunate* homeless. Until this night.

He had a letter. It was written in pencil on rough paper. He read it aloud, addressing the barracks in general, droning the ungrammatical, trite things a sister had written, his feet accelerating their movements as the sentences touched something in him.

"Oh, my dear brother," he quoted, with definite pauses between the words, "we hope so that you will not have to go to France, but if you do, do your bit for us. You are all we have got, but we are so proud of you. Cook for the boys so they can fight hard." He stopped there and read a moment to himself. Then: "Ma has a new rocker. It is polished oak and green plush. She sits in it all the time and won't let us girls sit in it, she likes it so. I am so glad, and it is a pretty chair. Maybe she will let you sit in it when you—"

He stopped again, his eyes scowling queerly, and re-read the lines. After a moment he folded the letter quickly.

His gaudy forearm dropped to the blanket and, propped on the other elbow, he reclined there. He did not see the barracks. In his face was a far-away look and his heavy mouth betrayed something of tenderness.

The big, wandering cook was lonely, I believe, for a home with a green plush rocker.

The Company Gormand

JACK is the company gormand. His chief characteristic is an astonishing interest in and capacity for unwholesome food. Army "chow," with its low sugar content, set him wild.

A box from home entering the barracks was always a signal for Jack. He was never too busy, never too much in danger of the top sergeant's wrath, to hang around until the package was broken. The others called him the Box Hound.

When there were no boxes to appease his craving, Jack fell back on the post exchange. He ate continually until an outraged digestive apparatus rebelled.

At the infirmary he was told to eat regularly; then dismissed. But his stomach pained him and the professional brusqueness of the physician had

frightened him, and Jack ate nothing at all from breakfast until late afternoon. He was slightly feverish and full of misery.

"I don't think I'll ever get out," he confided wistfully. "Inside I'm all like a boil. Prob'ly I got a cancer. Oh, if I ever do get out, I'll take care of myself, you bet! Any man's a damn fool to abuse himself like I have. I'm off that stuff for life, I'll tell the world. Plain things for me—if I ever get the chance to eat again at all——"

He dropped into a doze, groaning at intervals.

Mail came. One lad drew a big box, one surface freckled with postage-stamps. In his corner was some good-natured mention of the Box Hound's absence. The package was opened, and some one at his end of the room told Jack. Jack moaned.

"It don't interest me," he assured painfully. "Not a dime's worth. Doctor told me—You birds'll learn, too. Take it from me, you will. Them boxes will raise hell with this man's army if they don't cut 'em out—I'll bet they will, too. See what they done for me!"

With true army generosity the recipient of home cooking passed along the row of cots. He approached Jack's couch of penitent woe, a high, frosted cake balanced on one hand, a deliciously daubed knife in the other.

"Sorry, Jack," he said. "Don't you feel like a piece?"

"Nope——" from the blankets. "Simple food——"

The other cut a wedge for a red-haired boy and moved along. Then from Jack's bed came a stirring and an apologetic, querulous query:

"Say, brother—is that real *light* cake?"

Nebraska Swank

THIS was in the tents. The boy from Nebraska had fed the evening fire with his hat low over his eyes. He was new, and Nebraska was a long way off, and he didn't want the others to see that he was acutely conscious of distance. He had been in bed an hour now.

"New York" came in. He was a plumber before he became a soldier. He boasted of the milk he had just drunk at the canteen. "A whole bottle," he said.

"How much?" the boy from Nebraska asked.

"Twelve cents."

"A quart?"

"I dunno. A bottle. Pint, I guess."

The other made a deprecating click with his tongue and said disgustedly:

"Twelve cents a *pint*!"

"New York" undressed, and twenty minutes later from the lonely boy's cot came this, in a stumbling voice that told of half dreams:

"Twelve cents a pint! And we never

paid but—ten—a quart—in a bucket—seven miles from—Dakota line——"

A Good Time

THE sergeant's whistle roused at least one mighty sleepy soldier that morning. He had been out on a late pass and had stumbled in not so long before reveille. He sat on the edge of his bed rubbing blue Irish eyes with the butt of his palm.

"Go to the dance?" his buddy asked.

"Yeah," through a yawn.

"Good time?"

"Umph," assent.

"Lots of girls?"

"Yeah," fumbling for a shoe.

"Good looking?"

He retrieved the shoe and shook his head and hurried a yawn.

"Say, it was the homeliest bunch of broads I ever set eyes on. I'll bet they met on a corner and *marched* to that hall!"

Weary Danny

THE outfit was back from a hard march over brick pavements in the interests of the Third Liberty Loan campaign. Danny was weary and disgusted.

"Cheer up, buddy," some one said. "Everybody loves you! Didn't you hear 'em cheer and see 'em wave? Anyhow, you got a dollar for just that little work."

"I heard 'em; I saw 'em; I'll get my dollar," he answered. "But I could be court-martialed for what I think of those birds who cheer a thirty-dollar-a-month soldier in a Liberty Loan parade from a limousine!"

Rookie's Salute

THIS rookie was a sentinel for the first time. It was raining, his duties were yet sufficiently bewildering, the proper handling of a rifle still sufficiently a conscious process, his fear of not doing the right thing sufficiently great to keep him in a state of constant indecision. To make matters worse, a new cavalry outfit was in camp, and time after time he had, at sight of the strange yellow hat-cord, come to attention and brought his piece from right shoulder to present arms, conscientiously counting under his breath the "One, two, three!" that he might execute the movement properly, only to be given the laugh by the trooper he had mistaken for an officer.

So he looked the other way when any man wearing other than the blue cord of infantry passed his post.

A mounted soldier in a slicker approached. He looked at the sentinel. The sentinel looked at him. He saw a yellow hat-cord (he did not know that it was the gold of a major-general) and resolutely paced onward, a bit contemptuously.

The rider stopped his horse.

"Don't you salute?" he asked roughly.

The rookie stopped.

"Now and then," he said, sure of his ground; "but I'm through salutin' you damned cavalry men."

"I'm the commanding officer!"—with an authoritative bite to the words.

The other's back stiffened with a snap, his heels bumped together and, trying through his confusion to handle his gun in the prescribed manner, he let his surprise find vent by exclaiming in exact cadence as, in the three movements, he brought his gun from shoulder to port and then to position:

"I'll—be—damned!"

Hard Boiled

THIS man was a blacksmith from near Davenport, Iowa, and he had come into the Army to keep right on shoeing mules. He was small and wiry, hard spoken and belligerent; hard boiled, as they have it in the Army.

The boy on the next cot was writing a letter and the blacksmith surmised that the letter was to a girl. The other had been in the Army long enough to overlook the newcomer's reference to that girl. The comment was mighty rough; so was the man; one gets accustomed to roughness in the Army. But after he had made his offensive though unoffending remark the man said:

"I'd like to write a letter to a girl, but I don't know her name. She's in Danville, Illinoy. She must be a hell of a nice girl!"—earnestly enthusiastic. "We hit Danville—a whole train of us—just at six o'clock. It was snowin' and blowin' for God's sake! We didn't have any lights in the cars and our chow hadn't been any too good and—I ain't a softy myself, but I got to say I wasn't feelin' my best."

"Pulled into the station and I looked out and here was this girl wavin' at me. Course, I opened the window. (They wouldn't let us out.)

"What do you need?" she asks.

"I was goin' to say 'You' when I got a better look at her face—and I didn't. She wasn't that kind, understand. I told her I was shy on tobacco and she beat it across the platform and got me a can and come back on the run and wouldn't take money until I throwed it at her.

"There was a whole flock of 'em! They'd hung around that station and missed their supper just to do somethin' for our gang, and none of us ever knew 'em. Hadn't even seen 'em before. They got oranges and stamps—anything you wanted. Snowin' and blowin' for God's sake, I'll say! They do it all the time there. They tell me they do it in other towns, too——"

"Funny. I'd like to write to that girl." He thought a moment before asking this rather pertinent question:

"It's funny, ain't it, that it takes war to make folks friendly?"

The DUCHESS of SIONA

(Continued from page 72)

"My house is noble," said the young man, slightly bewildered.

"And wealthy?"

"You may call me so."

"And you have traveled—fought—loved—seen—done—been. Say no more. I see it all. My heart goes out to you. Poor lad! You have never had a chance. You have ridden along life's highway ahorseback, and so missed perforce the thousand and one pleasant and humorous adventures that wait for a man who, like me, trudges afoot by the hedges and byways. And now you come to a voluntary halt, bored with this wearisome journey, where every pain is robbed of its pang, every pleasure of its piquancy and life's one long bite. And yet—but pardon—I detain you. Pray proceed."

HE WAVED his hand gracefully in courteous invitation to the young man, who, half overwhelmed by the other's flood of eloquence, started violently and nearly fell off the branch on which he was sitting. He saved himself by a lucky grab.

"Careful, my friend," he said, "I nearly came over then." He adjusted his seat more nicely. "Besides, I can spare you a few moments. Your remarks are not altogether banal."

The black-haired man at this hoisted himself into a sitting posture on top of the boulder, hitched his rags round him, and with his elbow in the palm of his right hand, left fore-finger wagging upward, continued his address:

"Then, young sir, if I might venture, I would ask you, by your leave, are we possibly too precipitate? Is there no experience we've missed? Is there nothing that life, if put to the question, might plead in its defense?"

"As for instance?"

"For instance—for instance. Well, let us say—um—um—you have fought, you say. Good, but tell me, have you ever run from a stricken field?"

The young man flushed. "Run? I!—I have fought, I have known wounds, I have known captivity even, but run? Never!"

"'Tis as I feared," said the other. "Never run! No? Well, I understand. Why should you run? Noble, wealthy, you had but to wait on the lost field till your sword and your parole were courteously demanded of you, and then away to a little romantic detention till your family sent along the money for your ransom. Now, in the ranks they either—" he drew his forefinger expressively across his brown and sinewy throat from ear to ear—"you understand? or else sell us to Barbary. And so, on occasion, believe me, we run like the very devil. Oh, sir, there's a thrill if you like! To fly, barefoot, for friendly

hill or river, a furious half mile, with well-mounted cavalry that mean business a bare spear's length and an inch behind you all the way. Match me that for wild joy—the running away successfully from a field that's lost; more particularly if you have once had a taste, as I have, of that even more exhilarating emotion—running away unsuccessfully. You see my point?"

"I am not sure," answered the young man, perplexed.

"Why, experience, thrilling knowledge—and one that you've missed. And there may be others. Think—" here in the enthusiasm of his address he hopped down from the boulder, and, leaning on his left foot, immediately staggered and began to hop with pain, holding his left knee. "Hell! This knee—am I indeed lame—I, lame? Oh God, let me live a little while—just a little while!" He stood on one leg and looked up at the young man, his face touched with something satanic. "Tell me, with a face such as yours you should know something of woman, and woman's love; but, did you ever hate a woman?"

"Some causes of offense I may have had, here and there," replied the youth with great dignity, "but I do not allow myself to hate a woman."

The dark man gave a quiet little laugh that had yet something of a snarl in it. "Very noble," says he, "very gentlemanly; very—young—gentlemanly." He was silent a moment and the laugh died out of his face. "But I'll not sneer at you," he went on. "I too would have made much that same answer this morning. I too have known the close clasp, the faltering knee, the lips that yielded half reluctant, and not till this hour did I dream what ecstasy might lie in longing for the grip on the writhing neck, the slash of the knife down into the white bosom. Oh, if I sell my soul, it shall be for no less joy than that!" His face was working, he looked terrible.

"My friend," interrupted the young man, who was feeling a good deal astonished, "you seem very mad."

The dark man with that whipped round, smiling again. "Pardon, my lord," he said bowing, "but so many of the best men are a little mad. But now, to your case. Doesn't it seem almost as if we might reconsider our position? The fact of the matter is that as a rich and noble young man you have read but one side of the pages in life's book. Whenever life offered you one of her exhilarating tumbles, there, one on each side of you, were your wealth and your rank, ever in attendance, ready to catch you on a cushion as it were, and so rob you of all the benefit of the bumping. Life to you has been a courte-

san with a never-changing smile, and now you sicken of it. Then dare her frown. There's a zest in a frown that a smile may lack. Come you down, my lord, and listen to me while I propound to you as piquant an adventure as ever man essayed, and at the end of it lies either happiness unbounded or else some of those experiences you are so far unacquainted with."

"What are they?"

"Disgrace, humiliation—the deadly dregs in the cup of defeat that even brave men shirk drinking."

"Expound further."

"Then come down, my lord, come down and listen to me—come, I'll help you up again if needs be."

He was so persuasive in voice, his beckoning hand so invite, that after a little pause the young man slipped the noose from round his neck, slid down from that branch, and stood on the tree roots while the dark man spoke as follows:

"Look you there," says he, "look you there through these branches. See'st thou the city? 'Tis Siona. Know'st Siona? No? Neither did I till three days ago. God knows I have reason to curse it, as my back and legs may bear witness not to speak of your lordship's nose. 'Tis ruled by a girl, rather—a woman let me say, for she is of that magical age of three and twenty. Beatrice—the virgin duchess—dost believe in virgins of three and twenty?"

"Why not?"

"HAPPY lad—why not? After all I have heard of such and here is one, not a doubt of it. God made her fair to set men's hearts aflame, and cold to chill them again. A woman of ice, a fortress impregnable. There's a barrier about her—a moated, portcullised sort of woman. Yet, since she is invincibly averse to marriage, for her coldness her father in his time made it a law of the city that any man venturing there to court her must receive fair hearing and lodging in the castle for a month, and the Duchess has made the rule that, that passed, he must claim her hand in face of her court assembled, and if he fail, then for his presumption he must undergo whatever she lays upon him."

"A moment," says the young gentleman, "is this a fairy-tale?"

"If it comes to that, what's all life but a fairy-tale, badly told?"

"Well, you tell this one very well, but a little too fast. Let us have it again. A virgin duchess, you say, young, beautiful—"

"Young, beautiful, obstinately virgin, proud beyond all reckoning. And for all her pride compelled to submit to courting from any suitor properly qualified."

"What's the qualification?"

"You have it in full."

"So. The suitor then must be a man of taking appearances, agreeable in his conversation, accustomed to the management of affairs, and withal philosophic and witty."

"The devil! Are you all that? But, my lord, the thing's easier. All that's necessary is that you should be a man of noble blood. It was not in the law. 'Any man' said the law. But among you gentlefolk 'any man' is interpreted to mean any man that in birth and breeding might properly aspire to this distinction. I might have known it," went on the dark man, pacing, still limping in pain, to and fro, "and being wrong then very properly might I be shown my error. Ha, dog! Stone him, cudgel him, away to the moat with him."

"KEEP to the point, my friend."

"You have all, my lord. You get your mouth there and try your best. 'Twill test you. If you have wit, graces, learning, here's work for them, and if you have philosophy, by God, you'll need it, if you fail."

"But is she worth all this—is she so very beautiful?"

"Ah, ha. Beautiful. Is she beautiful? I thought our philosopher would come to this. Judge by this. I have traveled wherever women are reputed to be comely, and hating her, nevertheless I declare her the fairest of all that ever these eyes did see. Oh, but the pride of her—did ever a challenge to all mankind that's male, look so out of a woman's eyes? Take up the challenge—come with me to Siona, you to this great emprise, I as your servant and abettor."

"A moment. From what I gather you are scarcely welcome at Siona."

"Far from it, my lord, yet I'll be your herald. So shall my person be sacred, and not even the wrath of the Duchess shall dare assail me."

The young man looked about him in evident indecision. The other, watching him carefully, put in a further word. "I admit, my lord, that here's no light undertaking, and even now I ask myself if this business were not better offered to a man of more experience."

The young man whipped round on him. "More experience!" he exclaimed with indignation. "Sirrah! You take a liberty. Am I a boy? Twenty-three I am, and have I not fought in battles, and traveled over half Italy? Have I not read and have I not discoursed? Have I not studied cities and men, garnering the profundity of wisdom that lies in ancient books and in the brains of men whose counsels govern kingdoms, and acquiring a philosophy denied to common men? Ha! You do not know whom you so ignorantly slight. It would not be for lack of experience that I should refuse this adventure."

"But you do refuse—your years have taught you prudence?"

"Prudence—prudence now! By the gods, do you accuse me of being prudent?"

"Softly, sir. No doubt many a man like you has had half a mind to this quest, but as I say these last years are all become prudent. There's a queer twist in my mind I suppose that made me think for an instant that a gentleman of your breeding, finding life so much in need of a fillip, might take some pleasure in trying a fall with the lady's sour humor—she being so very fair. But enough. I say no more. I see I am wrong. Sir—there's your noose."

With that the other, who had possibly forgotten all about his first purpose, turned slowly round and looked up to where his horse's reins still dangled above his head. He stared for full five seconds, his mouth open and rigid, then turning back with great anger to the dark man, "Fellow!" he began in a fury. The other cut in most impudently.

"Fellow yourself!" says he. "None of your condescension! I'm as good a man as you are, and soon to be a better when the kites have beaked your carrion and I go gaily on. Up to your perch, lad, get on with your dingle-dangle. You keep the crows waiting—or was that a boast? Ha! I know your sort. Have there your gifts, sword, cloak, purse; you'll need them. I've but to turn my back and the springald will be donning them again, thankfully enough, and off he goes, tail between legs."

Here the young gentleman took a step toward him, speechless with rage.

"Was I too hard then? I'm sorry, lad, slip on your things, put your purse in your pocket, and away home. A kiss to the lady mother and tell her her wild boy's home again, to sit snug and safe in the old hall, and done forever with the wild and wicked world."

I think the lad could have cried with vexation. Three steps he took away, and three back, and coming up to the dark man he put his face close to his and spoke, shaking all the time with anger. "I take you," says he, "for a very glib, a very saucy fellow, a low varlet whom I regret me I did not beat out of sight when first you obtruded yourself into my presence. But I am not minded to be sneered at by such as you, a broken, trencher-seeking brigand, ready enough, no doubt, with a cutthroat sword that could be hired on any dirty business, and as like as not spinning me all this while an ingenious lie—"

"What gain to me?" interrupts the other calmly.

"True. Well, this fantastic adventure of yours, I'll try it out. Have at your Duchess!"

With that the dark man's face lit up

with sudden joy. "You will venture? Spoken, my lord! I attach myself and my fortunes to your lordship's."

"You may place yourself under my protection," replies the other, very simply but grandly.

"Gods!" said the other with a grimace. "What eminence! I grow giddy! Yet 'tis very admirable. I attend your lordship."

"And now," says the gentleman, "what shall I call you?"

"By my faith," said the other whimsically, "your lordship was pleased just now to call me several things. 'A trencher-seeking brigand!' Well, we must all eat, and great and small will seek the trencher. 'With a cutthroat sword!' Ha, my blade!" he said, laying hold of his sword handle and lifting it as though to rebuke it, "listen to that. Now are you arraigned. How often have I warned you that your unchristian conduct would bring you into disgrace and your master into trouble. No answer? You see, sir, not a word. And that's a good sign, for where there's silence there's shame, and where there's shame there's hope of repentance. So let us give him one more chance, and he may yet reform, and become an honest spit, seeking to deal in nothing more murderous than the transfixing of a dead goose. So, sir, you shall call me Pedro, if you please, and rely on me to go bail for the good behavior of my silent friend here."

"You puzzle me," said the Count. "What are you?"

Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "As you see. Count me a sword and a brain, both reasonably bright, and worth salt at a pinch."

"But from your talk—at times—one feels—are you by chance a man of good blood?"

THE other turned black again. "Good blood! When a man's veins are full to bursting with blood that has turned sour from bitter hate, then he's a man of neither good nor bad blood, nor red blood nor blue blood, but just blood. But come, my lord," he went on, laughing again, "all this time we are keeping our Duchess waiting. Fall to, fall to. Here are your sword, hat, purse—your cloak I'll venture to borrow awhile. Back again," he chuckled, as in high glee. "Faith, Duchess, this is quick work, even for me." He burst out laughing. "You wonder why I laugh, my lord. 'Tis nothing, nothing. I'm a fellow with a fluid sense of humor. Now, my lord, up wind and I follow. Forward to Siona, love and glory! Duchess, beware! He comes!" He flung that out in a most inspiring tone, but the next second as he pushed the young lord before him with the greatest respect, his voice dropped into the queerest half whisper: "And I come," he said, as though to himself, "though I come—halting."

Original from

CHAPTER SIX

Master and Man

HERE, then, are young Count Amati and Pedro firmly rooted in the castle of Siona, but ah, how reluctantly does one turn forthwith to the relating of what befell them there. For the story of their journey there is worth recounting and only the fact that they are indisputably there and not to be dislodged for a month bars me from its relation.

Let it suffice to say that by the time they reached Siona something more than the mere beginning had been established of that possession of the younger man by the older which the latter from the first had determined on, and the former never realized till his venture into Siona had run to its end.

Pedro's fate brought him against Filippo as soon as he set foot in the castle that evening with the young Count. Filippo was thunderstruck when he learnt his fresh errand. The Duchess was searched for and discovered to be asleep in the garden. Filippo, still raging inwardly at the recollection of how Pedro had bamboozled him in the morning, assented with sardonic pleasure to a suggestion of an immediate introduction of the Count, the usual ceremony to be largely dispensed with. A sufficient escort was summoned, the ladies ran before, and the two were led through the hall and out to the garden. In the meantime Filippo had whispered an order for the rigging up of a hook and a rope over the stable gates. He had little doubt of the upshot of Pedro's second visit.

Well, you apprehend Pedro and the Count duly installed in the castle. Now to recount how they fared there. And for your enlightening, this happening in the castle.

Signor Filippo, very gaily dressed, encounters Signor Guidomari, extremely gaily dressed, and to them enter Signor Nalda degli Oddi, superlatively gaily dressed. These three gentlemen, all young, noble, superbly unoccupied as part of her Grace's establishment, we may utilize only to make plain to some degree the course of events.

The three gentlemen, meeting simultaneously in a corridor, salute each other good-naturedly. Guidomari, being a bit of a night bird, is yawning.

"What, Guidomari, up already! Why this energy?" Thus Filippo.

Guidomari ignores the subtle wit. "Good morrow, Filippo. Is the Duchess astir yet?"

Says Nalda: "She was in her garden before you got between the sheets, man."

Guidomari sat down heavily, evidently still sleepy: "Where's she now?"

"At breakfast," Filippo informed him.

"Is our lover with her?" asked Nalda.

"No," said Filippo. "Oh, we're still properly formal. We pay our visit and

begin our courting each day only by strict appointment."

"I fancy," remarked Guidomari, "I fancy our Duchess is well content to get a meal alone. Our gallant is such a model of the passionate lover, and pitches his pipe on a note so high that our Beatrice finds it rather a flight to soar to his level."

"Will she take the trouble?" asked Nalda.

"Rest you, yes. She's amiable enough to this one."

"She gives him good measure, I will say," from Filippo.

"For what it's worth," said Guidomari.

"Is there anything in it?" asked Nalda.

"Nothing. When his hour strikes you shall see the springald crawl off, tail between legs, but for his month she gives him law."

Said Filippo: "I sometimes think—"

"No!" in great surprise from Guidomari.

"—that there may be a surprise for us all here."

"Pish!" was Guidomari's opinion.

Filippo persevered. "I say young Amati has made more headway with her in—how long is it?"

"A week," said Guidomari.

"No more than that? Well then, who of all we've seen here ever did better?"

"Certainly," Nalda agreed, "she gives him more time—"

"He's always with her," said Filippo.

"Pish!" said Guidomari.

"Were you in the garden last evening? No, you were not in the garden. Well, they were together long after supper, long after dark. They finished by torchlight. What do you make of that?"

Guidomari was contemptuous. "If they'd finished by moonlight—was there a moon last night?"

"You should know," said Filippo significantly.

"I had other things to talk about. But, torchlight, you say? Well, that settles it, there's nothing in it. The garden by moonlight I grant you might mean something, but torches—pish!"

Filippo, unconvinced, was silent.

"Apart from which," continued Guidomari, "when you're a little older, Filippo, my lad"—Guidomari was twenty-one and Filippo only twenty—"you may be able to read the rights of this sort of thing. This business is not Amati's—'tis his man's."

"The lackey?"

"Our Pedro. Our cripple!"

"Pah!" said Filippo scornfully. "I've my doubts about that limp!"

"No, no," said Guidomari, fairly, "the man's lame. No make-believe there. Something's snapped behind the knee. The man's frantic about it. He's a dour devil."

Said Nalda. "If I were the man that

did that trick for him, I'd wear mail over my shirt o' dark nights."

"He's a pretty fellow," commented Guidomari, "I don't know a man I'd sooner have on my side in a quarrel."

"A windbag," said Filippo, sourly. He never forgave Pedro's successful first attempt to see the Duchess.

"Oh, wind a-plenty, but more than wind," said Nalda. "Have you seen him handle a blade?"

"I wish," said Filippo, savagely, "that he could see me handle mine."

Guidomari chuckled. "Show him, Filippo, and let me know where."

Filippo looked sulky. Guidomari continued. "That man schools his master at wooing, and flies him at the Duchess like a hawk at a heron."

"Our heron is too strong on the wing for this hawk," said Filippo, with contempt.

"I wonder," Guidomari continued, reflectively, "whether the Duchess ever thinks of putting on a shirt of mail?"

Nalda whistled. "Jupiter!" was all he said, as Guidomari's meaning came home to him.

"'Twas an idea of mine," said Guidomari. "I came across him yesterday. He had laid his staff aside and was trying his leg unaided. Said I, 'Better than the rope, Pedro!' He looked at me smiling, and said 'The mercy of the Duchess, signor. 'Not to the death,' she said, and her mob respected orders. One day I promise myself that in her own person she shall learn my gratitude for that mercy.'"

"What's in that?" asked Filippo.

"It was all in the man's face. Do you know what the Duchess should do, if she were wise? She would come through that door and say: 'Will one of you gentlemen do me a favor, without further word?' and while you two stood wondering what she meant, I should be away. I'd take a handful of men, I'd do what was to be done, and in five minutes I would be back here and say: 'Excellency, all's well. His body's in a cart, his head's over the stable door.' And then our Beatrice should sleep sound o' nights."

"Certainly," agreed Nalda, thoughtfully, "I would not have him here."

"Why's he here?" asked Filippo, petulantly.

"He is here," said Guidomari, "because she drove him out. He is by nature, I take it, one of these masterless men that seek trouble and give trouble wherever they go."

"Well, let him," laughed Filippo. "He gave us good sport that day, and if he has a mind to serve our turn again, I'm agreed. His knee last time, his neck next." It was a little disconcerting that at this moment Filippo became aware that the man he was speaking of so cordially was close behind him. He had rounded a corner and come noiselessly upon the group—when? All three gentlemen felt a touch of discomfort.

He regarded them unsmiling, no indication on his face, however, of a comprehension of their talk.

Guidomari greeted him suavely.

"Good morrow, Pedro, whereaway?"

"At a loose end, signor. Good morrow, Signor Filippo; good morrow, Signor Nalda."

"Good morrow, Pedro," answered Nalda. Filippo nodded, a little uneasy.

Said Guidomari: "I see you walk with your staff to-day."

Pedro bowed.

Said Nalda, meaning no harm, "How fares the knee?"

"The knee is well enough." The answer was curt to rudeness.

Filippo joined in. Plainly the man was touchy about this knee. Sport here, evidently, a hare to be hunted.

"You'll hobble all your life, I'm thinking," he contributed to the harmonious moment. Pedro looked at him. Filippo still smiled, but with a flicker of the eye he measured the distance between him and the lackey.

Pedro spoke grimly, yet seemed to hold himself in. "You have seen service, Signor Filippo."

Filippo was wary. "I went through a campaign against the Emperor."

Pedro eyed him steadily. "I judged you to be a proved soldier, signor."

"I trust so. But how so?"

"You've all a soldier's tact, signor."

God knows that was mild enough. But it was addressed to twenty—with a grudge; also Nalda laughed and Guidomari smiled and said, "Better let him alone, Filippo."

Filippo flashed round at him, red in the face. "Am I to pick my words, for a—for a—" He stopped at fault for the term.

Guidomari, who had no mischief in him, tried good-natured derision—derision of the wrong man. "We must be careful, Filippo. For here we deal with the quickest blade, the cleverest tongue and the readiest wit in all Italy. On his own undoubted testimony."

PEDRO drew a long breath and surveyed all three. A baiting, eh?

"That amuses you?" he asked Guidomari. Before the young gallant could answer Filippo struck in. He took Pedro by the sleeve, leant forward and spoke with face thrust well up to the other's. "Turn to me—it amuses me. I laugh. Ha, ha, ha!"

Pedro kept his hands on his thighs in a queer stiffness. His face paled a little and his jaw set hard. "There have been men who knew me better and laughed less."

Filippo stretched himself with luxurious insolence. "Faith, I am in a humor for laughing, and will laugh at whom I please."

"Get some one else to toss the ball, then."

"Pick your words, my man." Filippo

was at his most offensive. "This is one of my quarreling mornings."

The sight of Pedro's back sent Filippo flaring. "You—you pricked windbag, you poor cripple." Pedro stopped dead. "Jack-of-all-trades, tinker, tailor, sailor, potboy, ploughboy, thief—what's the next billet?"

"Steady, Filippo," commanded Guidomari, sharply.

Filippo surged ahead. "What will he do for a living when we next drub him out of Siona? Pick pockets, cut purses? Let him be dexterous, for if it comes to running he's out of the hunt." A face satanic looked him over. He could not read it, or if he did, despised it. "Pah! get a bear, lead him round the countryside, teach him to dance. But learn to smile a little, or, by my soul, when you gavotte together the folk will wonder which is bear and which is Pedro."

The words were but fairly out of his mouth when an avalanche swept at him. Pedro had stood, stiff and rigid, back turned to Filippo, but with head twisted over left shoulder, unblinking eyes staring at the young man during his long taunt. Then he pivoted on the lame leg, flung the weight of his body forward from the waist, leapt with a spring like a dog's as if some mighty motive power of steel released itself within him. Filippo blanched before the face of fury, stepped nimbly back, his hand swept to his sword hilt, half drew the blade, and then two hands, merciless, iron, had his throat. He was off his balance, swung round, bent helpless and suffocating over the crippled knee. He dropped his sword-hilt, grabbing at the remorseless mechanism of sinew and bone wrenching the life from his neck. Pedro's hands released their grip. One hand, under Filippo's chin bone, thrust his head further and further back till he felt his backbone giving; the other seized and drew his sword. The frightful strain on his neck ceased, he heard the clang of the steel as the weapon was flung against the wall, he rolled off the knee to the ground.

He lay, giddy, helpless, scarcely comprehending what had happened, only realizing the terror of the death that for six agonizing seconds had clutched him to his bony breast. Over him bent Pedro, his face a battleground of hate demoniac contending with a gigantic effort of self-mastery. Filippo heard a voice quiet, intense, unforgettable.

"If you will quarrel, seek some other man, for on such business I am another's. You giped at my hurt—well, think twice another time, lest I forget I have no hate to spare for such as you—" Pedro stood up, breathed deeply, gave something almost like a little laugh. "Live then, Signor Filippo." He moved away, limping.

A door clanged; the halting footfall died.

This incident is for your considera-

tion, only because it was the sole happening of any breadth in the first ten days or so of Amati's and Pedro's stay at the castle. Everything else that touched the purpose of this story may be summed up simply as: Amati pushed gallantly on with his wooing, Pedro lackeyed his master discreetly, the Duchess bore with Amati's attentions with great forbearance.

Yet you may see that through all the castle there ran a vague sense of the significance of Pedro's presence.

THE Count was under his lackey's tutelage. All knew it. Never a word of the colloquies between the two reached ears other than theirs, but there are instincts in the dullest of us that apprehend more, and more quickly, than the ear can acquire.

"Like a hawk at a heron." There you had a summing up of general opinion.

Did it impinge on the consciousness of the Duchess? She gave no sign. She gave fair time to Amati, no speech by any chance to Pedro. If in her presence some subject arose, some question which Pedro must answer, he addressed Amati. She addressed Amati, too. She had begun, very soon, to suspect the man's infernal cleverness of tongue. A question which could and should be answered with yes or no he answered yes or no, but always with a half hesitated comment, a sentence begun and checked, that inevitably elicited further question, further answer, till before one knew how there was a discussion going on, along paths he chose, along which he led. Always he seemed endeavoring to close the conversation and retire into obscurity. Always some other present was led into a fresh pursuit of the subject, and continually she was drawn in. She got to watch for it, and saw his methods.

And this simulation of effort to retire from any verbal encounter with her was paralleled in his attempts to escape her notice—even at a distance. She was continually meeting him—in retreat. If she passed through a hall, she might reckon that as she entered at one door she would get a back view of Pedro vanishing opposite, endeavoring to avoid her gaze, or, evidently trying—and always just failing. One of the stairways she most frequently used in the castle was a winding stairway of stone. How frequently as she passed up she would hear the descent of a man who limped, hear the step check just before he came round a curve into view, hear it retreat hurriedly upward.

It got on her nerves. She refused to admit it, but it affected her. She found herself always expecting him. She could never be free from him, or the sense of his present appearance. If she sat with Amati in her garden she knew that presently Amati would look up with, "What is it, Pedro?" and the tall

figure would lean over, with an apology, to Amati, to whisper something discreetly.

The evenings at times were cool. Once as she was about to break up the talk and retire, Pedro appeared a little way off, silent, discreet, a cloak folded over his arm. A little spasm of joy ran through her. She could flog him with a word if she chose. She had her ladies—but he had brought her cloak, had presumed, that is to say. She would not vouchsafe him even the verbal castigation, but a look should show him that she was aware of his blunder.

AMATI chatted on, unaware of his lackey's presence. Pedro waited calmly. There was a little strain in the situation. She murmured, "Amati—see—" Amati looked across. "Ah, yes, the cloak—" he jumped up, ran to Pedro, took the cloak, brought it to her—it was a handsome thing, a present from Amati. She took it graciously. Amati slipped it about her. Pedro stood a little way off, immobile, watching the enwrapping of the Duchess. When it was done he went away. Never a look from him to her, or her to him; nevertheless she felt as if this man had presented the cloak.

Filipo contrived that she should learn of his passage with Pedro, version, of course, his own. The usual rigid rule against brawling obtained in the castle. Because she felt extreme distaste in mentioning the subject she forced herself to it.

"Your man," she said, "should be reprimanded."

"He shall be," Amati assured her.

A day later he told her it was done. "He made a complete apology to Signor Filippo," he told her.

"Very well," she answered.

"And he begged me very earnestly to beg your Grace to overlook his fault. He admits that violence is to be deprecated at all times."

"Very well." She cut that short. To herself, "Nineteen days longer!" You have learnt that Amati was accorded very amiable treatment by the Duchess.

There was that about Amati, you must understand, that undoubtedly made him something of a favorite with her from the first. He was not only a handsome but a generous young man; you felt this quality genuinely present in his turn of thought and action, and such little absurdities, pomposities one might almost call them, as he could not refrain now and then from exhibiting were never of the mean order. His power of communicating enthusiasm was remarkable, his humor either whimsically gay, or amusingly melancholy, and the seriousness with which he took himself an unfailing delight to those who heard him.

Amati then saw more of the Duchess than ever suitor before. He met her usually after she had breakfasted, wait-

ing among her gentlemen, all of whom liked him, and ready with a greeting, often poetic, always graceful, and after a time, it may be believed, really felt to be acceptable.

A fortnight had elapsed. Matters were bearable. But she was wary. She had got no glimpse of Pedro for three days. This was disturbing. She began to look for signs of him in some other direction. Never for an instant did she allow herself to believe her ordeal over.

One morning, coming through the main hall on her way to the garden, she found the Count, as usual, waiting for her.

She smiled quite amiably on young Amati, and he stepped forward as eager, aye and as handsome a young sprig as a girl of twenty-three, even if she were a Duchess, might desire.

He took her hand and knelt with an attempt, which she dexterously avoided, to kiss it. He never insisted beyond the first proffering, she always slipped her hand away. Her virginity instinctively shrank from any personal salute beyond the merest touch of hands.

"Good morning, Amati," she gave him, pleasantly enough, "how long will you scandalize my court with your sad habits?"

He stood in mock dismay. "Sad habits, *ma donna*—oh, but my habits are perfect, I assure you. What dense person has been misreporting me now?"

"This late rising—this lying in bed long after everybody else is about. Where were you at dawn, when I was in my garden?"

"You were there—at dawn?"

"Yes. And you—?"

"Faith, Duchess, I was just getting off to sleep then."

"Well, then, is not that scandalous?"

"That I'll explain after, but first of all, since you were about, tell me—was the dawn fair?"

He had the pleased look about him which always indicated the imminent presentation of a verbal sweetmeat. Before she answered she turned as if to rally the eyes of her ladies. "Yes, the dawn was lovely. Nothing can equal our summer at Siona."

"Then nothing"—in his most eloquent manner—"shall induce me to rise early lest I encounter you and the dawn together. So much beauty would be too much for any man."

She nodded encouragingly.

"Oh, good. You remind me of Count Raymond of Toledo, one of the very last gentlemen who honored me here. He, too, could say that sort of thing, and look as sincere as you."

"Sincere!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Why, these things spring from my very heart—if I am late, if I only slept when you were rising, it was because I lay awake all night, unwilling to sleep, because my thoughts ran on you."

"And you might dream of some one else?"

"My dreams are all of you," he answered. "But as I lay awake I made you some verses. Will you listen?"

"I am hungry for them."

He fumbled in the breast of his tunic and produced a written scroll, rolled and secured with a riband. He pulled the loop, unrolled the writing, struck a pose of conscious grace, glanced at both the Duchess herself and her ladies, to be sure all were attending, then began: "In slumber, in slumber, how shall my heart forget its longing? Even in sleep thy face allures, hopes set on thee come thronging. Still thrills —"

Here she stayed him, hand uplifted. So far she had listened gravely, and gravely she spoke: "Still thrills," she said solemnly, "thrills—thrills—my voice, I suppose—within your—your breast?"—with a flash of inquiry—"And through the dark my bright eyes shine, or my bright eyes smile—or something to that effect, and so—your dreams are blest!"

His jaw dropped. He said no word.

"Wasn't that it?" she asked him.

He turned away, and rolled up the scroll.

"Aha, it was, Amati, wasn't it?"

He tied it up with the riband.

"Ada," said the Duchess, a pang of sadness in her voice, "regard—this is love. He won't speak to me. He turns his back on me." He really was doing so. "Just because I finish his love poem for him he's angry, and he won't love me any more. And do you know why, Ada, my dear? Do you know why this man tortures me thus? Is it because I spoilt his verses—that I finished them wrong? No, Ada, it is because I finished them right. Didn't I, Amati?" he was blushing. "Come, confess, wasn't I right?"

"No," he thundered, "you were all wrong."

"Well, then, correct me."

He kept his lips closed.

"Do, Amati. Let me have the dear poem. Give me the living lines."

"YOU are extremely rude, Duchess, and unkind."

"I am so sorry, Amati, do tell me where I was wrong."

"Well, I will. It wasn't 'And through the dark your bright eyes shine'; it was 'And through the night your eyes shine bright.'"

"Of course." She was shocked at her exposure. "I ought to have seen that. Night—bright. How could I have missed it! Forgive me, Amati. This shows that I am no poet. I have not the soul."

"You have—oh, Beatrice, you have a soul for everything that's fine in life."

"No," she shook her head despondently. "I am no poet. I merely have a memory for verses."

"But you really were remarkably near it, Beatrice," he gave her,

ungrudgingly. "Your voice thrilling within my breast, for instance, there you have the exact words."

"Ah, but 'tis only memory."

"But I have never said that to you before."

"Dear lad, no. But others have."

"Others?"

"Yes, so often. All the men that made verses said it, sooner or later. Oh, don't look so glum. Don't you see that I've had fifty poet lovers at least, and by bad fortune I've a memory for verses, especially when I get them over and over again, so very much alike."

She was talking with simple gravity to him, but he knew well that laughter was lurking in her eyes. He frowned.

She sighed. "Ada, cross again." They were now in the garden and walking on the lawn. Beatrice was in high spirits this morning, and a levity rare in her was exhibiting itself. "Come, Amati, forgive me. Just think of the stream of wild poetic fancy that used to pour over me, and has left me drenched with it. If some god," she continued earnestly, "if some god in sport touched me to a man and I were foolish enough to waste my time in wooing a woman who wasn't really worthy of me, and who did not want to be wooed, what a poetic lover I should make. I could give her such store of these—rhyming delicacies." She felt for the description.

"Delicacies!" protested poor Amati. He wrote his verses with his heart's blood.

"Well," she said dryly. "Some of them at times seemed almost to border on the indelicate—but that apparently is a road all lovers run."

He gloomed. The instinct to rally him grew on her, and proved irresistible. "See, Amati, you shall be the beloved, and I the lover. You'd make a pretty girl—you shall even be Beatrice, and I, Amati." He stood still in indignant protest, but the spirit of mischief was rife in her. Some drowned ghost of one of the years stolen from her between the fatal fifteen that saw her kneeling to the effort to win life for her father and herself, and the twenty-three that for such a woman as she should have been filled with love and laughter, had for a moment lifted itself to light from the depths of her customary gravity. She was laughing, flushed a little, teeth flashing, eyes gleaming; oh, if the young fool could but have caught her mood and matched it, or even swept it higher up into the moonlight, who knows what chord he might at that instant have touched to music in her? But his dignity was offended. Deeply resenting, he stood, as Beatrice posed at him, one hand on heart, the other extended in passionate appeal.

"Now, what shall I give him—her, I mean?" A moment's thought, then, most movingly—

"Lo, in my bosom's deepest fastness hidden,
An altar stands, lit by a flame divine,
And I, it's ordered priest, alone am bidden

To serve the image at the secret shrine.
Kneeling in passioned pray'r at ev'ry hour

My heart its protestation doth renew,
And on the altar lays this fadeless flower—

My love for you."

She picked a rose and offered it to him. He stared at her, crimson with anger.

"Won't he take it, then, from the hard-hearted woman? Come, then, my poor bud, rest here." She set the rose in her breast; it was as near coquetry as she had ever ventured.

He drew a deep breath, turned round, walked away—she stared, frankly astonished at his petulance, then laughed. It was the loveliest laugh imaginable, more musical than the tinkle of the fountain on the lawn, but it drove young Amati to a great undertaking. He made up his mind to overawe her. Watch now, how he does it—and consider whose prompting lay behind it.

He turned on her, standing as stiff as a poker six paces from her, placed his hand on his heart to emphasize his pose. "You have never met a man like me before," he assured her, with grim emphasis, "and your mockery is only to cover your fear of me. I have the longest head and the quickest blade, the cleverest tongue, the readiest wit, of any man in all Italy." He noticed the paralyzing effect of his address and pitched his finale on an organ note. "All the men who ever came courting you before were dolts—"

She got her breath.

"Stop!" He stopped as if a lash of steel had whipped round him.

"You dare!" He was petrified.

"You dare!—No. Not you. It is that abominable man—Good heavens, this now!" She struck her hands. "What have I done to be so plagued with that man's presumption! When I want my ladies I find half of them in some corner chattering with him. I discover him filling the minds of my pages and my gentlemen with tales of impossible adventures in countries I am sure he has never visited. Who am I, that this creature should dare to vex me?"

"Duchess," interposed Amati, all the imperial strength gone out of his pose, the boasted wit sadly at fault, "what have I done?"

"Done!" she blazed. "Done, puppet? Do you not know that what you have just said is what that man dared to say to my face, before my court—and now he teaches it to you, like a parrot, that like a parrot you may repeat it and so insult me afresh."

Mortified almost beyond expression, he could but assure her that "he would deal with the man."

"No, I will deal with him myself. He may play the fool with you in any way he chooses, but in this he has ventured to trifle with me again, and I will deal with him. Pray send him to me."

He backed away. "Oh, but Madam, you will not be too angry. The fellow meant well—"

She shut her lips. "I know well what he meant. Send him here."

"I will do so. But pray, remember that he is more than a servant to me. If at times I accord him a familiarity and a status more intimate than his position should warrant, it is because I find in his a mind not common in a servant, indeed at times—"

"Will you send him to me?" She was impatient to give vent to her feelings, but not on Amati was the storm to break.

"I will send him to you." He went away. Her angry eyes swept over her ladies. All avoided meeting them.

Although Amati had gone off hot foot to find Pedro, Beatrice on a moment's reflection was aware that she would not see him for some time. She would wager that he could not be found. She guessed his intention at once—he meant her to remain waiting, her anger bottled up within her, as long as he dared avoid meeting her.

She was right. Amati told her that Pedro was utilizing a day's leave he had asked for.

It was late at night when she saw him. She had been speaking with Giolina. The girl was wasted to a shadow, hollow-eyed, fevered, a walking misery, inconsolable, too, the Duchess found. No word could comfort her. No use to speak of the thousand-and-one chances of a battle. No, her mind was made up—her Francis was dead, and with him, wherever his dear body lay, there was her heart. The Duchess was appalled at the tremendous sweep of the feeling that haunted this frail child, and was secretly relieved when the girl begged to be allowed to leave her.

Going to her own room, a woeful figure, Giolina encountered Pedro. She passed him unseeing. He eyed her scrutinizingly, then stayed her.

"A moment, young lady." She waited, a little surprised. He continued:

"Forgive me, *ma donna*—but your name is Giolina, is it not?"

"My name is Giolina di Corpetto."

"Had you another, Murcia?"

She started, regarding him more attentively. "I have a name, Murcia, but that—who calls me that?"

"Was there a gentleman, a young man, Francis by name?"

He got no further. He was staggered at the intensity of passion that leapt into her face, the blaze of inquiry in her eyes, her voice, the grip of her little hands on his arms, the half-hysterical outburst. "Tell me, tell me. You

know him—quick, is he alive—tell me.” He caught her arms. “Steady, little lady—he lives, he’s alive, and cured of his wounds.”

“Wounded! Oh my God! and I was not there!” She was shaking.

“Be calm now. The wound’s healed. Come, wait awhile and listen.” He tried to soothe her. She was nearly fainting, her eyes staring at his in pitiful appeal.

“Where was it?” he heard faintly.

“At Guerrada.” She nodded. “They said so. He served with Malatesta.”

“And I with Foresi. We were trapped at the ford.”

She continued to look at him, drinking in every word.

“MALATESTA handled us like so many sheep. He held us off the bridge at Guerrada, shepherded us down to the ford with his mounted men, sent his mounted pikemen against us there to drive us across the river, and then uncovered his ambush—arquebusiers packed in the woods on t’other side. Neat, by my soul.”

“Go on—where was my Francis?”

“We could not face the cross-bow men and turned on the pikemen. They penned us in the river waist deep. There was no quarter. There they followed us, and your Francis came in to do his share of the killing.”

“Go on.”

“One of Foresi’s men had long before made up his mind to swim for it. There’s a rapid in the river there below the ford, but a strong swimmer could make his way through that. Your Francis saw him standing a little out of the press and waded out to cut him down. I then—he then struck your boy a slash down the right breast.”

“’Twas you, you devil!” Hate flared in her black eyes.

“I take all the blame, *bella donna*. Be satisfied—Master Francis scraped my left arm badly.”

“It was you, then. They said a man killed him and his body was lost in the river.”

“Some minutes or so later, below the rapids, as I made shift to scramble out on the bank, this Francis of yours, most persistently alive, came bobbing along in the stream, and, to cut a long story short, we both went into hiding together. You must understand, *ma donna*, that the war was no boon to the country people thereabouts; there had been a good deal of house and crop burning by both sides, and the good folk had their own game to play with any wounded that fell into their hands.”

She shuddered. She knew enough of warfare of the period to comprehend his meaning.

“However, your Francis and I stuck together, kept good cover, foraged cleverly, nursed each other’s wounds, and came well away at the finish. That was three weeks ago. He went back to

his duty with Malatesta and I came south—and here.”

She was pale and trembling with the intensity of her relief.

“Did he speak of me?”

“I don’t recall that he spoke of—much else. But ’twas of a certain Murcia——”

“That was the name we used. He liked it. Oh, God!” She was crying now, yet smiling, too, “why did you not find me out before? I have suffered—” Her lips quivered. “And does he love me—or does he hate me still?”

“As to that, he had much to say, and protested most venomously that all love had forever left him—but I doubt it.”

“Will he ever see me again?”

He looked down at her rallying. “He swears not—but here again I much doubt him. You take some slight interest in this gentleman, I gather, lady?”

She flushed, looked at him reproachfully. “He was my lover—and false,” she said sadly.

“Yet he spoke only of you.”

“Ah, but—he—kissed another girl.” Pedro looked properly grave.

“He told me of that. But he says she kissed him.”

“He let her! We quarrelled. I could not bear to think—I meant to forgive him, but he went away, and sent me word he would never see me again.”

He looked down at her queerly, trying to keep the touch of humor from his lips. “Shall I get him word of you?”

“But—he vowed—he left me—” The poor girl’s pride and grief visibly contended in her face.

“Come,” said Pedro, persuasively, “if he loves you——”

“If he loves me, then he will come of his own will—how can I send to him? Only, if he does not come soon, I shall die.” Her bosom heaved.

“No word for poor Francis, then?”

“No.” Still she hesitated, then from her neck she drew a fine chain. At its end, concealed in her bosom, was a ring. She slipped this off the chain, took Pedro’s hand and slid the ring on his little finger, where to be sure it fitted uncomfortably tight. “Take this—” he had a word of remonstrance ready, when she went on. “Yes, wear it. You may meet him—he may see it—know it. If he asks you how you came by it, say I gave it to you for the news you bring me.” She flashed a look into his eyes, eloquent of relief, new hope, gratitude, and hurried away.

Pedro looked after her little figure quizzically. Here were love, jealousy, pride, longing, all flaring away together with the abandon that youth yields to all its emotions. That little heart was wearing itself out under a burden of feeling too weighty for it. With the compassionate smile of a philosopher surveying one of life’s illusions he watched the door close on her. He

turned to pace the room. He halted abruptly. In front of him stood the Duchess.

CHAPTER SEVEN

“Find Me a Man”

HE STOOD respectfully fronting her, waiting for her to address him. She regarded him with some doubt. Concerned with Giolina’s grief she had really for the moment forgotten Pedro. “What do you here?”

He explained. “My master bade me attend your Grace.”

She was puzzled. “Your master bade—why?”

“Your Grace wished to see me—something his Grace said——”

“Ah, now, I remember.” As ever when speaking to him she was at her coldest. “I learn from him that you met him only on the day you were chastised here?”

“I had hoped your Grace would not recall that—painful episode.”

“It appears to be necessary to remind you of it. You will do well to remember that insolence of yours toward me then received its prompt punishment.”

“If your Grace will be merciful and not speak of that business——”

“You were driven from my city. The same day I found you here again.” He lifted his glance to her eyes. The look was expressionless, but she knew what lay behind it. She felt her temper rising, yet held it down nobly. “Am I to understand that in urging this gentleman to his present occupation here you make some acknowledgment of your own folly?” She gave him time to answer. He made none. “Answer me.”

He had to speak. “I have no answer, Madam.”

“Then think of one.” He was still silent. A sense of triumph to her. For the first time she had the man at a loss. She must make the most of the moment. “I have heard from your pupil the braggart boast I first heard from you. You taught him that.”

HE LOOKED puzzled. “Boast, your Grace?”

“Boast, I say. Recall it.”

“On what occasion, Excellency?”

She flushed crimson. Was the man at a loss, after all, or had he been waiting his chance to do just what he had now done—compel her to discuss with him the scene which of all others she wished never to refer to? Well, she would shirk nothing.

“I refer to that morning when——”

A gleam of understanding lit his face. “Ah, pardon. I understand, the occasion of—of my first visit here. Ah, now, we have it clearly. But, ‘boast,’ you say. Madam, I never boasted. I recall my relating at brief something of the truth concerning myself, and I grieve to recollect that it vexed you.”

"The truth!" She could not check the touch of derision. "We'll have it again. I believe you said that you were such a man as I have never had the fortune to meet before. Was that it?"

She half expected some sort of evasion. Instead, very seriously and simply, he replied, "That is so, Madam."

The calm acceptance of what she had no doubt would have embarrassed him, embarrassed her in turn.

"Heavens! Well, perhaps it's true, for, on my soul, I can not recollect ever having met such a man—" He had time to interject suavely, "Decidedly not, Excellency." She ignored it and with heightened color hurried on, "Nor has any one else, I think."

PAUSING for breath, she heard: "No, Madam," given reassuringly and in complete agreement.

"Then, all the gentlemen who had ever courted me before were dolts and dullards—I think those were your words."

He looked surprised. "Oh, no, your Excellency."

"It is useless to deny it. I remember your words distinctly, the whole impudent rigmarole."

He shook his head slightly with a faint smile. "Ah, but your Grace has done me the injustice to forget part of what I said. Do me the favor to recall the incident. There was I, on my knees, your Excellency just leaving your seat, robed—"

This was intolerable. She struck in, icily. "I recall everything."

"Except the fact that I said 'compared with me.' It makes so much difference; your Grace on further consideration will admit that I said 'compared with me'! In themselves doubtless admirable men, yet I assure you that in describing them as, after all, but dolts and dullards, I was careful to qualify my comment by adding, 'compared with me.' Your Grace recalls it now?"

He had the best of it again. What a fool to think that he had been at any loss! He had steered her into this blunder. With superb simplicity he had calmly repeated the boast she was correcting him for. Rosy-faced, she could rely only on contempt. "Oh, gods, compared with him!" She hoped her tone bit deeper than the words could well be expected to do. "Why, yes, you made the comparison. And you had the longest head and the

cleverest tongue and the readiest wit—" she stopped.

"And the quickest blade," he finished for her. "Yes, the situation at the time, as I recall it, demanded a hasty summing up of the qualifications I brought to the task your Grace denied me. Your Grace is evidently still vexed with me," he went on, gently solicitous. "Forget it all, I beg, and believe me that in handing over the phrases to my master, who at times I am apt to think a little lacking in a lover's proper self-assertion, I relinquished to him also any—" he sought for the word deliberately, his eyes on hers—"pretensions—I might have cherished."

"Pretensions! Insolent! Will you be punished further?" She had lost her temper fairly now, and knew it, blamed herself bitterly, yet could not forego the pleasure of giving rein to her feelings.

"Further! Further!" He was furious too, almost openly. He stooped and touched his left knee. "Was not this enough?" She had long felt that in the front of all his bitterness this injury, forever rendering him to some extent a cripple, was his chief torment.

She felt some sense of shock at it too. It quietened her next words. "You brought that on yourself. Yet you come again."

"And what offense do I commit?" he asked her sullenly.

"Offense looks at me out of your eyes. I should do well to scourge you for your thoughts."

He flung up his hand, struck it on his thigh. "May not a man think?" The veins stood out in his forehead. He was shaking with rage. Then with an effort he got himself in hand and addressed her with lowered voice, and a certain strange dignity she had found in him more than once and which always moved her strongly. "Your Grace, suffer me to reign at least in my own breast. Within these narrow limits let my spirit walk unhindered, entertaining there its guests, my thoughts, my fancies, such as please me. Folly, presumption, what of these, so long as they harbor only in my bosom? And if I forget, if I take them into the world with me, the world will soon let me know my trespass—as your Grace let me know. Be satisfied with this, then, Madam, that I am the very humble servant of Count Amati, and through him at your Grace's orders."

Respect, conciliation in all he said. Provocation, she knew, running intentionally with every syllable. Yet she could only give ground, she felt, by pursuing the matter further. She fell back on the tone of cold hauteur that instinct told her was her best weapon with him, in attack or defense.

"I am not satisfied. You presume in every word. If I could stoop to anger with such as you, you should again feel the weight of my displeasure. But I condescend to no more than contempt. Go!"

He stepped aside as she moved forward. She felt satisfied in some measure with the last sentence and the fact that she could so instantly conclude the interview, leaving him no further answer. It was exasperating, then, as she stretched out her hand to open the door, to find his hand suddenly shoot out from behind her, grasp the catch and swing the door open, as she passed through. She held her head high. He bowed low, as a lackey should. She deigned him no glance, but she knew his tongue was in his cheek.

THAT night she was driven to recognize what she now knew she had tried in vain to ignore for the past week—she was sleeping badly. Up till then she had slept as youth sleeps, her senses plunged in dreamless slumber almost as soon as her head had touched the pillow. This night, however, lying awake through long hours, she recognized that this broken rest, these disturbed nights of irritating reminiscence, had been matters of nightly occurrence for the past week or two. She knew well why—she flung herself over on her pillow in fresh anger as she tried to avoid the truth. This man was now invading her nights. The evasive presence that robbed her of inward serenity in the daytime, now haunted her very bedroom.

She grew pale, languid. A rather pitiful sort of gravity at times possessed her. Sometimes as she spoke to people there crossed her face a look almost of entreaty. For what? She knew—and despised herself. She wanted sympathy.

She was the virgin hunted, and the hunt was all the more terrible that the chase never pressed on her. It contented itself with never ceasing. She felt like a doe persistently started afresh whenever she sought covert. Rest—she wanted rest! How long would this month last!

The next instalment of "The Duchess of Siona" will appear in the September number.

For the September EVERYBODY'S there is a story by Dorothy Canfield about—well, about cold-cream; but beyond that, about the American and the French method of doing business, and what happens when they get a square look at each other. Dorothy Canfield has been living in war-time France for two years—in it and of it. And she puts the heart of France in every word that she writes. This is one of her very best.

THAT FRENCH SPIRIT

By Major Robert Davis

Of the Red Cross

AMERICANS have become a shade over-trained on the subject of the French Spirit. Nevertheless, they remain the magic words. If your audience dozes, say the words and they straighten up. It never fails, whether you be vaudevillist, preacher or propagandist. A man who has faced the high and the low in thirty states during the past months, says that any reference to the gallantry of France stirs a more spontaneous reaction than any other subject. A negro corporal at Camp Merritt says that he enlisted because he admired the French spirit. The same sentiment induces madame to hang a tricolor in her limousine. It is one of the few remaining subjects over which the ladies' club will drop a stitch.

What is it?

Concretely, picturesquely, intelligently—where can we find it defined? Speaking as a chemist, what are the ingredients of the compound? Speaking as a psychologist, what are the motives in it which spur action? Speaking as a musician, what are the tones which blend into the chord?

No one has adequately defined it. It is composed of the shifting emotions of millions of people, each with his own faiths and hopes and fears. One man's generalization does not please another man. What you would stress as important, seems trivial to your wife. Any attempt to include the aspirations, resolutions, heroisms, and high endeavors of a whole nation is, from the nature of the case, vague and only partially true.

Would it not be more fair to treat one another as scientists, give the evidence, and let each frame his own conclusions? Why not set down plainly the sort of facts that writers and lecturers have used in making their definitions, instead of letting other persons formulate an exposition, to hand along, ready-made, for us to accept? Why not offer the facts for every one to mull over, and invite any one who is interested to correlate and combine the elements and make the picture for himself?

An ordinary man goes up and down throughout France, following his trade. He sets down in a diary the sights and sounds that confront him, without moralizing, without trying to fit them

together into the jigsaw puzzle. They are just what happen in little towns, each day of the week, to common men and women. But when you gather them together—millions of them, and multiply them by all the people of a nation, you have that chivalrous, up-lifted, stern-lipped and wet-eyed miracle of devotion and power—the mobilized soul of France.

Resignation

There is resignation.

You have lost your way, it is nearly midnight, and your motor skims over the military highway, through the velvet air, close to the friendly stars. Every mile or two is a motionless figure, standing in the shade of a tree, a sentry. You have no lights, but the crystal night makes them unnecessary. At a cross-road is a box with a flickering candle inside. A white cloth, nailed over the front of the box is crudely printed with an arrow and the one word "Verdun." Just the one word, but you catch your breath, standing in the starlight, for that word is going to reach down the corridors of history as long as men love liberty.

A bridge over a dry stream has been damaged by shell, but is still passable. It is light enough to see a paper fluttering between two boards. You examine it and read:

The gendarme who is stationed on this bridge to direct travelers will be found in the cellar of the third house on the left.

On and on you slide over the hills, content to know that the direction is east, and that the night is young. At one bound there leap into the sky eight shafts of light. There has been no warning sound, no apparent cause for the unhooding of the search-lights. No one would have suspected search-lights on these quiet hills. The brooms of yellow light sweep east and west, north and south, majestically. Red lights, white lights, green lights, suddenly appear and disappear on vantage points, talking in the Morse code. Bright, moving stars flash out, nearer and bigger than God's stars; they are the guardian angels, our planes. Up aloft, perhaps three miles, is "Fritz." He is too far up to see, or hit, except by chance. Guns snap and bark from the woods, where you never dreamed they were hiding; they are taking a chance to pot him.

We have run into the heart of a deserted town, almost before we know it. Not a light, not a sound, not a movement anywhere. What is that ghost in the center of the street; it moves a little? You turn your pocket-flash on it. It is a donkey, fast asleep, bored to death with these bombardments. You wait in the shadow of a building. The lights disappear from the sky as mysteriously as they were born. The last staccato bark is enfolded into the dewy summer silence. Dawn will soon break.

A bulkhead is cautiously lifted three inches, then a head peers out. Before you know it, all the doors are opened. Men light cigarets, women get their heads together, whispering, naming over the houses which were demolished, the people who were killed. Children in their black aprons sit in the doorsteps, munching bread. There is hardly an audible word, no quick movements, no expressions of grief. Twenty houses bombed. Eight lives less in the little town than when the sun set. Their hearts burn with bitterness, but their countenances are calm. They shrug their shoulders, "*C'est la guerre.*" It is the war—there is nothing else to say. They are the civilians; their part is to keep going, to hang on, to make the best of what the day brings. But make no mistake, behind the philosopher's motto, "*c'est la guerre,*" the acid burns their souls.

Duty

A sense of duty, stern and unquestioning, is an element of the French Spirit.

A woman brought her five children, the eldest ten and the youngest a nursling, to the refugee center at Toul. Her husband, a farmer out Gerbevillier way, had been in action "since the beginning." We pressed her to remain with her family, claiming that no one could give them so good care as herself, and offering her a nurse's wage. One could see the inward struggle between the mother instinct and the imperious summons to serve her country in another way. She stayed the night with her brood, giving little Félice more directions than the nine-year-old head could hold, and returned to her farm next morning, saying: "My fields are under fire; the Boches do not shoot a woman working in the field. I have fifteen hectares of

wheat to harvest. My heart's cry is to stay here, but if I do who will feed the soldiers of France?"

It is these peasant women who have justified the noble outburst of a Paris newspaper—"The men of France are a circle of steel, and behind them, the women of France, a ring of flame."

A Passion for the Beautiful

The north is a pinnacle of desolation. Seven hundred villages are in ruins. The trees are hacked off, the canals and wells filled with débris, the houses dynamited and the woodwork and furniture burned. All that patient generations had created for comfort and fruitfulness has been reduced to cinders and mounds of rubble.

On one of the northernmost roads, with no hint of human habitation for miles, is a sentry-box. The sergeant lifts his gun over his head as a signal that you are to stop and produce your pink and green papers. He examines them thoroughly, returns them with a bow, and stands at attention for you to pass. The least you can do is to offer him your cigaret-case. With a boyish snap in his eyes he does you the honor of selecting one, and again stands at attention.

With a sudden "*Attendez, m'sieu, attendez un moment!*" he rushes into his box, and returns with a bouquet of red roses. Imagine it! In that wilderness of ghosts and dead homes, red roses! God knows how far and by what hands they came there. Who but a poilu would have treasured them, and have had the quick-witted grace to present them to "*Monsieur l'Américain*"?

Loyalty to One's Own

Madame Ramon and her three boys—aged six, seven and nine—lived beside the swift mountain stream, the Etang. When the Germans poured down that valley she and her children crossed the bridge and joined the procession of those seeking safety.

But once over the stream, she looked back—like Lot's wife. She was sure that their fear had been premature. No Huns were in sight. She would return and bury her copper kettles. So she left her three sons in the shade of an oak and ran back to her house. She has never been heard from since that hour.

When Pierre saw smoke rising from their haystack, he took his little brothers by the hand and ran after the more prudent neighbors. One day they had a ride in a farm cart, two nights they slept in barns, kind women gave them bread, night and morning. The fourth day they met the sturdy lines of their own soldiers, hastening to drive back the invaders. With eyes wide and little hearts throbbing, they waited beside the road for the troops to pass.

Without warning, Eugène, the littlest, scrambled up from the grass and

catapulted himself around the legs of a chunky sergeant. Three shrill voices united in an ecstatic squeal—"Mon *papa! Mon papa!*" In a second they were all in a strong pair of arms, the company had halted, the captain and the lieutenants were twisting their mustaches with pleasure and interest. One of the beautiful things about the French soldier is his affection for pets, little things, weak things, children, everything that needs or gives love.

Sergeant Ramon readily obtained permission to set his children among the bundles on an equipment wagon. At noon the boys ate with their delighted father. At night they slept, each lying close to a soldier and sharing his blanket. Everywhere they begged news of *maman*, but heard nothing. The boys were very useful to the cooks, gathering firewood, scraping the pans, washing the vegetables for the stew. They were no bother to any one. When the company got back to its regular quarters, just behind the lines of trenches, the three boys were still with them. Each had his small chores to do, and had fitted into the company organization, but, more particularly, had fitted into the company's heart.

So far as is known, these three boys of Sergeant Ramon were the only children who lived at the front among the fighting troops for the winter of 1916. Every four months the Sergeant is allowed his *permission* of ten days. When that time comes, invariably the father and his sons walk off, hand in hand and pack on back, to search for *maman*. Two years have dragged by, but their faith of finding her does not slacken. Sometimes they meet a former neighbor from the Etang Valley, twice they have revisited their burned homestead; once they took train to the kind people at Evian, where the prisoners who are returned from Germany through Switzerland first touch French soil. They left their military address and description of "Mama," so that they may be notified the moment she arrives. She may be sick and worn out, as most of the returned prisoners are, but the boys are growing big and strong to take care of her, and they love her more dearly than ever. Sometime they will find one another, for they know that she is looking for them.

Courage

We are trying to sleep in an abandoned barn. The white dust floats through the shell-holes of the walls and roof in a suffocating mist. All night long the trucks rumble along, just on the other side of the wall—six to the minute, with clocklike regularity, hour after hour, six to the minute, all loaded with silent men, their muskets resting between their knees, on their journey to the front where a great offensive is in the balance. Since nightfall you know that eight

thousand men an hour have passed within twenty feet of you, but you have not heard a human voice. Nothing but the steady churn of stone-dust and the rattle of motors. Eight thousand men an hour, along this single country road, being poured into the pit.

Sleep is out of the question, and you walk half a mile to another road, where the traffic is reversed. Here is a stream of motors bringing men back from the front. Between the railroad tracks and a double row of spreading trees stands a cavern of a warehouse. The ambulances back in between the trees and unload their freight on the warehouse platform. The stretcher-bearers—they are wounded men or men too old to fight, shuffle back and forth, mumbling over some trivial grievance. The young American drivers swing down the backs of their ambulances, offer cigarets to their passengers, and smoke themselves, while lending a hand to the *brancardiers*. The moon is the only light, and it casts unresting shadows through the leaves.

The wounded are laid in long rows. Some have one or both limbs bandaged. Some have their heads entirely hidden in the folds of gauze. Some lie in uncanny lassitude, and you know that they will never move again. But there is never a complaint, a curse, or an expletive of anger. Of course there is a hard intake of breath, or a swallowed sob, or a soft agonized whisper of Mary the Virgin's name.

It is magnificent, that stern, self-controlled courage. They never forget to thank you—they thank you for a drink of water, for a pad under the head, for a cigaret.

Magnanimity

At Sermaize-les-Bains are three German crosses in a row. An elderly Frenchwoman, who has lost her home, was to be given a portable hut. She requested that it be placed behind the three German graves. Then she built a wattled fence, surrounding her house and the three graves, so that they formed the front garden of her new home.

She has planted her yard to vegetables, and on the graves, flowers. "But they are Boche graves!" objected her cronies. "Surely you will not make a flower-bed over the beasts!"

"My husband," says Madame Avril, "is a *sous-lieutenant*. Who knows what may happen to him? My daughter's husband is a prisoner. My son is dead, somewhere yonder." She points her hand to the north and east. "If these are buried, any of these I love, in Germany, I think there may be some good German woman, who has no hate in her heart, who will plant flowers on their graves. Who knows? It may be."

Madame Avril washes each day in the hostel for orphan children, two kilometers away. As you see her stop, coming from her hard day's work, to

pick a weed from the three graves, you realize that maternity is a more universal instinct than nationality. Magnanimity springs like a fragrant bloom in the souls that suffer.

Hate

And hate is an element, as well, in the French Spirit.

Just north of Roye is a cemetery which the Germans used during the year they occupied that region. Over the entrance they set a draped figure, holding a shield bearing the legend:

"Friend and Foe in Death United."

Within the yard the German and French dead lie side by side. It was some poor fellow, returning to find everything lost and destroyed, perhaps crazed by his personal mutilations, who came at night and with a sledge broke down every German grave marking. He painted out the former legend, and has set up another:

"Ici reposant les Vagabonds"

(Here lie the Good-for-Nothings)

Along the road we picked up a jolly, middle-aged priest. He rode with us, chatting blithely on many subjects, until we came opposite the cemetery. Then his features hardened, and he demanded to be let down. Clenching his fists, and with a paroxysm of revenge and fury distorting his face, he strode up and down in front of that graveyard, beseeching Heaven to curse with the black blight every German, living or dead. One may live fifty years and never see the like of that flaming passion of unbridled hatred.

Hope

There is hope, which pierces temporary defeat.

A spirited child sits in bed, a bandage around his eyes, in the hospital just on the Belgian frontier. On the front of his nightgown hangs the *Croix de Guerre*.

When the Germans entered their village, this boy, more adventurous than the others, hid in a cellar. He saw the Germans burying iron boxes in the road. He was puzzled by what he saw from the cellar window, but when the Germans inexplicably retreated, he ran to meet the returning French and told the commandant exactly what had been done.

By showing where the mines were buried little Jacques Durand undoubtedly saved the lives of two hundred men. He earned his war cross. But he did not know about all the mines, and the fragments of one of these, as he piloted the way, cut the nerves of his eyes.

The smile is on Jacques's face because he believes he will see when the doctors

take off the bandages. He remembers the trees where he climbed in the cool, green mornings, the stream where he sailed his wooden shoes for canal boats, the straight path where he raced behind the schoolhouse. The doctors have taken his bandages off many times, and they do not believe that he will ever see.

But Jacques leans forward in his bed, his war cross dangling from his nightgown, his hand stretched eagerly forward to clasp the hand of a passing nurse. He smiles because he hopes that some day, when the doctors remove the bandage, the colors of his little world will dance in to meet him.

The Will to Conquer

It was a long, dry stretch of road, and, although against regulations, I asked him to ride. His overcoat was buttoned up at the corners, and of the soft, weathered tint of faded blue that is ideally protective. His pannikin and cup jingled at his belt, his pack and blanket roll were sufficient burden for a younger man, his musket swung easily in his relaxed hand. He was seventy years old, and walking cross country, home for his *permission*—seventy years old, and had been in the front lines the previous week.

"How comes it, sir, that a man of your years is among the fighting troops of France? Surely the Government did not require it."

"I am fighting for France, and I will fight for her until I die. I was a soldier in the war of 1870, and I hated Germany then, but I hate her more now. I will fight, and my sons will fight, and my sons' sons will fight, until we conquer her. I am an old man, but I am strong, and I shall live to see France a conqueror." People like that can never be beaten.

THE evidence is before you. They are glimpses of the surface and of the depths of a nation's soul. The evidence might be expanded without limit, but it would be of the same order and tone. Mix the ingredients in the proportion that pleases you, but if your definition is to be truthful, it must contain an admiring recognition of the resignation, sense of duty, loyalty, delight in beauty, the courage, the magnanimity, the pure hate, and the will to conquer, that shines out from the present life of the common people of France. At the present moment it is the living combination of these blithe and valiant traits which is constituting the protective barrier behind which the United States is girding herself to become an effective partner for the business of freeing the world.

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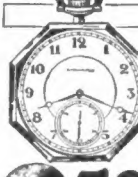
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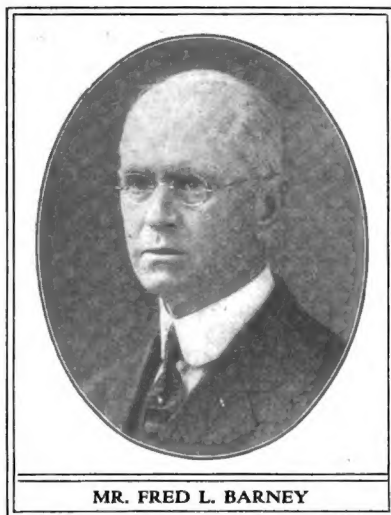
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